

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
1.50 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

Vol. XXII, No. 43.

SORRY, BUT COULD NOT HELP IT.

We expected a rush last Saturday and put on extra help. But we admit we were not quite prepared for the *Great Rush* we had, but say to those who had to wait that it will not happen again. Our only excuse is that our reputation for selling "the best and most up-to-date Men's Furnishing Goods" was the cause of it all. We don't try to buy the cheapest, but the **BEST** for the **LEAST MONEY** and give our customers satisfaction.

Our range of **SUMMER SHIRTS, TIES, HATS and CAPS** will meet your ideas both in style, quality and price. We have a nice line of Washable Ties, 5c. and 10c.; Shirts, 25c., 50c., 75c. to \$1.50.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR, 50c. per suit and upwards.

SILKOLINE " \$2.50 per suit.

Drop in and order your Summer Suit at

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR & OUTFITTER.

= FOR GROCERIES = GO WHERE YOU GET

25 lbs. Brown Sugar for \$1.00. 2 bottles Pickles for 25c.
20 lbs. Redpath Granulated, \$1.00. 4 boxes Laundry Starch, 25c.
9 lbs. Oatmeal 25c. Oranges and Lemons, 20c. doz.
3 lbs. Mixed Cakes, 25c. Lard, pure 12½c. lb.

Our 25c. JAPAN TEA, try it, you will always buy the same.

We are paying 20c. for Butter and 10c. doz. for Eggs.

DRY GOODS.

Flannelette Sheets, 75c. and 90c. pair. Prints, fast colors, 6c. yd.
Dress Sateens, 38 in. wide, very fine, 12½c. yard.
Mercerized Sateens, some remnants, to be cleared at 15c., regular 25c. yd.
A job lot of Dress Muslins, prices from 8c. to 15c. yard.
Ladies' Vests, 5c. to 25c. each. Children's Vests, half-sleeve, 6c. each.
Ladies, come here to buy light Tweed Skirts, from 20c. yd.
Men's Cotton Socks, 4 pairs for 25c. Men's Colored Shirts, 50c. each.
A job lot Ladies' Sailors must be cleared out at half-price.

C. F. STICKLE.

Wedding Presents.

A fine assortment of Wedding Presents now in stock. Call and see them. They will be sure to please. Prices right.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

The Mutual Life of Canada

Formerly
THE ONTARIO
MUTUAL LIFE

A Company

OF POLICYHOLDERS
BY POLICYHOLDERS,
FOR POLICYHOLDERS.

AMOUNT OF NEW BUSINESS
Paid for (taken) in 1900.

\$4,671,712.00, being the largest volume secured in the Dominion by any Canadian Life Company for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1901.

Beginning the New Century by LEADING ALL ITS COMPETITORS, old and young, among native Life Companies in NEW BUSINESS for the past year, is a record of which any Company might feel honestly proud.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA.

UNEQUAL EYES.

Do you see equally well with both eyes? If not both may become defective. We frequently meet people who come to us who are ignorant of the fact that they had only been able to see with one eye to any advantage and the strain frequently causes trouble in this one also. We test one eye at a time and give different glasses for each when necessary. We have the most up-to-date for testing and fitting eyes between Toronto and Montreal, and equal to any in those cities. Consultation free.

ALEX. RAY,
334 Front St., Belleville.

TREES! TREES!

AT THE

Belleville Nurseries

I wish to notify my patrons and all others wanting Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Hedge Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing Vines, etc., that I have a good stock of the best hardy varieties, guaranteed true to name. I have never had a tree sent to San Jose in my nursery. Stock is right, prices right. It will pay you to come and see stock and get prices at the Nursery, before placing your orders.

W. C. REID,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Petty's Pills are small — mere mites — but one is a dose, and every dose counts. There are no blanks.

OPPOSITION

— IS THE —

Life of Trade

— IS THE —

COME AND SEE THE
NEW DRUG STORE
CRAIGE BLOCK.

TRY DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP

for Children. Guaranteed to contain no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any other house in the village.

J. PARKER,
DRUGGIST.

Ripans Tabules cure headache.
Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.
Ripans Tabules: gentle cathartic.

Rawdon Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of Rawdon Township Council held June 20th. Council met according to adjournment. All the members present. Minutes of Court of Revision and last regular meeting was read and confirmed. Mr. Geo. Wellman produced an order from Mrs. Orser for her allowance from the Council, to date. Moved by Mr. Kingston, seconded by Mr. Whitton that it be paid. Carried.

Mrs. Ann Wellman asked for aid in her support. Moved by Mr. Belshaw, seconded by Mr. Cook, that \$5.00 be granted. Carried.

A. J. Thompson asked for a grant to draw gravel on Road Div. No. 111. Moved by Mr. Cook, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$20.00 be granted. Carried.

A. Fitchett asked for a grant on side road 10th concession, between lots 18 and 19. The road surveyor, was instructed to inspect, with power to act.

The clerk was instructed to call the attention of all road masters to that clause of the Noxious Weeds Act which requires all weeds to be cut on and adjoining highways, and also to notify the County Officials to keep down all noxious weeds along the county roads.

Mr. Kingston gave notice that he would introduce a By-Law at the next meeting of the Council, authorizing the opening of the 7th Con. road for a cattle path as far west as Trout Creek.

W. J. Meiklejohn stated that Seymour Council had granted \$20 on Town Line, 10th Con., and asked that Rawdon Council supplement the grant. Moved by Mr. Cook, seconded by Mr. Belshaw, that \$20 be granted, and that Mr. Meiklejohn superintend the expenditure of said money. Carried.

Alex. Morton and A. Hogle applied for a grant on the Hogile hill, 7th Con. Council deemed it advisable to hold this matter another year, as nothing but a large grant would be of any use.

Mr. Oscar Merrick applied for a small grant on Sidney Town Line, Lot 24. Moved by Mr. Whitton, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$8.00 be granted, provided Sidney Council grant a similar amount. Carried.

Wm. McKeown and Burt Spencer asked for a grant on Road Div. No. 51. Moved by Mr. Whitton, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$10 be granted. Carried.

John F. Meiklejohn asked that something be done with the ditch in front of Lot 22, in the 9th concession. The road surveyor was instructed to inspect and report.

Robert Thain asked for a grant on Road Div. No. 40. The road surveyor was instructed to inspect same with power to act.

The Clerk was instructed to write R. T. Porter, Reeve of Huntingdon, calling a meeting of the members of both Councils, to lay out and define the roads bought in lieu of the Town Line, and that said meeting will be held on Thursday, July 25th, at 9 o'clock, a.m.

Mr. Kingston gave notice that he would introduce a By-Law at next meeting of the council to authorize issuing debentures to raise \$600 for building a School House in S. S. No. 17.

Mr. Whitton introduced a By-Law to regulate the Clerk's salary, which was read a first time. Moved by Mr. Rodgers, seconded by Mr. Whitton, that council go into committee on By-Laws. Carried. Mr. Kingston in the chair.

The By-Law was read in full, clause No. 3 defining the work to be performed as follows: "That the work performed for said salary under this By-Law, shall embrace the ordinary work of Township Clerk and shall include Registration returns, selection of jurors, holding annual elections, Secretary of Health and Voters' List Court." Moved by Mr. Belshaw, and that said meeting will be held on Thursday, July 25th, at 9 o'clock, a.m.

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THE WHITE ROSE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Sir Karl Allamore is about to wed Dolores, Lady Rhysworth. Lola Ferras has pressed her love upon him but it has been rejected and she vows vengeance on the object of his affections. Lola goes abroad. The young man passes happily ten months, and then goes out on mysterious business. He does not return. Matters seem to point to his having eloped with Lola. Dolores drops her title, and goes with her children to Italy. Sixteen years pass.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The moon was shining on the Arno when the two girls returned. It was a night full of rest and peace; but to the beautiful fair-haired woman whose tears fell upon the grass it seemed as though all peace, all hope, all tranquility were of the past. With the song of the nightingale and the music of the bells around her, she turned from the river, to her daughters who were standing beside her.

"I have a story to tell you, my children," she began, and it pleases me best to tell it to you out here in the sweet air under the light of heaven. Before I begin, I want you to remember that we know only the half of people's lives; we judge of what we see, while there is one to whom all things are known. You said the other day, Gertrude, that you had never seen me angry but once, and then it was because, knowing how I hate roses, you brought me some. Do you remember that, when you gave them to me I flung them into the river, and that my action made you cry?"

"I remember, mamma," said Gertrude.

"I will tell you," said Dolores, "why I hate roses. When I was quite young, I had a friend, I believed her to be a friend, but I found her to be a rival and a foe. She was very beautiful, graceful, accomplished, but not good, I fear. She thought chiefly of gaiety, of balls and fetes and picnics and parties; she thought the only thing in life to be lived for was the making—oh, children, I hate to say the words to you!—the making of a good match. She was beautiful after the fashion of Titian's women—with a splendid color, richly fringed dark eyes, white eyelids, masses of rich, dark hair. Some one named us the rival roses. She was the red rose, I was the white. It is sixteen years since her name has crossed my lips, but I do not think she has ever been one moment out of my mind. Her name was Lola de Ferras, and she lived with her mother at a place called Beaujolais, near our home. They were French exiles, and Madame was very highly connected. I want to make my story short. I married Lord Rhysworth,—the girls both started, and Kathleen looked with piteous eyes into her mother's face—a nobleman who was greatly esteemed in the country, and we lived at a beautiful mansion called Deeping Hurst. You were born there, Kathleen, and your kinsman, the present Lord Rhysworth, lived there now. We were very happy for some time, until your good and dear father, Kathleen, took cold, and his illness ended fatally. You must understand quite clearly, children, that at his death, Lord Rhysworth, left me an ample fortune. He left Deerhurst Manor to you Kathleen, and, of course Deeping Hurst, with all its revenues, went to his heir, the present Lord Rhysworth."

"When Lord Rhysworth had been dead two years I married Sir Karl Allamore, your father, Gertrude. Now comes the part of my story; Dolores continued, "that I do not care to tell. Lola de Ferras loved Sir Karl, and always hoped that one day, she would become Lady Allamore; but Sir Karl had never thought of her in that way. She was very angry about this marriage. She came to see me and she insulted me very cruelly; she said that I had stolen her lover, and that if I had not come between them, he would have married her. It was a most unpleasant scene and at its termination she made a terrible vow that she would have her revenge, even if she waited years for it. Ah, my children, she had it! Our home was an earthly paradise; my father spent the greater part of his time with us. I always had a strange dread that our happiness was too great to last. I must inform you that in the meantime Lola had gone away. After a while news came that Madame was dead, and after that her very name seemed to be forgotten, in the neighborhood. One morning a letter came from Lola de Ferras to Sir Karl. The sunlight never appeared so bright; the flowers have lacked their perfume; everything has seemed changed to me since that day," she said, with a bitter, long-drawn sigh.

The river rippled, in the light of the moon, grew brighter; the odors from flower and fruit sweater still much to tell. She kept no details from her children, but told them all that had happened from the first moment that the letter came until the moment, when after reading that letter, her father had died suddenly, as she believed, from the shock of finding Sir Karl guilty.

"When my father died," she continued, "I could bear the disgrace no longer. I gave up Scarsdale, my home, my friends, even my name, and came hither, where I hoped to be able to forget my sorrow and live in peace—forget the shame, that in England was ever present with me."

"But, mamma," said Kathleen,

"we have no cause for shame; we had nothing to do with what hap-

"It fails and rests on us just the same," she replied. "A deserted wife! All children, when you know more of the world you will understand that that means! A deserted wife is branded even by the pity and compassion she excites."

Then Sir Karl's daughter rose from

her mother's side and stood erect in the white moonlight. She raised her clear delicate face to the sky. She had been a child two hours before she was a woman now, with the light of a high red sun on her face.

"I have gone abroad. The young man passes happily ten months, and then goes out on mysterious business. He does not return. Matters seem to point to his having eloped with Lola. Dolores drops her title, and goes with her children to Italy. Sixteen years

was my papa. I should know him in a moment if I saw him. What a handsome face it is, and how like Gertrude's! Why, mamma, my own would know that Gertrude was Sir Karl's daughter!"

But Gertrude gazed on in silence.

"Mamma," she said at last, "a man with a face like that could not have done what you think papa has done. How could you doubt him? Those eyes are clear, true, and honest. No noble face! Every line of it is full of goodness and honor. I pray Heaven that I may see him! Oh, mamma, if I might but hope some day to see him, to hold his hand, to hear his voice!"

"You must remember, my dear," said Dolores, with gentle dignity, "that your father left us; we did not leave him."

"I shall never believe anything wrong of him, mamma," replied the girl, "ne'er, while I live! His disappearance was mysterious—I acknowledge that—but I am convinced that my father's name is unharmed."

"Do you not think so, Kathleen?"

"I always think as mamma thinks," answered Kathleen, "I could not pretend to judge. Mamma must know best."

"Mamma is a darling; but this time she has made a mistake!" cried Gertrude. "And some day she will acknowledge it. I will have seen grown up when the trouble comes. I would never have left the place. I would have employed the cleverest detectives in England and France."

"My dearest Gertrude," said Dolores, "there was not a stone left unturned. My father and Lord Rhysworth did everything that could be done."

"Hundreds of men would love her for her own sweet sake, and marry her, notwithstanding the past," rejoined Lady Fielden, quietly. "Then there is Kathleen; what need to keep her in seclusion? So far as I can see, she has nothing whatever to do with the matter; no disgrace can in any way be reflected on her. It would be a most cruel injustice to keep society or not?"

"But the girl began to see that not even her firm faith in her father could influence her mother. She was startled, but still unconvinced. Gertrude read that in her mother's face, it only strengthened the resolve that had changed her from a child to a woman.

"Let me keep the portrait, mamma," she said, "for a short time will you? If ever the dream and hope of my life are realized, I will give it back to you framed in diamonds. One look at the picture face will give me strength to do anything and everything."

So far into the night, they sat talking of the same mystery which sixteen years before had thrilled all England. Gertrude, although full of hope and faith, had no satisfactory answer when Dolores asked—

"Where can he be? If he did not go away with her—at her request—where can he be?"

"I do not know. You will say, mamma, that reason or judgment does not enter into my counsels. I go by my instinct, by my feeling, by the voice of my own heart, and I know he is innocent—innocent as you or I."

Dolores' fair head drooped on her breast; she felt rebuked by the firm faith of her daughter.

"I am sure o' this," said Gertrude again, "a nobleman who was greatly esteemed in the country, and we lived at a beautiful mansion called Deeping Hurst. You were born there, Kathleen, and your kinsman, the present Lord Rhysworth, lived there now. We were very happy for some time, until your good and dear father, Kathleen, took cold, and his illness ended fatally. You must understand quite clearly, children, that at his death, Lord Rhysworth, left me an ample fortune. He left Deerhurst Manor to you Kathleen, and, of course Deeping Hurst, with all its revenues, went to his heir, the present Lord Rhysworth."

"When Lord Rhysworth had been dead two years I married Sir Karl Allamore, your father, Gertrude. Now comes the part of my story," Dolores continued, "that I do not care to tell. Lola de Ferras loved Sir Karl, and always hoped that one day, she would become Lady Allamore; but Sir Karl had never thought of her in that way. She was very angry about this marriage. She came to see me and she insulted me very cruelly; she said that I had stolen her lover, and that if I had not come between them, he would have married her. It was a most unpleasant scene and at its termination she made a terrible vow that she would have her revenge, even if she waited years for it. Ah, my children, she had it! Our home was an earthly paradise; my father spent the greater part of his time with us. I always had a strange dread that our happiness was too great to last. I must inform you that in the meantime Lola had gone away. After a while news came that Madame was dead, and after that her very name seemed to be forgotten, in the neighborhood. One morning a letter came from Lola de Ferras to Sir Karl. The sunlight never appeared so bright; the flowers have lacked their perfume; everything has seemed changed to me since that day," she said, with a bitter, long-drawn sigh.

With reverend fingers Dolores pived it in the girl's hand.

"Do not let me see it," she said.

"I think it would kill me to look at his face again."

But Gertrude studied it eagerly, and Kathleen, coming to her side, looked over her shoulder.

"That is the face I remember!" she cried. "Oh, mamma, it comes back to me so vividly! He had a soft kind voice, too. I thought he

was my papa. I should know him in a moment if I saw him. What a handsome face it is, and how like Gertrude's! Why, mamma, my own would know that Gertrude was Sir Karl's daughter!"

But Gertrude gazed on in silence.

"Mamma," she said at last, "a man with a face like that could not have done what you think papa has done. How could you doubt him? Those eyes are clear, true, and honest. No noble face! Every line of it is full of goodness and honor. I pray Heaven that I may see him! Oh, mamma, if I might but hope some day to see him, to hold his hand, to hear his voice!"

"You must remember, my dear," said Dolores, with gentle dignity,

"that your father left us; we did not leave him."

"I shall never believe anything wrong of him, mamma," replied the girl, "ne'er, while I live! His disappearance was mysterious—I acknowledge that—but I am convinced that my father's name is unharmed."

"Do you not think so, Kathleen?"

"I always think as mamma thinks," answered Kathleen, "I could not pretend to judge. Mamma must know best."

"Mamma is a darling; but this time she has made a mistake!" cried Gertrude. "And some day she will acknowledge it. I will have seen grown up when the trouble comes. I would never have left the place. I would have employed the cleverest detectives in England and France."

"My dearest Gertrude," said Dolores, "there was not a stone left unturned. My father and Lord Rhysworth did everything that could be done."

"Hundreds of men would love her for her own sweet sake, and marry her, notwithstanding the past," rejoined Lady Fielden, quietly. "Then there is Kathleen; what need to keep her in seclusion? So far as I can see, she has nothing whatever to do with the matter; no disgrace can in any way be reflected on her. It would be a most cruel injustice to keep society or not?"

"But the girl began to see that not even her firm faith in her father could influence her mother. She was startled, but still unconvinced. Gertrude read that in her mother's face, it only strengthened the resolve that had changed her from a child to a woman.

"Let me keep the portrait, mamma," she said, "for a short time will you? If ever the dream and hope of my life are realized, I will give it back to you framed in diamonds. One look at the picture face will give me strength to do anything and everything."

So far into the night, they sat talking of the same mystery which sixteen years before had thrilled all England. Gertrude, although full of hope and faith, had no satisfactory answer when Dolores asked—

"Where can he be? If he did not go away with her—at her request—where can he be?"

"I do not know. You will say, mamma, that reason or judgment does not enter into my counsels. I go by my instinct, by my feeling, by the voice of my own heart, and I know he is innocent—innocent as you or I."

Then Gertrude kissed her mother, and said they must all go to rest.

"Have you decided, mamma?" she asked. "Shall you see Lady Fielden to-morrow?"

"Yes, I think so. She was very kind to me and I liked her very much; I cannot refuse to see her. And yet it will be a terrible trial to me."

"You must not look at it in that way, mamma, you must believe that the hand of Heaven has sent Lady Fielden hither, and that perhaps through her coming my father's innocence may be established."

So the girls and mother parted but not to sleep. Dolores trembled at the idea of seeing her friend again. She knew the rush of pain, the bitter burning memories that would come over her at the sight of the well-remembered face. As for Gertrude, with flushed face and burning eyes she paced up and down her room, talking vehemently to Kathleen.

"I thought only last week, Kathleen, we ought to be when we went to more balls and parties, and saw more of the world, and, when I saw that handsome young Englishman to-day in the Pitti palace, I pictured to myself how pleasant it would be to have such a lovely young and handsome. Did you see his eyes, Kathleen? But now I shall never give a thought to anything of the kind again. I feel as though one single night had changed me from a girl to a woman, with a great wrong to set right."

"But, Gertrude, you are not serious? You do not mean that you will give your life to clear up a mystery which has paled older and wiser heads than yours?"

"My dear, I will. I shall live for it. It is like a romance," said Gertrude, "but you must recollect something of it—the names and the faces. Do you remember Harry well?"

"Yes, he and your father best of all. And I remember a large house full of pictures, and with great trees all round it."

"If I had known Harry when I was four years old, I should never have forgotten him," declared Gertrude. "Did you really love me so much when I was only a little baby? How good of you, Kathleen, how little we know what the world will bring! How little we dreamed that all this would result from our visit! What a dear Englishman he is! He is the ideal Englishman, one reads about—fair, honest, and true!"

Dolores could not bear to look at his face again, so eager, so full of proud defiance.

"If the whole world," she cried, "had told me that my father was guilty, I would have disputed the statement. Put the letters back again, mamma; perhaps some day I may ask for them; but then, mamma, dearest, show me my father's portrait."

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"My dearest Gertrude," said Dolores, "there was not a stone left unturned. My father and Lord Rhysworth did everything that could be done."

"Hundreds of men would love her for her own sweet sake, and marry her, notwithstanding the past," rejoined Lady Fielden, quietly.

"I am sure o' this," said Gertrude again, "a nobleman who was greatly esteemed in the country, and we lived at a beautiful mansion called Deeping Hurst. You were born there, Kathleen, and your kinsman, the present Lord Rhysworth, lived there now. We were very happy for some time, until your good and dear father, Kathleen, took cold, and his illness ended fatally. You must understand quite clearly, children, that at his death, Lord Rhysworth, left me an ample fortune. He left Deerhurst Manor to you Kathleen, and, of course Deeping Hurst, with all its revenues, went to his heir, the present Lord Rhysworth."

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WRECK OF THE LUSITANIA.

Five-Hundred Passengers on Board the Steamer but No Lives were Lost.

A despatch from St. John's, Nfld., says: The steamer Lusitania, with 500 passengers on board, was wrecked on Tuesday night off Cape Ballard. The steamer originally belonged to the Orient Steam Navigation Company and was bound from Liverpool for Montreal in charge of Captain McNay. The Elder Dempster Company own the vessel, but at present it is chartered by the Franco-Canadian Steamship Company. The passengers of the Lusitania had a terrible experience. The first knowledge which they had of the disaster was when, owing to the ship raising over the rocks, they were all hurled from their beds by the shock. Many of them were bruised and they all hurried on deck in their night clothes. A scene of great excitement ensued. Five hundred people were clamoring to escape while the crew tried to pacify them, and launch the boats. The male passengers in their attempts to seize the boats trampled the women under foot and fought the crew with knives. Some of the more clear-headed of the passengers assisted the crew in their efforts to get out the boats. The women and children rescued were almost naked. Drenched with spray they were pulled up the cliffs by the coast people. Some of the boats were demolished in the surf while attempting to land and their half-drowned occupants

held on to rocks shivering with cold until rescued.

PASSENGERS REACH SHELTER.

Wednesday morning the unhappy passengers, after shivering for hours on the hill top, tramped over weary miles in their endeavor to reach the houses of the fishermen, which they eventually succeeded in doing, and where they are now sheltered. Previous to reaching the cliffs the passengers passed two hours of terrible anxiety on the wreck. There is hope of saving the effects of the passengers, as, where possible, they were stowed above decks.

A LARGE CARGO.

The Lusitania was bound round Cape Race for Montreal with a large cargo and a shipload of passengers. She mistook her course in a dense fog and went ashore near Renews, 20 miles north of Cape Race, before daybreak. The ship ran over a reef and hungs against a cliff. The passengers, mostly immigrants, were panic-stricken. They stamped and fought for the boats, but were overcome by the officers and crew, who secured control after a prolonged struggle with the rough elements among the passengers, who used knives. The women and children were landed first and the men followed. The crew stood by the ship. It is expected that the large cargo of the Lusitania will be salvaged.

the rivers will bear sledges upon them, and the natives get up all their years' stores by this means. Great trading fairs are held at centers like Jokkmokk—scenes of bustle and excitement illuminated by the northern lights, when the day of barely six hours is done. So suddenly does the frost rush down upon the land that the steamer on the lower river, as the captain told us, is sometimes caught in the midst of a journey, and must be run ashore where she is, and surrounded with a protecting wall of logs, to lie there all winter.

NO INTOXICANTS THERE.

Jokkmokk is the limit beyond which no intoxicants may be taken. Beyond it, therefore, we lose sight of that worst of Swedish faults—drunkenness. It is a criminal offence to give liquor to a Lapp. Any drunken man may turn to fighting—a drunken Lapp often murders. Jokkmokk has one other interesting feature—solitarily perched in the main street, and pathetically empty of its wares stands the automatic sweetmeat machine!

Björkholt is a typical upland station. The dwelling houses stand rather back from the water on the higher ground with a picturesque foreground of boats, high-peaked at bow and stern drawn up on the shore, and fishing nets hanging on long horizontal poles. The people are great fishermen—indeed, you must live on fish, “knocke-brod”—either thin and crisp like Norwegian flat-brod, or hard and thick, and made in great round flat cakes with a hole by which they may be hung from the ceiling by stringing them on a stick—potatoes, excellent coffee and milk, and a little dried reindeer—this last of the consistency of India rubber, and quite undesirable. Fowls are seldom if ever kept. All about the houses, and up to the very doors, are corn fields. When the corn is cut the sheaves are spiked on tall poles set in the ground, giving a very curious appearance. On one occasion we were forced to rouse the good people of Björkholt from their beds, for we arrived at half past eight in the evening, and received the usual half-hearted welcome in the great kitchen, where a fire was kindled for us on the open corner hearth, while the doors of what appeared to be huge cupboards ranged round the walls opened, and sleepy men, women, and children looked out, revealing the fact that these beds, built in tiers like the berths of a steamer. Only the married people and children thus share the main room—the rest, old men, young men and maidens, sleep apart, each in their own outhouse. Our welcome was kind in every respect but that of cordiality. Soon we and our boatmen were drinking coffee the prelude to a larger meal with the guest rooms (in another house) were hastily prepared, and we left the people to their early slumbers after warning them that we required rowers in the morning.

Jokkmokk is the metropolis of the valley, and stands above a beautiful double fall of the river. Not far below this is a division, and it is up the lesser branch that we are now making our way. The other is practically uninhabited, but it contains the mighty Har-spring or Njømmesasca, said to be the FINEST FALLS IN ALL EUROPE, which may only be approached by a party fully accoutred for camping. Jokkmokk is an unkempt village (as most Lappish up-country towns are) in a forest-clearing. It has, however, quite a pretentious guest-gîvvaragard or inn, two churches—and a prison! The new and larger church is a supremely hideous ex-crescendo of light yellow wood and ground glass, and is regarded by the natives much as we regard Westminster Abbey. In the midst of the town one is confronted by a high blank wooden wall enclosing a tiny space, and resembling nothing so much as an unmade advertisement board. This wall is given over to understand, conceals the prison—a space about twenty yards square. The old church is picturesque—a high-pitched roof and red walls when in Lappland. Sweden paints these buildings at all, it is generally in this rich warm, red color, which lends a very cozy appearance to a settlement. Near it is a cluster of low, misshapen huts, without windows, and shut up in summer. They are where the Lapps live in winter, when they come down from the mountains to barter their manufacture—boxes of wood and birch-bark, knives with cunningly-carved bone handles, and what not. What a wonderful time, by the way, winter must be in this country! Frost and snow reign supreme—by November

FRENCH WHEAT CROP.

Cold Weather Will Diminish the Yield by 5,000,000 Bushels.

A despatch from Paris says:—It is estimated that the cold weather will result in diminishing the French wheat crop by more than five million bushels, as compared with that of 1900. It is now calculated that it will be necessary for France to import 36,000,000 bushels.

GRADUALLY SINKING.

Health of Dowager Empress Frederick Growing Worse.

London, June 27.—A despatch from Cologne states that it is now doubtful whether the Emperor goes on his contemplated trip to the North because of the failing health of his mother, the Dowager Empress Frederick. Authentic information is unobtainable, but her health is known to be growing worse.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

Sixteen Italians Killed in a Wreck on the Wabash.

A despatch from Peru, Ind., says:—Sixteen persons were killed and about fifty seriously injured in a wreck of train No. 3, the westbound Wabash limited, nine miles west of this city at 12:30 a.m. on Wednesday. The dead are all Italian immigrants en route to Colorado, many of the injured undoubtedly will die. The injured include Mrs. Wm. Cotten, wife of the general superintendent of the Iron Mountain Railway, badly bruised, and three children, names unknown, severely bruised.

Two sections of the train, one coming from Detroit and the other from Toledo, were consolidated in this city into a train of eleven cars, making up the flyer for its journey to St. Louis. It consisted of a combination baggage and smoker, day coach, immigrant coach, two chair cars, three sleepers and the private car of General Superintendent Wm. Cotten of the Iron Mountain Railway. Having left this city one hour late, the train was speeding westward at high speed, when at a point nine miles west the engine plunged through a trestle, which had been undermined by the recent heavy rains. The embankment on both sides of the little stream dropped at a sharp degree, a distance of 40 feet. Owing to the momentum of the train, the engine leaped across the abyss, plunged into the soft earth on the opposite side, and fell back to the bottom. Engineer Butler and Fireman Adams were thrown from the cab, but not seriously hurt. The express car and the first chair car were telescoped. The immigrant car followed by two chair cars went down on the left side of the track, and the first sleeper pitched forward upon the mass of wreckage. Its windows and trucks were broken, but none of the occupants were injured. The remaining cars also left their trucks, but were not badly damaged. It was in the immigrant and in the day coaches that most of the deaths and injuries occurred.

Heavy foliage lined the banks on both sides of the culvert, the approach to which was over a reverse curve. There was no means by which the engine crew could see the impending danger. In fact, the engine ran out upon the trestle before the structure gave way. The night was intensely dark. For a moment after the fatal plunge and dreadful roar of crashing timbers a death-like stillness prevailed. Then there broke out the cries of the injured. Trainmen caught up their lanterns and rushed to the neighboring farm houses for assistance. The farmers, with their wives and children, bearing torches, hastened to the scene, and all efforts were bent to giving first aid to the injured.

FIGHTING IN CAPE COLONY.

Small Garrison Hold Invaders at Bay for Twelve Hours.

A despatch from Cape Town says: Boer invaders, under Malan and Smit, about 3,000 strong, attacked Richmond early Tuesday morning. The town was defended by a detachment of the North Staffordshire militia, under Capt. Hawkeshead, and the town guard. Three sanguars outside the town were captured by the Boers, the garrison being distributed principally at Jail Fort and Flagstaff Hill Fort. Owing to the capture of the sanguars, Flagstaff Hill Fort was exposed to a heavy fire. Three times during the day Commandant Malan sent messengers demanding the surrender of the town, and each time the demand was refused. The Boers took advantage of the opportunity during the cessation of hostilities to better their positions, and on the last occasion, when the messenger was sent in, a party of burghers entered the town and effected the capture of a sanguar in the Market Square. Not a shot was fired on account of the white flag carried by the messenger. The Boers, who were now only 200 yards from Jail Fort, were securely covered, and directed a continuous fire for two hours upon the defenders, who stoutly held the position. Finding it impossible to capture Jail Fort or Flagstaff Hill Fort, the Boers turned their attention to another sanguar in the town, which was held by eight men. These eight men, after having held the position for eleven hours, surrendered at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. After dark the British garrison strengthened the fortifications, as they anticipated a renewal of the attack in the morning. During the night, however, the Boers learned that relief was approaching for the besieged men and withdrew. They captured twelve horses and the stores.

The engagement lasted 12 hours. The Boer loss is reported as five men killed and seven wounded. The British casualties are not given. On Wednesday morning Col. Lunda, with a relieving column, entered the town.

THE KING'S CORONATION.

Officially Announced That It Will Take Place in June Next.

A despatch from London says:—A special edition of the Official Gazette contains a proclamation by the King stating that he has resolved to postpone his coronation upon a day in June, 1902, hereafter to be determined, and that the ceremony will take place at Westminster. Only that part of the function usually solemnized at Westminster Abbey will be observed. The ancient customs performed at Westminster Hall and in the procession will be omitted.

This programme, which is in accordance with the precedents on the occasion of the coronation of William IV. and Queen Victoria, dispels the rumors that it was the intention of King Edward VII. to revive the picturesque ceremonies which were formerly observed.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD

Prices of Cattle, Chesees, Grains, &c., in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, July 2.—Wheat—The market continues quiet, with very little business, but the feeling is a trifle better. No. 2 red and white sold at 64¢ on low rate to domestic millers. Exporters are quoting 63 to 64¢ middle freight. No. 2 white is nominal at 61 to 62¢ middle freight, and No. 1 spring at 66 to 66¢ on Midland. Manitoba wheat is firm, with No. 1 hard quoted at 83¢ grinding. No. 1 hard at 83¢ to 84¢ for Toronto and west 2 to 3¢ lower.

Millfeed—The market is quiet with bran quoted at \$11 to \$11.50 west.

Offerings small, and prices high for this season of year. Shorts, \$13 to \$18.50 west.

Corn—The market is unchanged, with sales of Canadian yellow at 89¢ west, and of mixed at 89¢ west.

On track here yellow is quoted at 44¢ to 45¢.

Rye—The market is dull, with prices nominal at 47 to 48¢, middle freight.

Buckwheat—Market dull at 51 to 52¢ middle freight.

Peas—Market quiet and firm, with No. 2 quoted at 68 to 69¢ middle freight.

Barley—Market is dull, with prices nominal in absence of business.

Oats—The market is quiet with No. 2 white for export quoted at 29 to 29¢ high freight: No. 2 offers at 33¢ on track here.

Flour—There is a limited trade and prices are unchanged. Millers quote straight rollers at \$2.65 to

buyers' covers for export, and shippers quote 90 per cent. patents at \$2.60 middle freight. For shipment in bbls. to Lower Provinces \$3.10 is quoted. Manitoba patents, \$4.15 to \$4.20, and strong bakers' \$3.90.

Oatmeal—Market quiet and steady. Car lots at \$3.65 in bags, and at \$3.75 in wood; small lots, 20¢ extra.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market continues steady, with the demand good.

Pound rolls job at 16 to 17¢; large rolls, 14 to 15¢; good to choice tubs, 14 to 16¢; inferior, 10 to 12¢; creamy, boxes, 18 to 18¢; and rolls, 19¢ to 20¢.

Eggs—The market is steady, with good to choice stock selling at 11 to 12¢ per dozen in case lots.

Cracked eggs, 9¢.

Cheese—Market quiet and prices firm. Full cream, September, 10¢; new, 9¢ to 10¢.

DRESSED HOGS & PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs unchanged at \$9.50 to \$9.75 for small lots. Hog products firm, as follows:—Bacon, long clear, loose, in case lots, 10¢; in case lots, 10¢ to 11¢. Short cut pork, \$20 to \$20.50; heavy mess pork, \$19 to \$19.50.

Smoked Meats—Hams, 13¢; breakfast bacon, 14 to 15¢; rolls, 11 to 12¢; backs, 14 to 15¢; and shoulders, 11¢.

Lard—Pails, 11¢; tubs, 11¢; tiers, 10¢.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, July 2.—The grain market was weaker today. Wheat, rye and barley have dropped two or three cents from yesterday's price. Other products are principally unchanged. The demand for eggs is falling off, and cheese is very dull, though prices are unchanged. Grain No. 700 Ontario spring wheat, afloat May, \$70 per m. to \$74 afloat; No. 1 oats, 35¢; No. 2, 34¢ to 35¢; buckwheat, 61¢; rye, 55¢; and No. 2 barley, 50¢. Flour—Manitoba patents, \$4.20; strong bakers', \$3.90 to \$4; straight rollers, \$3.20 to \$3.40; in bags, \$1.60 to \$1.65; Ontario spring wheat, afloat May, \$70 per m. to \$74 afloat; No. 1 oats, 35¢; No. 2, 34¢ to 35¢; buckwheat, 61¢; rye, 55¢; and No. 2 barley, 50¢. Flour—Manitoba patents, \$4.20; strong bakers', \$3.90 to \$4; straight rollers, \$3.20 to \$3.40; in bags, \$1.60 to \$1.65; Ontario spring wheat, afloat May, \$70 per m. to \$74 afloat; No. 1 oats, 35¢; No. 2, 34¢ to 35¢; buckwheat, 61¢; rye, 55¢; and No. 2 barley, 50¢. 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THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

Woodstock became a city on July 1st. The Orange Grand Lodge of British North America will meet in Toronto on July 2nd.

The Hospital ship Maine has been presented to the British Navy by the American ladies.

The Imperial Government has consented to a scheme for State-aided emigration to South Africa.

Mr. A. McAllister collector of inland Revenue at Belleville, died suddenly on Monday night. He was 53 years of age and unmarried.

A strike among the steel workers of Pennsylvania affects 50,000 men. These were employed by the big steel trust recently organized.

Appearances would seem to indicate that the striking trackmen on the C.P.R. are not likely to win. The strike seems to have been ill-advised.

The Deseronto Iron Company has gone out of blast, and given notice to the Standard Chemical Company that it will not require further deliveries of charcoal until further notice.

In Dakota there is an association with a membership of \$10, the purpose of the association being to send out delegations to spy out suitable land in Canada to which the members might emigrate.

No man has ever reigned over an empire so vast as King Edward's. His Majesty rules over at least one continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 10,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers and 10,000 islands.

Eleven boys, while bathing at Chicago on July 1st, were drowned in Lake Michigan. A bolt of lightning struck the pier on which they sought shelter, precipitated them into the lake and covered them with the debris.

A young man named George H. Cabbin, an employee of Roy's brewery, Belleville, committed suicide by turning on the gas in his room. He came from Barbados about two years ago to attend Business College.

A collision between two freight trains on the Grand Trunk at Bowmanville on Monday caused over \$30,000 damage. Nine loaded cars rolled down an embankment and took fire, and with their contents were entirely destroyed. No lives were lost.

The firing of the field batteries at the Deseronto camp last week was so accurate that the targets were destroyed before the competition was half over. This shows the Canadians can "shoot straight," and this is why they were so dreaded by the Boers in South Africa.

The Canadian immigration authorities are endeavoring to secure the removal to the North-West of one of the largest glass manufacturing concerns in the United States, situated at Indianapolis. It seems that the gas fuel where the works are situated is giving out, and a representative sent across to investigate the conditions in Canada discovered both the quality of sand and an abundant supply of natural gas in the territories.

Mr. E. B. Eddy, of Hull, has one of the finest clocks in Canada, in fact the only one of its kind in this country. It is a half clock and stands twelve feet high in a wood case, and will run for ten or twelve days with one winding. It chimes the quarter hours, and when the hour is reached it chimes the four quarter hours. The hour is then struck and as the last hour is struck a music box is set in motion and a tune is played. The music box is one of the principal features of the clock and different selections can be played by simply changing the discs in the box. If it is desired music may be had at any time or all times, without waiting until the hour is reached, by touching a spring. The clock is run by weights, but the chimes and music box are run by springs. The clock is a French one and was purchased a short time before the fire last year. It was in the house at the time of the big fire and sustained considerable damage. The necessary repairs had to be procured from France. The front part has heavy panes of plate glass, allowing the works of the clock to be seen without opening the case.

Straight From the Shoulder.

A celebrated clergyman once startled the young ladies of his flock with the following advice:—"The buxom, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady without in company, is just the sort of girl for me, and for any worthy man to marry.

But you, ye pinion, moping, lolling, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pollot is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlour, more exercise and less sofa, more pudding and less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty, more breakfast and less bustle.

"Loose yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion, breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something as lovely and beautiful as Nature designed."

Facts and Figures.

The heaviest precious stone is the zircon, which is four and one-half times heavier than an equal quantity of water. The lightest is the opal, only twice as heavy as water.

A caterpillar can eat 600 times its weight of food in a month.

It is estimated that one crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

Only one among the seven Presidents of the French Republic has served out a full term.

In all big cities there are multitudes of folk who work in the night time. In London fully 100,000 inhabitants earn their bread by the sweat of their brows between sunset and sunrise.

Chas. E. Parker.

Marmora.

(From the Herald.)

Four liquor cases were brought up for hearing on Thursday before Magistrates Hubbard and Kelly. Two cases were brought against John Millar and two against Thos. Hogan. As the complaints covered different issues of the same night, the charges were reduced to one case each. W. J. Moore acted for the complainant, Jas. Hayeson for Millar, and A. A. McDonald for Hogan. Fines of \$20 each were imposed against each.

Mr. D. Sager, of Stirling, is camping at Jolly Oaks, Mr. Haights' cottage.

He any Mr. Haight caught 18 bass Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, that weighed 85 pounds.

Messrs. D. Sager and J. W. Haight returned from their trout fishing trip to Eggin Creek, near L'Amble, last week, with one hundred and eight fine trout.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. Isaih McKim, of Belleville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Silas Green.

Mr. Chas. Badgley of Sidney, spent Sunday in this vicinity.

Miss Carrie Green, who has been teaching near Malone, is spending her holidays at home.

Mr. Chas. Green, of Sarnia, spent a few days visiting friends at Sine.

Mr. Wm. Fanning, who has been very low with pneumonia, is improving. Mr. Wm. Caverley and wife of Hawlock, are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fanning. Who is the man of this vicinity who was kicked by a cow?

What might have been a serious fire occurred last Tuesday, when Mr. R. N. Morton's blacksmith shop was discovered to be on fire. The blaze was put out in time, and no damage was done.

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The music box is one of the principal features of the clock and different selections can be played by simply changing the discs in the box. If it is desired music may be had at any time or all times, without waiting until the hour is reached, by touching a spring.

The clock is run by weights, but the chimes and music box are run by springs. The clock is a French one and was purchased a short time before the fire last year. It was in the house at the time of the big fire and sustained considerable damage.

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The clock is run by weights, but the chimes and music box are run by springs. The clock is a French one and was purchased a short time before the fire last year. It was in the house at the time of the big fire and sustained considerable damage.

The necessary repairs had to be procured from France. The front part has heavy panes of plate glass, allowing the works of the clock to be seen without opening the case.

Mr. E. B. Eddy, of Hull, has one of the finest clocks in Canada, in fact the only one of its kind in this country. It is a half clock and stands twelve feet high in a wood case, and will run for ten or twelve days with one winding.

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The music box is one of

BUSINESS CARDS.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES,
Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES:—Stirling and Guelph.
J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.
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DENTIST.

HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY,
and M. R. C. D. S. of Ontario.
OFFICE—Over Parker's Drug Store.
Will visit Marmora every Thursday.

FRANK ZWICK, M. B.,
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO Medical College, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
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STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room,
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EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

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TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO SCHOOL of Dentistry, will visit Stirling on the second and last Friday in each month until further notice.

The Dental Engine, Vitalized Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth.

Rooms at Scott House.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES AND
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A. E. TWEEDIE, V. S., Stirling.
Office,—Opposite the Grist Mill.
All calls promptly attended day and night.

Awnings In Big Lots.

"To supply some of the big modern buildings with awnings" said an awning maker, "costs as much as it would to build a moderate sized house.

"Not all of the great buildings require awnings. Some of the very largest have their principal exposure in such a direction that they are not needed, the sun not shining on these windows during the hours the offices are occupied. And then, of course, there are great buildings that do not require awnings on some sides, but need them on others or in courts, and so on.

"Here, for instance, is a building with about 1,000 windows, of which 600 or thereabout are supplied with awnings.

"Another building I have in mind has about 1,000 windows. I don't know how many awnings they have there, but if it is supplied in the same proportion as the other that would give it about 1,000 awnings. I dare say that, in fact, you would find in the city single buildings with more than a thousand awnings.

"You see, just the awnings for some of these great modern buildings amount to quite an item."

Utilizing the Ad.

"Now, if you will show me where the burglars got into your shop," said the detective, "I will see if I can find a clew."

"In a moment," said the proprietor. "I am working at something a little more important than hunting for a clew just now."

And while the detective waited, the merchant wrote as follows at his desk:

"The burglar who broke into Katzenbacher's shop on the night of the 15th and carried away a silk hat, a pair of French calfskin boots, a fur trimmed overcoat, a black broadcloth suit and two suits of silk underwear was a black hearted villain and scoundrel, but a man whose judgment cannot be called into question. He knew where to go when he wanted the finest clothing the market affords."

"Jacob," he said to the bookkeeper, "send a copy of this to all the papers and tell 'em I want it printed in big black type, to occupy half a column, tomorrow morning. Now, Mr. Hawkshaw, I am at your service."—London Answers.

Thrift In Children.

"A savings bank account is a great incentive to thrift in children. If one is begun for the baby, even with a very small sum, and added through childhood and youth with a certain proportion of the money that otherwise would be spent carelessly and thoughtlessly by the child, there will be a very respectable amount on the credit side of the ledger when the depositor is 18 years old. The habit of self denial is not the least of the substantial benefits that follow a wise economy of money."—Ex-Change.

Pardonable Curiosity.

"I have met," remarked the old man, "two very sensible women in my life."

The innocent maid gazed into his face and asked, "Who was the other woman?"

Dr. Petty's Pills never fail to give relief, and they cure if given an honest trial.

WHEN TWO HAVE LIVED.

How would we live! We'd drink the tears like water.
With all tomorrow laid behind the wall.
That is your hair; between two lilies pale,
Your slender hands, my heart should lie and shine
A crimson rose. We'd catch the wind and twine
The evening stars a chaplet musical.
To crown our folly, lure the nightingale
To sing the bliss your lips should teach to mine.

And if the sage who cried that life is water,
Should drown upon the flood of many a day,
And child the sun that leaves no tears of rain
Should not tease our heart with cynic eye.
When the sun's vain star stands beyond his gaze,
Then we have lived, then shall they feel it die.

—Helen Hay in Harper's Magazine.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

A Story of the Civil War.

BY FANNY DAY HURST.

The period, the early part of the civil war; the scene, one of the stately old homes that have made the Blue Grass State famous for its hospitality; the chief actor, a stanch little rebel, who gloried far more in the fact that in this awful time of war her husband was one of the bravest in Morgan's brave band of rough riders than she did in the knowledge that in the times of peace no other home in all Kentucky showed more elegance in its appointments than did hers; the exact time, an early morning in the early summer, when the inhabitants of the town had awoken to find that, although a few hours before they had gone to sleep in Dixie, with "Desha's boys" camped in one of the fine old woodlands just west of them, they had seemed to awaken in Yankeeland, for their streets were filled with 1,000 bluecoats under Colonel Landrum.

Coming from her room on the morning in question, with her boy in her arms, Mrs. Peebles met at the door two negro women, their black faces filled with terror and their bodies quivering in an agony of fright.

"What is it, mammy? Queek! Has anything happened to—"

Her mistress' anxiety dispelled her own fright in an instant, and the elder of the two answered: "Mass Jeems? No, chile, bress Gawd, I hope he an G'n'l Maggins is still makin' hit wawn' fo' enemy in Ten'see. But dis mawn' in befo' I was up Kit come a-reasin' to my cabin an say de Yankees done got us, an' sho' nuff, Miss Annie, de town's done liv' wid 'em. Heath, gummie dat chile, honey, kaze you's gwine drap him shoo. Sit down, now, an' don't take on so. I might'a knowed you couldn't stan' dis fight."

"But what has happened to our boys?" Mrs. Peebles asked, stepping to the door and glancing into the street at the line of soldiers stationed at intervals as far as she could see. "Were many of them killed?"

"What dat you say?" And Easter's face spread into a grin. "Not much am dey killed. Dey done got de news dat Kun'l Landrum comin' wid a big Yankee army, an' dey jes' fol' up dey tents an' lef', an' dey ain't specryf' no regrets, nuther. Dey do say, Miss Annie, dyah a comp'ny brack niggers 'mongst de Yankee soldiers an dat we all 'll have to feed de whole kit an' biddle of 'em."

The little woman's eyes flashed as she answered: "I for one shall not feed any Yankee soldiers, and you may send for me if any of them come around. Ah, good morning, uncle!"

The last was spoken to a negro soldier who wore the blue uniform and who had come up the walk as she spoke.

"Good mawnin, missis. I jes' wants to use yo' saw if you can lemme have it fo' a little while. We done mawch all night, an' we's mighty tired an' hungry, an' we has to cut some wood fo' de feahs."

"Yes, indeed. Of course you can have the saw," answered Mrs. Peebles quickly. "Kit, show the man where to get the saw, and let him have the woodhouse too."

A suppressed laugh from behind her brought a smile to Mrs. Peebles' face, and she turned to the older negro to say:

"Mammy, I am sure that negro was ten feet high."

"No, Miss Annie, 'twarn his bein' a man what done hit, but you knows you ain' gwine turn no hungry nigger frum yo' do. 'Tain't in you, an' you can't do hit, even if you does wanter kaze he got on dem blue clothes."

A few days later Landrum was declared.

What was coming no one knew, and so strict was the surveillance that not one word could be got from the outside world.

When the military rule had begun, the supply of food had seemed large enough to last perhaps six weeks, but at the end of the first month the supplies began to run low, yet neither market gardener nor grocer was allowed to bring food into the town.

Evidently the Federals were getting ready for the early advance of a Confederate troop and were using every precaution to prevent the enemy gaining any advantage.

One evening during this anxious time as Mrs. Peebles sat in the twilight crooning a lullaby to her baby boy Easter came into the room and asked in a low tone:

"We were trying to make out what that there thing was," replied the man, pointing to the comet.

"And what do you imagine it is?"

"Dunno, your honor, but Bill Jones here, as knows most things, says as how it's a star that's sprung a leak."

—"Am de little lam' asleep, Miss Annie?"

"Not quite, mammy," the mother answered and smiled to see the little fellow sit up and hold out his arms to the old nurse, who said:

"Dat's right. Come to yo' mammy, honey, an' she'll tell you about Brer Rabbit. Dyah is a Yankee captin' in de library, Miss Annie, an' he says he mus' see you, dat dyah some business he mus' talk to you about."

When Mrs. Peebles entered the library, the soldier stood looking at a pic-

ture of her husband that hung over the mantel.

A sudden fear seized her. Was it Morgan's men whom the Federal had expected and had a skirmish already occurred?

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "do you bring me news from my husband?"

He was an elderly man, and as he turned and saw the white face, with its pleading eyes searching his own, he pressed her gently into a large rocker whose arm she had clasped for support and said rather to himself than to her:

"Ah, these women of ours! They suffer at home more than we do in the field." Then to her: "No, I have no news from your husband. Our division is made up entirely of northern men. With whom is your husband?"

"You mistook my meaning," she exclaimed, the color creeping back to her face and the old fire awakening within her eyes. "He is not a Union soldier. He is with Morgan's men, but I thought perhaps there had been an engagement and you had come to me, even as he would go to an anxious northern wife. Have you heard from Morgan's men, captain? It is so long since we had any news from outside the town."

The pleading in her voice touched him, for he turned to the window and stood looking out into the gathering darkness. When he turned toward her, a tear glistened in his eye.

"And so you are a rebel," he said. "It is a pity! A pity, indeed! War is a terrible thing, and we must all suffer while it lasts. I could not even relieve you with an answer about Morgan's men if I knew even so much about them. Martial law would avail little if we gave away its secrets."

Once more Mrs. Peebles' eyes flashed, for he had not spoken as if the pity of the war lay upon the shoulders of the southerners. She straightened herself in her chair and said coldly:

"You wished to speak to me about a matter of business, I believe. May I hear it?"

He was a soldier now.

"Certainly, madam. It becomes necessary for us to quarter our men upon the citizens for a day, and I must ask you to provide for one company, giving them the noonday meal tomorrow."

She opened her lips, but as if he divined that she was about to ask a hard question he continued, "I can only explain that the men are detailed for special duty, and the food must be prepared for them."

"But how can I supply food for so many men?" she exclaimed. "You forget that we have been under martial law for weeks, and I have scarcely food for my own family. Besides, why should I cook for men who would shoot down my husband but for the opportunity?"

The officer spoke calmly:

"I respect your fidelity to your cause, madam, but my men must have food. Our commissary is stationed two doors north of here. Present this order and prepare the food by noon tomorrow. Good night."

He was gone, and she, knowing enough of the power of an occupying army to rebel no further, went to the kitchen to give the necessary orders.

At noon on the morrow great platters stood heaped with juicy slices of boiled ham, kettles and buckets steamed with beans and rice, baskets were ready, filled with delicious southern biscuit, and in the oven the last pan of corn bread was taking on a delicate brown. But no soldiers appeared, and in the distance the popping of rifles and the boom of cannon could be heard. Plainly the Confederates had come up and a battle was on. In every house women were busy tearing old linens and cotton into lints and bandages. The firing drew nearer, and presently a southern cavalry officer rode by, followed by a bunch of soldiers. Morgan's brigade had come with all of its fearless enthusiasm. Expected from one point, it had made a detour, divided and entered from three unprotected points. Mrs. Peebles hurried her children and servants to the cellar, and there, with throbbing hearts, they waited.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon there was a lull and by 3 all was quiet. Morgan's men stood in lines along the streets, and Cynthia was in the hands of an army of famished soldiers.

Many hands united in giving Uncle Sam's food to the grays, but Mrs. Peebles was not among them. In one of the brightest rooms in her home the gray halberd Federal captain lay, suffering from a bullet wound in the thigh. She had found him lying near her door and with her own hands had helped to dress his wound. An hour later a gray-coated cavalryman was brought in, his left leg shattered below the knee, and as Annie Peebles knelt, sobbing, beside his bed he whispered:

"It is nothing to lose a leg, dear. Many a poor fellow has given his life today."

A happy smile drove the tears away as she lifted her head to say:

"God was good to bring you home for me to care for!"—Sunny South.

A Nautical Explanation.

The officers were on the quarter deck looking at a comet and noticed an eager discussion among the crew forward. The captain called one of the men aft and asked him what was the subject of discussion.

"We were trying to make out what that there thing was," replied the man, pointing to the comet.

"And what do you imagine it is?"

"Dunno, your honor, but Bill Jones here, as knows most things, says as how it's a star that's sprung a leak."

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THE FOUNT OF YOUTH.

The fount of youth has oft been sought Since days of long ago, And oft in Lucy's eyes have seen Through desert, swamp and wilderness. The search has been pursued.

But men have turned from that vain quest,

Their hopes forever crushed,

For though they searched through all the world

No magic fountain gushed,

And men resigned themselves to age.

That robbery of their grace,

That tapped their strength and thickly spread

Time's wrinkles on the face.

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FAR NORTHERN LAPPLAND.

A TOURIST'S SKETCH WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

An Almost Entirely Forest Country—Most Wonderful Falls In Europe.

A recent speech of Signor Guicciardini in the Italian Parliament has thrown considerable light on the tangled situation created by the troubles in Macedonia. Speaking in his character of reporter of the Budget Committee he said that the situation there was critical, that an outbreak might occur at any moment, and that in the event of a surprise Italy would not play the part of a puppet to any Power whether of the first or second rank. She could not accept another Dizerta at Aviona or Durazzo. This allusion to the Albanian ports opposite the Italian Adriatic harbors of Brindisi and Bari must have grated harshly on the ears of the Foreign Office at Vienna, where the diplomacy of the last thirty years has been directed to the securing of a footing for Austria all the way down the east coast of the Adriatic. It seems now that a general rising against the rule of the Sultan in Macedonia would be the signal for an Italian occupation of the two points named, Aviona and Durazzo, which are but a few hours distant from the Italian coast opposite. In other words, Italy means to dominate the entrance to the Adriatic from the Mediterranean and convert it into an Italian lake. In allowing such a declaration to be made, the Italian Government has thrown down the glove to Austria on the one hand, and to the minor Balkan States on the other, for nothing is more certain than that neither they nor Austria will permit territorial acquisitions by Italy on the eastern shore of the Adriatic if they can prevent it. The difficulty for them, however, is just there, for should the Italian Government resolve on such a step it is in a position to carry it into effect unless its navy should prove as ineffectual as it did at Lissa in 1866.

Long before and ever since the Berlin Congress of 1878, the Austrian and Italian Governments have been endeavoring by every means in their power to acquire a predominant position in Albania, and of the two the Italian has probably been the more successful owing to the family connection of prominent Italian statesmen and politicians, Crispi among others, with the clans of upper and central Albania. Then the Miridites, the most numerous of the Albanian tribes, are Catholics, and in direct relations with Rome. Generally speaking, none of the Albanian tribes, north or south, entertain any desire for Austrian rule, while such political aspirations as they have are in the direction of autonomy under the sovereignty of the Sultan. This, however, is for many reasons impracticable. When the final settlement is made in the western part of the Balkan peninsula, Albania with Macedonia will necessarily pass under that of Austria-Hungary without a struggle, is now evident not only from the declaration of Signor Guicciardini in the Italian Parliament but from the military conventions recently passed between Russia and Bulgaria and Servia, to which no doubt Montenegro is also a party. The obvious intent of these conventions is to bar the advance of an Austrian army to the south and to provide for regular and combined action in Macedonia and Albania whenever the contingency arises against which they provide.

The attitude of Greece and Roumania has probably been defined during the interview between their Kings at Abbazia in the Adriatic. For Greece there is not much compensation left on the mainland of European Turkey, but there still remains something among the islands, notably Crete; while Roumania's adhesion to Russian plans could be purchased by the annexation of the Roumanian districts of Hungary with their three and a half millions of Daco-Roumanians who are only waiting the opportunity to join their independent countrymen. The situation so suddenly developed may be traced without much difficulty back to the visit of the Italian fleet to Toulon. Italy's hands have been freed for action in dealing with what the Italian Government deems its interests in the Adriatic and Mediterranean, and as in the former they come in direct conflict with those of Austria, the Triple Alliance is palpably weakened. The question that remains is as to how far Russia, with her allied Balkan States, is prepared to countenance and further Italian aims on the east coast of the Adriatic, and to what extent the population of southern Albania, which has close affinities with Greece, could be relied on to sympathize with the Italian policy. There is very little doubt but that the Italian Government intended taking very drastic steps at Proveza the other day over the matter of the Italian postal officials but for the prompt representation made by the Turkish Government, it is apparent that the materials for what Count Gorjuchowski at Rome called a surprise are only waiting the moment to break into action.

THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

An Almost Entirely Forest Country—Most Wonderful Falls In Europe.

The extreme north of Europe is mostly forest—Lappland is entirely so. You must journey eternally through pines, firs and silver larches, a lovely combination—monotonous, perhaps, but with the ever-changing monotony of the sea. The forest air is of unequalled purity and clearness; the sky of the softest and most kindly blue; the sunsets and twilight—the nights of June, July and early August know only twilight—Incomparable. A fine night in Lappland is not to be forgotten—a sky shot with colors from blue and green to red, and the trees and hills outlined against it in black—chiseled silence.

A curious feature of Lappland, to a summer traveller in the valleys, is that there are so few Lapps. Some are employed on the farms of the Swedish settlers who form the scanty population of the country, but the rest are herding their reindeer in nomad camps far up in the mountains. Those who are left are generally elders, who cannot bear the wandering life. They are strangely clad in a long coat and leggings of reindeer skin, with boots turning up into a point at the toe, and bound at the ankle with cloth bands. A high-peaked hat of cloth completes the picture, and men and women are dressed alike, save that the difference is marked by the color of the boot-bands. A widow, however, assumes those of her dead husband.

The farmers (who are all Swedes) must compress all their farm work into the short summer. This makes it somewhat difficult for the tourist to get men to act as drivers or boatmen, though the natives are bound by the Government to provide carriages or boats, and boats are kept at the various stations in which the traveller must enter his name and the number of horses or rowers that he employs. This also explains the reason for the apparent inhospitality of the inhabitants; they never come out to welcome a guest, or seem anxious to keep him, yet their kindness and attention when their interest is won are unsurpassed. The accommodation at the smaller stations is scanty, and a party of three is the greatest number that can be conveniently accommodated in the houses.

Jokkmokk is the metropolis of the valley, and stands above a beautiful double fall of the river. Not far below this is a division, and it is up the lesser branch that we are now making our way. The other is practically uninhabited, but it contains the mighty Har-spring or Njonnem-saska, said to be the

FINEST FALLS IN ALL EUROPE, which may only be approached by a party fully accoutred for camping. Jokkmokk is an unkempt village (as most Lappland up-country towns are) in a forest-clearing. It has, however, quite a pretentious gastrivagard or inn, two churches, and a prison! The new and larger church is a supremely hideous ex crescence of light yellow wood and ground glass, and is regarded by the natives much as we regard Westminster Abbey. In the midst of the town one is confronted by a high blank wooden wall enclosing a tiny space, and resembling nothing so much as an unused advertisement boarding. This, we are given to understand, conceals the prison—a space about twenty yards square!

The old church is picturesque, with high-pitched roof and red walls—when the Lappland Swedes paint their buildings at all, it is generally in this rich, warm, red color, which lends a very cozy appearance to a settlement. Near it is a cluster of low, misshapen huts, without windows, and shut up in summer. They are where the Lapps live in winter when they come down from the mountains to barter their manufactured—boxes of wood and birch-bark knives with cunningly-carved bone handles, and what not. What a wonderful time, by the way, winter must be in this country! Frost and snow reign supreme—by November the rivers will bear sledges upon them, and the natives get up all their year's stores by this means. Great trading fairs are held at centers like Jokkmokk—scenes of bustle and excitement illuminated by the northern lights, when the day of barely six hours is done. So suddenly does the frost rush down upon the land that the steamer on the lower river, as the captain told us, is sometimes caught in the midst of a journey, and must be run ashore where she is, and surrounded with a protecting wall of logs, to lie there all winter.

NO INTOXICANTS THERE. Jokkmokk is the limit beyond which no intoxicants may be taken. Beyond it, therefore, we lose sight of that worst of Swedish faults—drunkenness. It is a criminal offense to give liquor to a Lapp. Any drunken man may turn to fighting—a drunken Lapp often murders. Jokkmokk has one other interesting feature—solitarily perched in the main street, and pathetically empty of its wares stands the automatic sweetmeat machine!

Bjorkholm is a typical upland station. The dwelling houses stand rather back from the water on the higher ground with a picturesque foreground of boats, high-peaked at bow and stern drawn up on the shore, and fishing nets hanging on long horizontal poles. The people are great fishermen—indeed, you must live on fish, "kale-we-bred"—either thin and hard and thick, and a hole by which they may be hung from the ceiling by stringing them on a stick—potatoes, excellent coffee and milk, and a little dried reindeer

—this last of the consistency of India rubber, and quite undesirable. Fowls are seldom if ever kept. All about the houses, and up to the very doors, are corn fields. When the corn is cut the sheaves are spiked on tall poles set in the ground, giving a very curious appearance. On one occasion we were forced to rouse the good people of Bjorkholm from their beds, for we arrived at half past eight in the evening, and received the usual half-hearted welcome in the great kitchen, where a fire was kindled for us on the open hearth, while the doors of what appeared to be huge cupboards ranged round the walls opened, and sleepy men, women and children looked out, revealing the fact that these were beds, built in there like the berths on a steamer. Only the married people and children thus share the main room—the rest, old men, young men and maidens, sleep apart, each class in their own outhouse. Our welcome was kind in every respect, but that of cordiality. Soon we and our boatmen were drinking coffee, the prelude to a larger meal, while the guest rooms (in another house) were hastily prepared, and we left the people to their early slumbers, after warning them that we required rowers in the morning.

A curious habit they have is that of putting sugar in their mouths and drinking the coffee as it were, through the sugar. The Lapps even put their dried meat into the bottom of the cup, drink the coffee, and then eat the meat.

EXPENDITURES FOR WAR.

Conflicts of the Nineteenth Century Cost \$20,000,000,000.

A writer estimated the cost of wars of the nineteenth century to nearly reach the enormous sum of \$20,000,000,000. Just how much is a billion? he asks. It is one thousand millions; but that fact is not expressive. There are only 3,155,679,500 seconds in a century. If we take Archbishop Usher's chronology, and consider the world to be 5,904 years old, we find that the nations have spent on war during the nineteenth century at the rate of six dollars a minute since the creation.

The most costly building in the world is the Church of San Pietro in Vaticano, known to us as St. Peter's Rome. It has cost not less than \$70,000,000 since its foundation stone was laid, yet nearly 300 other churches of equal cost could be built out of what the world has spent on wars during the nineteenth century. The costliest building on this continent is the Philadelphia public building, which represents nearly \$30,000,000; yet nearly 700 copies of this great pile could be erected out of the money spent on wars during the last hundred years. The world spends upward of \$530,000,000 a year on education. If it spent 37 times as much it would not equal the war expenses of the past century. The population of the world is estimated at 1,500,000,000; the money spent on war between 1801 and 1900 would give to each man, woman and child alive to-day more than \$13 as pocket money.

If a man counted 200 a minute for 10 hours a day, six days a week, he would have counted one million in eight days 3 hours and 20 minutes. At the same rate he would need 8,388 days, 3 hours and 20 minutes, not counting Sundays. To count twenty billions would take 582 years 150 days, 6 hours and 40 minutes.

ADAPTED TO THE MARKET.

Fruits and Vegetables Must Be "Good Shippers."

Those who raise fruits and vegetables for the market find it to their advantage to develop varieties which will best stand shipment. This does not necessarily mean those which are best in flavor. A tomato, for instance, may be delicious, that becomes "mushy" under a few hours' shaking in a freight-car is unprofitable, except for local markets. The railroads have made the range of supplies for every region so wide that the first requisite of any perishable articles is that it shall be a "good shipper."

Scientific agriculturists are now bending their energies toward securing by cross-breeding, a combination of delicacy of flavor and of good travelling quality. They have already accomplished much. Every year some new fruit or vegetable enters the general markets, and better varieties of the old are introduced.

In these times not only the palate but the eye must be satisfied. Color must be white, strawberries must be red, and maple attractive in color. Any new variety, however excellent, that does not stand up to these standards cannot expect a wide market.

Then nature puts "trade-marks" upon certain varieties, and so greatly aids their commercial success. The "navel" is one of several kinds of seedless oranges, but it is so distinctly marked as to have acquired almost a monopoly of the field.

EXPOSURE OF COAL.

If a load of coal is left out of doors exposed to the weather—say, a month—it loses one-third of its heating quality. If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there, and another ton is placed under it, the latter loses about 25 per cent. of its heating power, the former about 47 per cent. Hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over and on the sides. The softer the coal the more volatile and valuable constituents undergo slow combustion.

THRIFTY SCHOLARS.

To encourage thrift in pupils the London School Board runs in connection with the Post Office a number of penny banks. The total amount deposited last year was £23,300, about £4,000 more than in 1899. At the end of the year the sum of £28,145 remained to the credit of the youthful depositors.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes About Some of the World's Great People.

No other Sovereign in the world has so many physicians as the Czar. They number twenty-seven, and are all selected from the medical celebrities of Russia.

Amongst the Royal personages who have now passed away the following are: King Edward VII., the Czar, the German Emperor, the King of the Belgians, Victor Emmanuel III., the Shah, and the Heir-Apparent of Belgium.

The little King of Spain is guarded every night by a body of picked men, who are natives of Espinas, and have served with distinction in the army. It is by them the gates are locked at midnight, and with ceremonious solemnity re-opened at seven o'clock in the morning. Should one of this guard prove false to the person of his Sovereign, Spanish faith in Spanish loyalty would die, as it by lightning stroke, and something very dreadful would happen to the traitor. It is a curious custom of very ancient tradition, which the Queen Regent has not been sorry to maintain.

An amusing story of the Pope's good-natured humor is being told in Rome just now. His Holiness is much sought after as a sitter by painters whose powers are not always equal to their ambitions. Quite recently one of these painters, having finished his portrait, begged the Pope to honour him by inscribing upon it some Scriptural text, with his autograph. Pope Leo looked dubiously at the picture. It was mediocre enough and little like himself, but he reflected a moment and then, adapting the familiar line in St. Matthew to the peculiar circumstances, he wrote as follows: "Be not afraid; it is I—Leo XIII."

Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., has just celebrated his seventieth birthday. Sir Walter was one of a family of six sons and six daughters, and when he and his brother Alfred first went into business as W. and A. Gilbey they made their start in a couple of underground rooms in Berwick Street, Soho, just after the Crimean War. The brothers Walter and Alfred were all the partners and all the staff too. To-day the firm employs many thousands of hands, and pays every year well over a million sterling to the Revenue. Apart from his baronetcy, one of the greatest honors which have beenfallen Sir Walter Gilbey is the presentation to him by the Prince of Wales, in 1891, on behalf of a large body of subscribers, of portraits of himself and his wife, "in recognition of his services in the revival of horse-breeding."

Forty-two years ago Admiral Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, now a veteran of eighty-two years, made the first discovery of the relics of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition which had sailed for the Arctic regions on May 19th, 1845, and had last been seen in July of that year. Sir Francis, who was then united with a captain, started on June 30, 1857, in command of the Fox, a vessel of only 177 tons, which had been purchased at the cost of Lady Franklin and her friends. For two weeks the vessel was frozen in, and it was during the sledging expeditions of the spring of 1859 that some buttons, medals, etc., belonging to Franklin's men were obtained from the Esquimaux. Later, skeletons were found, and then came the great discovery of the cairn containing an immense number of relics, and one important document which gave an account of the death of Sir John Franklin and the desertion of the ships.

CHEWED BY A LION.

A Hunter's Experience With the King of Beasts.

On board a ship returning from Africa, a few weeks ago, was Lieutenant Carpaux, just out of the hospital at Domson, to which he had been taken after an interview with a lion. The lieutenant thus described the meeting, which seems to have been an unusually lively one:

One morning I started off to see what I could do in the way of lion-hunting. We had not gone far when I espied a superb beast with a glorious mane. I fired, and he ran farther into the scrub. I felt sure that he was wounded, scrub, and went to look for him.

After beating about in the jungle for some time I came to a small clearing, and saw, fifty yards off, the lion facing me and lashing his sides with his tail. I crept on one knee, aimed at the head and fired. The brute, roaring awfully, bounded forward toward us, and my comrade ran off into the scrub.

I fired again and hit the lion, but without killing him, and in a moment we were face to face. I was then knocked over, and felt my right leg crinkle as if squeezed in a vice. I tried to seize the brute by the throat but was too firmly held down. The railroads have made the range of supplies for every region so wide that the first requisite of any perishable articles is that it shall be a "good shipper."

Suddenly I felt the lion's grip relax, and what seemed to me miraculously he moved off a few feet, and stood looking in the direction in which my man had fled. "If he thinks me dead," I thought, "perhaps I may be saved." While he stood I was able to get hold of my rifle, and rapidly aimed and fired just as he was turning round to finish me. He fell dead.

My leg was in a fearful state, and so were my chest and shoulder, but no bone was broken and no main artery cut. For twenty days after the accident I was in the hospital.

OUR MEDITERRANEAN MASTERS.

The mastery of the Mediterranean by Britain, a power owning no countervail, has become insatiable for its political and financial consequences, to all the other states of Europe, says the New York Sun. The only Government standing in the way of an early liberation of the Mediterranean from a one-power control is that of the German Emperor. Whenever Germany throws her weight into the scale the condition against which England is armed will be formed.

A DRAMATIC CONVERSION.

Burglar Places His Kit of Tools on the Church Altar.

A rather dramatic confession started the 300 persons attending religious services at the Pacific Garden mission, Chicago, last week. William Hill advanced to the altar, and signified his revolver and kit of burglar tools, and signified his intention to turn over a new leaf. The Rev. J. S. Detwiler, of St. Paul, and Assistant Superintendent Harry Monroe, of the mission, had been preaching, and the latter had just finished his address when the self-confessed burglar walked to the altar.

"Friends," he said, "I have been cracking safes, robbing stores and picking pockets a good many years for a living. I have served terms in Sing Sing and Joliet. But to-night I am going to end my criminal career and start out on a new life. I was walking along State street to-night when I heard the men speaking from your Gospel wagon. They said something that seemed to touch me. I followed the wagon here, and entered with the crowd. The more I heard the more I became convinced that this is the time for me to reform. I want you people to help give me a start in the right direction, I have found it easier to steal than work, but now I want to help me will work for your mission."

This significant conversion was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The man left at the close of the meeting, first promising Mr. Monroe to return the next day, when an effort will be made to get him work.

True to his promise, Hill appeared at the office of the Pacific Garden Mission as promised, and declared that he had not repented his resolutions but was rather more firmly determined to gain an honest livelihood. Mr. Monroe started out with the new convert, at once to see if he could get him some employment.

LABOR IS SUPREME.

New Zealand Government and Workingmen.

Rev. George Glover, of St. Leonard's, England, gives a newspaper reporter a few impressions of his tour abroad.

"In some respects," he said, "the most peculiar place I visited was New Zealand. There the laborer is supreme. So supreme is he that he can have an audience with the Premier, 'Dick' Seddon, at any hour of the night. This when, perhaps, one in a higher station in life would not be able to see the first minister at all. Seddon's government stands merely for the approval of the workingman. Without his popularity among the laboring classes Seddon could not retain power. I know this for a fact and Seddon will cheerfully admit the same thing. So supreme is labor in New Zealand that an employer engaging two men and finding one to suit him, discharges the other, will find that labor will step in and make him discharge the man whom he finds useful and take on again the employee whom he discharged for unsatisfactory work. A most peculiar condition of affairs certainly exists in New Zealand. This climate, however, is delightful, and the fertility of the soil most extraordinary. Crops can be grown steadily for many years without the aid of manure. Sometimes the wheat goes as high as one hundred and twenty and one hundred and forty bushels to the acre."

"In the Commonwealth of Australia, where everything has started under the most auspicious circumstances, I anticipate, nevertheless, a considerable difficulty in harmonizing the different tariffs. This doubtless will soon become a thing of the past, but for the present I think it presents a problem of considerable magnitude to the politicians. There will never, in my opinion, be free trade between New Zealand and Australia. A feature which struck me very forcibly while travelling in the colonies was the enthusiastic loyalty of the colonials. I was in New Zealand when the news arrived of the fall of Pretoria. The excitement was intense. The people held a mass meeting of many thousands of citizens. Loyal speeches were the order of the day and the greatest of enthusiasm prevailed.

"Continuing my journey, and while passing through California, I came to a place where the wolves actually had the upper hand. In a certain part of Lake county, Cal., the wolves are so large, so fierce and so numerous that it has become impossible to keep sheep. The idea has been quite abandoned, and goats have been substituted. The wolves have somehow not seen so partial to them.

"Returned volunteers from South Africa to Australia assured me that the Canadian soldiers had achieved by far the greatest reputation at the front."

A TICKLISH QUESTION.

He was a sunny-haired little four-year-old, and his sister had been reading to him the story of the child's history of England, or one of the most terrible stories ever known.

"And when the news came to the King," she concluded, "that his army had been defeated, it is said he covered his face with his hands and wept, and no one ever saw him smile again."

"But are you sure he never smiled again?"

"Quite sure—at least, the history says so."

The child pondered deeply for a few moments. Then he gazed wonderingly into his sister's face, and said:

"Well, what did he do when they tickled him?"

GAMBLING IN THE NAVY.

MORE OF IT DONE THAN IS GENERALLY SUPPOSED.

Cards, Dominos, Chess, Deck Quoits Are Used—"Boycy" Is Played in Hot Climates.

Gambling in the navy, though illegal, is still carried on to a greater extent than is generally imagined. Nor is this surprising when it is considered that Jack Tar has no means of spending his money while at sea, and thrift is certainly not his greatest virtue.

Betting on games of chance is chiefly favored, and a pack of cards forms one of the most cherished possessions of every sailor. The men are permitted to play as much as they please in their leisure hours, but it is not until after ten o'clock at night, the hour for "turning-in," that they are able to gamble without detection by the officers. Then hammocks are discarded for seats round a wooden chest, and by the light of an old lantern "loo," "Nap," and "banker" are kept up often into the small hours of the morning, or until a lucky player succeeds in breaking the bank. This, however, rarely happens, because the stakes played for are never more serious than a few pence; nevertheless, by the time the next monthly pay-day comes round it is not unusual for a man to find that he has mortgaged the whole of the wages due to him.

But cards by no means exhaust Jack's gambling repertoire. He stakes heavily upon dominoes, chess, deck quoits, and any other game that lends itself to chance, though of course, his transactions have to be

CONDUCTED IN SECRET.

But when in a hot climate a game known as "boycy" is as popular as dominoes and has the distinction of being seldom played outside the navy. We will presume that five men propose to indulge in a friendly gamble, and having agreed that the stakes shall be a penny for each player, five-pence in all, they take their places round a table and put down their coins. Then a sixth man who acts as umpire lays upon each penny a few grains of sugar, and the game begins. The climate being hot, the room will doubtless be full of flies, which will immediately begin to buzz round the sugared pennies, though for some time, with the casual perversity of their race, they refuse to pitch on any individual one, which naturally adds to the excitement; for the man whose coin is distinguished by a fly first settling upon it pockets the stakes.

Pitch and toss with halfpennies, though still played, has lost much of its old popularity, because nautical ingenuity has devised many games better suited to gambling, and almost every ship has one particular mode of gaming quite apart from that of any other vessel. "Backing the stranger" is a common amusement on the high seas, and consists on betting on the nationality of the next vessel sighted, the winner, of course.

CLEARING THE STAKES.

Even racing is not overlooked, for men will bet on a forthcoming horse race before leaving port, and settle up at the first opportunity of ascertaining the winner.

Sailors do not always gamble with money, but will give slips of paper entitling the holder to a share of their "shot" at the canteen. Every man may have goods on credit from the canteen, and this is called his "shot." He is not permitted to leave the ship until he is out of the canteen's debt, so creditors will accept a share of a comrade's "shot" as readily as they would a cheque on a bank. In other words, this method is equivalent to incurring one debt in order to clear off another.

It is seldom that a sailor turns out to be an inveterate gambler, because his opportunities for parting with his spare cash in this manner are not so numerous as they were in the days when gambling was carried on above deck and under the eyes of the officers, who looked on and said nothing. Moreover, such things as card-sharers and cheating are unknown, for the subsequent existence of him who tried swindling his mates would be unbearable; so if a sailor loses heavily by gambling he at least knows that he has done so in fair play.

THE FIRST MESSAGE.

"In this way the first message was sent over the telephone, and I have been told that Stamford calls itself 'Telephone City' ever since. That was in 1875."

"A short time afterward Mr. Charles Williams of Boston, strung telephone wire from his office in Boston to his house in Cambridgeport, a distance of two miles. This was the first telephone wire to be permanently erected."

Since those small beginnings, what amazing progress has been made!

"Do you know that there are nearly 2,000,000 miles of telephone wires in the United States alone?"

NOT THE WAY SHE MEANT IT.

A correspondent writes: "A brother of mine came to stop with me a few days, and as he is independent, and I the reverse, and had to go out daily

MARKETS FOR POULTRY.

WHERE SHALL THE CANADIAN FARMER SHIP.

London the Highest-Priced — Manchester or Liverpool Safest — To Whom to Ship.

It has occurred to me that much trouble and loss to the Canadian farmer might be avoided if the particulars of this subject were better understood, and as I have thoroughly investigated the matter on the spot, the information I give is probably more recent and correct than anything at present written.

It is useless in shipping poultry to think of shipping anything under a car load, that is ten tons, for less than that cannot possibly be expected to pay. The expense of shipping insurance, etc., will more than eat up the profits. To make this clear I may state, what anyone who has shipped anything knows to be the case, namely, the more you send the less the expense is proportionate. Therefore it is absolutely impossible for any single farmer to export chickens. If, however, a number of farmers wish to co-operate and try their luck, good or bad, this is my advice. First decide where you will ship, then to whom, and then how.

In this article I wish to speak of the first of these, namely, what port? Now let me take the largest and wealthiest in the world,

LONDON.

First here you will get the best price for really first grade poultry in prime condition, done up exactly as the market wants, but the consumer and merchants are a cranky lot, and hard to please, with many senseless fads and prejudices on trifling points so that some slight variation in the packing of your poultry may turn them entirely, against you and bring you a bad price. But above all London is the worst market in the world to reach. It has two ports—Tilbury and the Royal Albert docks both of them many miles from London markets, and at either of them your shipment may be dumped on the wharf and remain there from one to ten days for its turn to go up to London, by which time it will be well thawed, and fit for pigs only. Such was the actual experience of thousands of pounds of Australian rabbits this year. When its turn comes it usually goes up to London by barges, which are filthy, and are floated up with the tide, which takes days in the journey; this will finish anything not already spoilt. You can avoid this by paying \$3.00 per ton to have it sent up by train, but that means a good slice off your profit. In fact, your goods must be met by some one especially interested in them, such as a special agent or your buyer, who will see that they are rushed up to London without delay. London can also be reached by shipping to Southampton, Liverpool or Manchester, and thence by rail, but from Liverpool or Manchester to London the freight is \$6 to \$14 per ton according to quantity, which is

STRAIGHT ROBBERY.

Unfortunately, also, all the railways are careless and slow, greatly adding to risk of total loss by delay, our own experience of a shipment taking four days from Manchester to London, a distance of 225 miles, being

DOCTORS BAFFLED

BY THE CASE OF MRS. HARRISON, OF ORANGEVILLE.

She Was Completely Run Down—Racked With Pains in the Back, Head and Limbs—Again Rejoicing in Good Health.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont. Many cases are constantly being brought to light of persons being cured by that wonderful remedy—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—after doctors have failed to be of benefit. Among them may be noted the case of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, a well known lady who resides in the near vicinity of Orangeville, Ont. A reporter of the Sun, hearing of Mrs. Harrison's wonderful cure called at her home to inquire into the facts of the case. Mrs. Harrison said she was pleased to be able to testify to the great curative powers of these pills. She said: "For some years I have been a constant sufferer. Just about to call my disease I do not know; even the doctors were unable to diagnose it. I was completely run down. I had racking pains in my head, back and limbs. I was unable to secure sound sleep, and on arising in the morning would feel as tired as before going to bed. My stomach was in a bad condition and the least movement caused my heart to palpitate violently. Doctors' treatment failed to be of benefit to me and I was in a very disengaged state when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thinking that they might relieve me a little I procured a supply and began taking them according to directions. From the first I could see that they were helping me, and by the time I had taken half a dozen I was free from the ailments that had made my life miserable. It is now several years since I took the pills and not the least sign of my old trouble has since shown itself. I would strongly urge the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for any person who has a weak or run down system and I am sure they will not fail to be beneficial."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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looks out for the family health and the family pocketbook. If she uses Ceylon and India Machine-Made Tea she gets the purest and most economical tea to be had.

SALADA

Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Flax, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

STANDARD TIME.

A Table of the Hour Reckonings of All Nations.

The difficulty of appreciating the difference in time that prevails between different countries is very general, and the following list is printed for the purpose of a ready reference guide by which to calculate the time of any occurrence in another country. All nations, except Spain, Portugal and Russia, calculate their time from the meridian of Greenwich, accepting as standard some even hour meridian, east or west of Greenwich. For instance:

Western European time, or that of the meridian of Greenwich, is legal in England, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg.

Central European time, or one hour east of Greenwich, is legal in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Congo Free State, Denmark, Italy, Servia, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland.

Eastern European time, or two hours east of Greenwich, is adopted by Bulgaria, Roumania, Natal and Turkey in Europe.

Eight hours east of Greenwich applies to the Philippines.

Nine hours east of Greenwich is adopted by Central Australia and Japan.

Ten hours east of Greenwich is official in Victoria, Queensland, and Tasmania.

Eleven and a half hours east has been adopted by New Zealand.

The United States, Canada and Mexico have adopted the fifth, sixth seventh and eighth hours west of Greenwich.

The Hawaiian Islands adopt the meridian of ten and a half hours west.

In Spain, the meridian of Madrid, fourteen minutes, forty-five seconds west of Greenwich, is legal; in Portugal, that of Lisbon, or thirty-six minutes, thirty-nine seconds west, and in Russia that of St. Petersburg, or two hours, one minute and thirteen seconds east of Greenwich.

A STRAIGHT CASE AGAIN THIS TIME.

Two Letters Which Prove the Permanency of Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sam Derrochers Cured of Diabetes in 1898—Had it for over Five Years—His Recent Letter Proves that His Cure Still Holds Good.

Quebec, June 24.—(Special)—Sam Derrochers, of the Fortress City was cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills in 1898. His case is well known here, it having been published in the papers at the time, and a great deal of attention was drawn to Dodd's Kidney Pills on its account.

Gibetes, however, is known to be an incurable disease, and many of the more sceptical of Quebec citizens expressed doubt as to the permanency of the cure. These doubts may now be set at rest. Mr. Derrochers himself attests that in three years he has had no sign of Diabetes' return.

In May 1898, Mr. Sam Derrochers published the following letter in the Quebec papers: "I have been a victim to Diabetes for over five years with terrible pains around my kidneys. My feet were always cold, and my thirst could not be quenched, no matter what I drank. I tried remedy after remedy but received no help. I purchased one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and found immediate relief. I have now finished five boxes, and can say I am perfectly cured."

Now to cover away all possible doubt that Mr. Derrochers was not induced to show beyond question that he had his kidney pills did not merely relieve him for the time, but actually cured him of Diabetes, and cured him to stay cured, we publish his letter of April 4th, 1901.

"Dear Sirs—My cure of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills has been permanent. I have not been troubled with a sign of Diabetes my cure three years ago."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all diseases of the kidneys, and the troubles arising from weak action of the kidneys. They are used throughout the world.

WHERE WAS HE AT.

She—There are some people I like and some I don't like.

He—What about me?

She—Oh, present company is always accepted.

Victoria, Australia, has 1,051,216 acres of gold-bearing land.

You say, pursued the chairman of the investigating committee, that he resorted to no bribery whatever during the election, so far as you know? Yes, sir, replied he, witness, that's what I did. Did he not circulate several boxes of cigars? Yes, sir, but them cigars wasn't bribes. Here's one of them. You can try it.

SZOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

SCHOLARLY SERVANTS.

Resort to Domestic Employment to Gain a Living.

In many of the smaller hotels of the Latin Quarter in Paris it is no uncommon occurrence for guests to be waited upon by young men who are actually graduates of the French Universities, and who resort to such domestic employment in order to gain a living. Unlike our own "Varsity" students, French undergraduates are often the sons of exceedingly poor people, who deny themselves the necessities of life that their sons may enjoy in University training. The extraordinary spectacle is often witnessed therefore of a classical scholar, cleaning boots and scrubbing floors.

Some years ago the writer chanced to be travelling in Normandy, and encountered at a small inn in that province a young "factotum" who entered into an elaborate conversation with him concerning the relative merits of Greek and Latin poetry. Further chat proved that the servant in question had taken high honors at the University of Franco, and that he was endeavoring to save sufficient money from his "tips" and salary to complete his education and become a barrister.

A Russian servant engaged in a large private house in Moscow recently composed a Greek ode after the style of Anacreon. The verses celebrated the dignities and virtues of the family by whom he was employed, and was said, to be a masterpiece of style, composition, and grace.

you would expect to find in a tea for gentle and refined folks is contained in the five different grades of

EVERYTHING LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA Load Packages, 25, 50, 75, 100 and 200 lbs

WOMAN KNOWS PAINT

and she likes good paint; a paint that stays on when put on, that looks bright and clean throughout the life of pure paint; a paint that is handy-ready for the brush; that is better than white lead or any other hand-made paint.

Ramsay's Paints

are just that kind—ready for use, acknowledged the best, known as the leader for sixty years, economical, brilliant, pure. Send for our BOOKLET "K" FREE about paint, homes and painting.

A. RAMSAY & SON, PAINT MAKERS, MONTREAL.

Est'd 1842.

If You Want BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Coborne St., Toronto.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

British rivers and canals carry 35 million tons of merchandise a year, those of France 25 million, and of Germany 9 million.

For Over Fifty Years

Max. Winsow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. Soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves pain, cures wind colic, regulates the womb and bowels, and is the best remedy for all forms of neuralgia. Winsow's Liniment is sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Max. Winsow's SOOTHING SYRUP."

France holds the record as a user of gold. She has coined 2,800 tons in the last 40 years, against 1,400 used by the English Mint.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Within the past 70 years the death rate of soldiers on garrison duty in English towns had fallen from 18 per 1,000 a year to 6 per 1,000.

Cheap Round Trip Rate Between St. Paul, Minn., and the Pacific Coast.

July 6th the Northern Pacific Ry. will place in effect a low first-class round trip rate of \$4.50 from eastern terminals to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. Dates of sale at eastern terminals will be from July 6th to July 13th inclusive, and the final limit for return will be Aug. 31st, 1901. Destination must be reached not later than July 18th, stopovers being allowed in EITHER DIRECTION within the transit limits.

This offers an unsurpassed opportunity for those desiring to hunt new homes and farms to go into the northwest and look over the country, or for those wishing to visit relatives or friends or to make pleasure trips, to do so.

44 million people use London's swimming-baths yearly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Trinidad Pitch Lake is leased to an American company who dig 96,000 tons of pitch a year from it, yet its surface never falls.

CALIFORNIA AND RETURN.

On July 5th to 12th, the Wabash Railroad will sell round trip tickets to San Francisco, California, at single first-class fare, good to return any time up to August 31st, 1901. Diagram of through sleepers now ready. Stop over en route to first Colorado point. Everything will be first-class and up-to-date. This will be by far the most comfortable trip ever offered to visit the golden land of sunshine and flowers. Free reclining chairs on all trains.

Full particulars at Wabash office, North-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agt.

A—Did you hear about Watson's whiskers? B—No, what was it? A—They look so ugly that all the neighbors signed a petition asking Watson, as a matter of public policy, to shave them off. B—Well did he do it? A—Yes, he did. B—Well, what then? A—Yes, he did. B—The very next day the neighbors signed a petition asking Watson, as a matter of public policy to let them grow again.

MORE SUBSTANTIAL

Bobbins—Why did she hit you? Bobbins—She detected the odor of beer on my breath.

Bobbins—A prude, eh?

Bobbins—Not at all, but there was another fellow whose breath smelled of champagne.

It's laughable to read some tea advertisements, but it's no joke to drink the tea. Better stick to Blue Ribbon Ceylon

SUBURBAN FLORAL FESTIVALS

Yesterday was sweet pea day out at our house.

In bloom all ready?

No, my wife stood over me while I weeded them.

Minard's Liniment sold everywhere.

There are only 18 stars of the first magnitude. The light from these takes about three years to reach the earth. There are 55 of second magnitude.

HIS OWN FREE WILL.

Dear Sirs.—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. IT IS THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

The ruby is the heaviest of precious stones. Next comes the garnet, topaz, and diamond, in the order named. The diamond is 3½ times heavier than water.

AVENUE HOUSE

McGill-Collegiate Avenue

Montreal

Family Hotel rates \$1.50 per day.

When you write to an advertiser tell him that you saw his advertisement in this paper. It is to your interest to do so, as Our Folks are treated honestly and served with the best.

W P C 1082

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

For all skin ailments.

J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Brass Band

INSTRUMENTS, DRUMS, UNIFORMS, ETC.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 200 illustrations, mailed free. Write for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.

Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

WOODY'S PHOTO-ENGRAVING

J. L. Jones Eng. Co.

6-8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812,

WALL PAPERS



We are sorting up our stock and offering Reductions of 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. on Wall Papers.

These are not remnants but new stock.

Prices count—and our papers are the finest in the country.

Newest, up-to-date designs, made by the best makers.

Our Bargains in really Fine Papers are wonders.

You Can Make \$1 Buy \$2.00 worth of Paper by buying now

..PAINTS..

Every Can Guaranteed.

Newest Colors,
Best Wearing,
Hardest Drying,
Lowest Prices.

FOR MOTHS.

English LAVENDER FLOWERS, in bags., reduced to 5c.
MOTH BALLS—Camphor.

GILLETTS LYD, 10c. NEW SOAPS & PERFUMES

CHAS. E. PARKER,
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.



Your Wants for July Weather
Can Be Supplied Better and Cheaper at
THE FRED.T. WARD CO'S. STORE
THAN ELSEWHERE IN TOWN.

Our lines of SUMMER DRESS GOODS—Organies, Dimities, Muslins, Percales, Piques, Ginghams, etc. are the essence of quality and cheapness.

No two prices, one price to all and best value for all.



TOOKE'S Shirt Waists.

We are having a greater demand for them than ever. The Ladies find the fit unequalled, latest style and quality the best. Call before your size is gone. 69c., 75c. and \$1.25.

Embroideries, Laces, Veilings, Belts, Belt Buckles, Cuff Links and a great variety of Fancy Goods we are Clearing Out at fancy low prices.

The Fred T. Ward Co.

Obituary.

Died on the 29th of June, 1901, Mr. Charles Wright of the 8th line of Rawdon township. He came with his parents from England to Canada when a boy about 12 years of age, and had been a resident of Rawdon about 60 years. About 50 years ago he bought a farm, on which he resided ever since. Like all the early settlers, by patience, perseverance, and industry, he made a home for himself and family. He was eighty years of age, and leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his loss. Dr. Wright, of Berlin, Ont., is his only surviving brother. The funeral took place from his late residence on July 1st. His remains were taken to St. Thomas Church, where the funeral service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Nimmo, of Rawdon parish. A very appropriate sermon was preached for the benefit of the living, that all might be ready at the Master's call. The interment took place in the little cemetery adjoining the church. He was laid by the side of his daughter, who preceded him some years ago. —Cos.

Prize Competition.

The competition for the prize offered by Mr. Boldrick, for the best rendering of the beautiful poem of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard," created quite an interest, and was held in the High School, after the Entrance Examinations were over, on Friday, 28th June. A large number of scholars and young people were present. Six competitors entered for it and while some were defective in expression, nearly all were well memorized; and to those who did not secure the prize we would say, you are well repaid for the trouble taken by having stored in your memory such fine expressions of thought, applicable to all stages of life, as no sentiment can be so well expressed in prose as in poetry. The principal contest was between Miss Lefia Johnson and Miss Vita Bailey. Both renderings were excellent, but the judges thought Miss Johnston the more perfect of the two, and she was awarded the prize. The little lady recites well for one so young. Very honourable mention was made by the Chairman, Mr. Boldrick, of Miss Bailey, but as the awarding was quite out of his hand he could only rest on the decision of the judges. Rev. Mr. Burns kindly asked permission to award a prize to Miss Bailey, which he did, and Dr. Faulkner promised a third one. Short addresses were made by the Chairman, Rev's. Johnston and Burns and Dr. Faulkner, which brought the proceedings to a close. We regret

Under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses hospitals have been erected at Sifton and Yorkton, Manitoba.

Two men dropped from the top of a 150-foot smokestack at Little Current, inside the stack. One named Herbert was fatally injured, and the other will recover.

Sore Throat and Hoarseness

with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of **Polyvaline**. Elixer to gargle with ten times better than common plaster, and more convenient for the outside. Nerviline penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, allays inflammation, and cures the soreness and hoarseness simply because that's what it is made for.

Will sell on Easy Terms.

Apply to Archie Grier on James Boldrick's place in the 5th Con. of Thurlow, or address by letter

ARCHIE GRIER,
Corbyville.

Where others fail, **Dr. Petty's** Pills prove their power to cure.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale the East Half of Lot No. 17 in the 3rd Concession of Thurlow, consisting of 100 acres.

This is one of the Best Farms in the neighbourhood. On the premises is a frame house and barn, and well situated near a good Chestnut and Butter Brook. Convenient to Church and School, is well watered and well fenced, has a good Orchard and vineyard and a half miles from Belleville.

Will sell on Easy Terms.

Apply to Archie Grier on James Boldrick's place in the 5th Con. of Thurlow, or address by letter

ARCHIE GRIER,
Corbyville.

Where others fail, **Dr. Petty's** Pills prove their power to cure.

PARKER BROTHERS BANKERS, STIRLING - ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.
Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

Money to let on Mortgages at low Interest. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

F. E. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.
In the local columns will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers—Three lines and under, 7c. per line; Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Trains and Stirling station as follows—
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
Mail & Ex. 8:27 a.m. Accom. 10:35 a.m.
Mail & Ex. 8:45 p.m. Accom. 3:45 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Dominion Day passed off very quietly in town, a great number spending the day at Oak Hill Lake and other places.

The strawberry crop, which has been a large one, is now nearly exhausted, and prices advanced this week as they became less plentiful.

White vests and summer coats at wards.

Some of the finest strawberries we have seen were grown by Mr. Jos. Frapay, River Valley. He has several varieties of exceedingly large and luscious berries, and had a large yield this season.

The efficient service of our street sprinkler has been fully appreciated during the hot weather lately, and the small fee which it costs each person whose premises it passes is money well invested in securing freedom from the annoyance of dust.

You'll find me at Fred Ward's Saturday night.

The decoration service by Stirling Lodge No. 289, I.O.O.F., last evening, was witnessed by a large number of visitors from town and country. The attendance of members of the order was not large—probably the exceedingly warm weather of the past few days had a depressing effect.

FOUND

In Stirling, on Thursday last, a pocket book, containing a sum of money. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this notice.

IRA HOSKINS.

The volunteers arrived home from camp on Saturday even'g, well bronzed, and looking more like veterans from the tented field than when they took their departure twelve days before.

They were met at the station by the "Home Guard," and a large number of citizens, who escorted them to the centre of the town, and bid them "welcome home."

Snaps in odd sizes of colored shirts, \$1.25 for 75c., 75c. for 55c. See if we have your size at Fred Ward's.

Posters have been issued announcing the monster celebration to be held at Spring Brook on Friday, July 12th. The Orangemen of Districts Nos. 1, 3 and 4, Central Hastings, will be present, as also Lodges from Frankford, Campbellford, Blairton, Foxboro and other places. In all 20 Orange Lodges, 3 Lodges of True Blues, and one Prentice Lodge are expected to be present. The committee are putting forth every exertion to make the gathering a success. Dinner will be provided by the ladies in connection with the Church of England. The proceeds to be devoted to the erection of a parsonage at Spring Brook. Frankford and Campbellford Brass Bands will furnish music for the occasion.

King Edward's coronation will take place in June next.

Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, left for Great Britain on Monday for a three months' holiday.

London was the hottest place in Ontario on Dominion Day, with a maximum temperature of 97 in the shade.

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THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1901.

Vol. XXII, No. 44.

The Most Convincing Salesman We
Have Is = =

HEAR HIM TALK
SHIRTS,
TOOKE'S MAKE,

Price.

25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. If you would know their values put them along side Shirts that cost half as much again. In grasping for excellence we caught economy as well, and bigness of the lot brings littleness of price, and the benefit is yours.

Straw Hats. Any old Straw Hat is good enough for some men. It is vastly different in a case like yours, as you want one of the latest style and up-to-date, at a price that the maker would smile at, 50c. to \$1.50.

We are here to push business. Give us a shave.

FRED. T. WARD,
YOUR TAILOR & MEN'S OUTFITTER.

= FOR GROCERIES =

GO WHERE YOU GET

25 lbs. Brown Sugar for \$1.00. 2 bottles Pickles for 25c.
20 lbs. Redpath Granulated, \$1.00. 4 boxes Laundry Starch, 25c.
9 lbs. Oatmeal - 25c. Oranges and Lemons, 20c. doz.
3 lbs. Mixed Cakes, - 25c. Lard, pure - 12½ lb.

Our 25c. JAPAN TEA, try it, you will always buy the same.

We are paying 20c. for Butter and 10c. doz. for Eggs.

DRY GOODS.

Flannelette Sheets, 75c. and 90c. pair. Prints, fast colors, 6c. yd.
Dress Sateens, 38 in. wide, very fine, 12½ yd.
Mercerized Sateens, some remnants, to be cleared at 15c., regular 25c. yd.
A job lot of Dress Muslins, prices from 8c. to 15c. yard.
Ladies' Vests, 5c. to 25c. each. Children's Vests, half-sleeve, 6c. each.
Ladies, come here to buy light Tweed Skirts, from 20c. yd.
Men's Cotton Socks, 4 pairs for 25c. Men's Colored Shirts, 50c. each.
A job lot Ladies' Sailors must be cleared out at half-price.

C. F. STICKLE.

Seasonable Goods.

**Belt Buckles, Belting, Stick Pins,
Enamelled Brooches, Hair Ornaments.**

See our 25c. BELT BUCKLES, best value in town.

A few PULLEY BELTS left—yours at 25c. each.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

The Mutual Life of Canada

Formerly
THE ONTARIO
MUTUAL LIFE

A Company

OF POLICYHOLDERS
BY POLICYHOLDERS,
FOR POLICYHOLDERS.

AMOUNT OF NEW BUSINESS
Paid for (taken) in 1900.
\$4,671,712.00, being the largest volume
secured in the Dominion by any Canadian Life Company for the year ending
Dec. 31st, 1901.

Beginning the New Century by LEADING ALL ITS COMPETITORS, old and young, among native Life Companies in NEW BUSINESS for the past year, is a record of which any Company might feel honestly proud.

S. BURROWS',
General Agent THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA.

UNEQUAL EYES.

OPPOSITION

—IS THE—

Life of Trade

—IS THE—

COME AND SEE THE
NEW DRUG STORE
CRAIGE BLOCK.

Try DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP
for Children. Guaranteed to contain no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any other house in the village.

J. PARKER,

DRUGGIST.

Hundreds have testified to the good Petty's Pills have done them.

W. C. REID,
Aug. 17, 1900, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Petty's Pills are small — mere mites — but one is a dose, and every dose counts. There are no blanks.

Success in Life.
General Wheeler's Advice to Young Men.

"Fighting Joe Wheeler," a hero of both the Civil and the Spanish-American wars, recently delivered an address in New York before a Church Temperance Society, in the course of which the following striking paragraphs occur:

"During all my life I have had requests from young men for letters which would help them to get situations. I always say to them: 'Go to the place of business where you want to get work and tell the proprietor that you have come to make your fortune and are willing to work hard for it, and that if he will give you a trial, you will come without pay for a month. After you have got a place, be always ready to work. To do that, you must go to bed early and get up early, so as to be at your place of business five minutes before you have to. Then, when you are told to do something, do it, and come back so quickly that they don't know you've been gone. In a year you will be dictating salaries, and not they.' In the last few years business conditions have undergone a great change. These big combinations have been created, and while some people believe they have done a great deal of harm, my advice to young men is to adapt themselves to conditions as they find them, and not try to change them, because they can't do it. I meet every night a man who nineteen years ago had no better chance than any man in this hall. He had a place at six dollars a week in the Homestead Iron Works. There he did his duty to the best of his power, and every time a man was wanted for a place a little better than the one he held, he seemed to be the man selected. In that nineteen years he has climbed up, till now he controls a corporation with a capital of \$1,100,000.00, a sum as great as our country spent in the first forty years of its existence. I learned from this man, Mr. Schwab, that he has never used any tobacco or liquor in his life. The other night I said to him: 'I've been told that in these big corporations, all other things being equal, a man is preferred for promotion, who neither drinks nor smokes.' That is my invariable rule with the 200,000 or 300,000 men I employ," said he. "I find that when two men are equal otherwise, the one who doesn't drink or smoke is the more valuable." There never was an instance on earth of a man working himself to death. It's the most harmless dissipation a man can go into." General Wheeler went on to say that many a man killed himself by whiskey and tobacco whose death was assigned by the doctors to overwork. "No man can succeed," he earnestly declared, in following frivolity instead of duty."

Some Decorative Mottoes.

Having been frequently requested to furnish suitable quotations for various rooms we are pleased to present a few of the many which the Upholsterer has gone to the trouble of collecting, hoping that in the autumn refurbishing they may find place in library, bedroom or kitchen:

The kitchen kills more than the sword.
Lips, however rosy, must be fed.
Better is a good dinner than a fine coat.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.

People must eat if every tree were a gallows.

A frying-pan will not wait for the King of Cordova.

Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, but the latter to our friends.

That is not in the looking-glass that is seen in the looking-glass.

A picture is a silent poem, and a poem is a speaking picture.

Do not budge if you sit at ease.

Lost time never returns.

Take time by the forelock.

Time is money.

Sublime tobacco! which, from East to West, cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest.

Night is the mother of thought.

Our pillow shall be our counsellor.

The evening crowns the day.

Let not the sun look down and say "Inglorious here he lies."

The morning hour has gold in its mouth.

Rest is sweet after strife.

Rest is sweet sauce for labor.

O sleep, it is a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole.

Sleep is a sovereign physic.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

A good book is the best of friends.

A library is a repository of medicine for the mind.

Judge not a book by its cover.

A book that remains shut is but a block.

Jest not in earnest.

All that is said in the parlor should not be heard in the hall.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.

Enough is great riches.

A small fire that warms you is better than a large one that burns you.

The fire is welcome when icicles hang without.

All players cannot win.

In all games it is good to leave off a winner.

There is no better gambling than not to gamble.

A hearth of your own is worth gold. Home is the rainbow of life. A sooty chimney costs many a beef-steak.

A door must be open or shut.

Secure the three things, virtue, wealth and happiness; they will serve as a staff in old age.

Youth is a garland of roses.

Anson News.

Mr. E. D. McConnell, is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chambers, of Ottawa, are spending their holidays at the home of their mother, Mrs. McConnell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wood and Miss B. Wood, of Picton; Mr. and Mrs. T. McCabe, of Wellman's, were the guests of Mrs. N. McConnell, on Saturday last.

Spring Brook.

From Our Correspondent.

Mr. Jno. Morgan met with a very serious accident last Thursday, while working the veneering machine, by which he had the ends of three fingers of the left hand cut off.

The Sabbath School here held the annual picnic on Dominion Day in a grove near the village.

Spring Brook expects a big time on the "glorious twelfth."

Farmers are now busy with their hay. The crop is a good one in this vicinity.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Correspondent.

Miss Nancy Fargey of West Huntingdon, is spending a few days with Mrs. R. Read.

Mrs. Martin Hough and daughter, Ethel, are spending a week with friends at Odessa.

Miss Maud Eggleton, who has been visiting her uncle, Mr. M. Hough, leaves on Thursday for California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Palmer have been visiting Mr. Finkle, of Stoco.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Reid spent Sunday at Springbrook.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. M. H. Sine, of Toronto, who has been visiting friends in this vicinity, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. Thomas Fox spent Sunday in Belleville.

Mr. Chas. Green left on Wednesday for New York, where he has accepted a position.

Mr. Soloman Denike is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Telford, Thurso, Que.

The man who got kicked by a cow recently, we are glad to say is able to be around again.

Quite a few intend taking in the 12th at Springbrook.

Madoc Junction Items.

(From our Correspondent.)

Miss Minchin, teacher at Beulah, spent a few days last week visiting friends in our midst.

Rev. N. Harris, the new minister at West Huntingdon delivered an eloquent discourse in the Eggleton church on Sunday last from the words found in Isa. LX: 1.

Miss Pearl Bennett is spending her holidays visiting friends in Madoc.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Eggleton, of Madoc spent Sunday visiting at Mr. A. W. Andrews.

Master Armour Bennett of Kingston, is spending the summer with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett.

Miss Katie Barlow of Stirling, and Mr. F. A. Clarke of Port Hope, have been visiting at Mr. Geo. Clarke's.

Mrs. Jas. Palmer and children spent a few days last week visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Maud Eggleton has been visiting her sister, Mrs. A. W. Andrews.

Mr. Philip Hamilton has been spending a few days visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Mr. Jacob of Montreal, is in our midst again.

Our teacher, Miss E. M. Hendricks, is spending her holidays at her home in Trenton.

Mrs. A. Seeley of Stirling spent Friday visiting her mother, Mrs. Jas. R. Clarke.

Master Herman Bennett spent Sunday on the Ridge Road.

Miss Nora Carr has been visiting her sister, Mrs. F. Stanley.

Notes of Interest.

Belfast now ranks as the richest and most populous city in Ireland.

Sixty years ago but 180,000 children were enrolled in the East Indian schools.

There are 4,000,000 pupils now.

A recent hotel census of Paris shows that the city has 11,700 hotels.

There are 28,894 juvenile temperance societies in the British Islands, with a membership of 8,586,000.

The mines of West Australia produced in the first quarter of 1901 \$7,685,000 gold, against \$7,865,000 in the same period of 1900.

England's rainfall is equal to 8,000 tons on the acre each year.

The population of the United Kingdom passed that of France for the first time in 1893.

The public houses of London, if set side by side, would reach a distance of something like seventy-six miles.

Thoughts for Every Day.

Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on.—Shakespeare.

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose on the grindstone.—Franklin.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.—Burke.

In all games it is good to leave off a winner.

There is no better gambling than not to gamble.

Enough is great riches.

A small fire that warms you is better than a large one that burns you.

The fire is welcome when icicles hang without.

All players cannot win.

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About the House.

HEALTH RULES FOR SUMMER.

In any valuable advice about the treatment of oneself in summer, the "don'ts" must largely prevail. During the hot weather the gospel of abstinence should be most strenuously and continuously taught and accepted, or illness is the result, writes Dr. J. Livingston.

First, don't entirely shut out the sunlight because it makes the room somewhat warmer or fades the carpet. Life is more than a little extra discomfort or the brightness of carpets; and, when you shut out the sun you shut out the great revitalizing and germ destroyers. You need not, of course, have the sun streaming in all day, but let it come in freely for an hour or two in the morning.

Use as little gas as possible for lighting purposes. It is estimated that one gas jet consumes as much oxygen as six people and adds to the heat. A lamp makes far less heat, but much more than an electric light, which uses none of the room's oxygen. Luckily, the hours of summer daylight are so long that one usually has all the time he needs to work or read, before the darkness comes, and requires little artificial light.

Don't neglect your sleeping room. This is a most important don't. Be sure that, during the hour when the bedclothes have been removed and are spread out so that they, as well as the bed, will become thoroughly aired. Do not sleep in a draught.

But although you should not sleep in a draught, the air should circulate freely through the room. Many people close their windows at night, because they are "afraid of the night air." Night air cannot be as dangerous as the air which, in a closed room, becomes heavy and poisonous from the exhalations from both body and lungs.

Don't drink too much ice water. This is a dangerous practice. Ice water allays thirst for a few minutes without quenching it. For this reason one who is addicted to ice water usually drinks enough to cause a full and bloated feeling, and to stop digestion by unduly cooling the stomach. Lemonade, made from clear, cool—not ice cold—water, is the most refreshing and satisfying drink for summer.

Let your heartiest meal be at night, or whenever your work for the day is over. Fruit, toast, soft-boiled eggs and oatmeal make a good breakfast. Where the intermission between hours of labor is short, no heavy food should be taken into the stomach. Hundreds of people who eat heartily and return to work almost immediately afterwards have dyspepsia.

WRITING A LETTER.

The most striking thing about an ideal letter is its flavor of the personality of the writer. A letter should convey, as nearly as possible, the same effect as would be between the writer and her correspondent. What is a good letter to your mother or sister perhaps would be worthless to anyone else. Always remember to whom you are writing, and write to and for that one person.

General descriptions and observations will be out of place in 99 cases out of 100. Make your letter an index of your mind on the subjects you believe to be interesting to the one to whom you are writing. Put your own individuality into even your observations on the weather. Avoid long excuses for not writing earlier or more frequently. Like apologies for not returning visits, or the like, of theлагging letter writer only emphasize the neglect. Make up for previous shortcomings by writing fully, sympathetically, and vivaciously, so that the pleasure of reading your letter will outweigh any disappointment you may have given, or cause it to be forgotten.

CHEESE STRAWS.

To half a cup of sifted flour add a pinch of cayenne, three ounces of grated cheese and a little salt; mix all together and moisten with the yolk of an egg and enough water to make a stiff dough. Knead to a smooth dough. Roll out into a very thin sheet, not more than an eighth of an inch thick; cut out a piece five inches wide, place on a baking sheet or tin and bake in a moderately hot oven for ten minutes. Do not let them brown. Cheese fingers are made from puff paste cut to about five inches long and a quarter of an inch wide, a little grated cheese spread in center of a strip and another placed on top. These are baked in a quick oven until done and a light brown. Ends of puff crust may be similarly used with the addition of the grated cheese and cayenne pepper. Either American cheese or Parmesan is good for this use. Cheese straws are delicious with sausages.

NEW WAYS TO COOK CORN.

Corn Oysters: Grate one dozen ears corn in a pan add a pinch of salt and a little pepper, drop in spoonfuls into a well-greased skillet, and as soon as brown, turn over like griddle cakes. They should be the size of large oysters. Excellent breakfast dish.

Corn Fritters: Cut the corn from 5 or 6 ears corn, break an egg in it and add salt and pepper to suit the taste. Drop from a large spoon into a frying pan with hot butter in it, and fry on both sides to a rich brown.

Fried Green Corn: Cut the corn from the cob, and put it in a skillet that has hot butter and lard mixed. Season with pepper and salt, stir it often to keep from burning, and cook it with a cover over it. Corn on the cob, when it is not the result of an earthquake or of slow changes in the inclination of the soil. For many years there has been no change in the slope of the tower.

cob, mix it, not too thinly, with milk, add two or three beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste, and bake half an hour. To be served as a vegetable.

ASKING THE DOCTOR.

Don't be afraid to ask too much of your doctor; you pay him for his visits, and they should be more than mere social calls. Some doctors rush into a room, repeat a stale joke or two to make the patient laugh, or pay her a flattering compliment; then feel her pulse, and look wondrous wise; then write a prescription for the doctor knows what—but we doubt very much if the doctor does; then rush out again without giving anyone a chance to ask him a question, or to him what had happened in his absence. His bill is \$2 but for that? Fly him with questions about things that you cannot remember them all; put them down on a sheet of paper as they occur to you, and refer to this when he next calls.

LAUNDERING SILK EMBROIDERY.

To launder embroidered linen make a suds with fine soap and warm water. Do not soak, rub or wring the piece, but squeeze the suds through and through until it is clean. Rinse in clear water and dry between towels. It is well not to expose embroidery to the air while it is wet, and it should never be dried in the sun; nor should it be folded or rolled while it is damp. Before it is entirely dry iron it on a piece of thick flannel on a soft, padded board. Lay the embroidered side down, cover it with a dry cloth, over that place a wet cloth and press with moderately hot iron. Instead of folding it roll it on a large, round wooden stick.

MENDING CHINA.

A clever housekeeper mends her broken china with a home-made cement. Make a thick solution of gun-amine in water, then stir in plaster of paris until a paste is formed. Apply to the broken parts with a brush and set away to harden.

DOGS OF WAR.

Exhibitions of Their Practical Utility.

Some clever dogs—an Irish wolfhound and some collies—have been found for more than three months most carefully and patiently trained by Major Hautenville Richardson in all the varied duties of dogs attached to a regiment in war time, says a London letter.

They are trained to guard baggage, load ammunition, carry messages from one part of the field to another and await a reply; give the alarm on the approach of the enemy by running into camp without barking, and to do ambulance duty by seeking the wounded in cover or carrying first aid appliances.

Major Richardson has for some time been in Germany investigating the method of training there, and is now giving daily exhibitions in the grounds of the Crystal Palace in connection with the ambulance section of the Naval and Military Exhibition of the practical uses of dogs attached to regiments in war time.

The performance opens with an attack by the enemy, who are repulsed. When firing ceases the dogs begin their work of carrying first aid to the wounded and seeking those who are wounded in cover.

Attached to the collar of each ambulance dog is a small bottle of brandy. On either side of his saddle cloth, on which the red cross is conspicuous, are pockets, one containing bandages and the other necessities for "first aid," the other a ration of biscuit for the dog himself. Strapped across the back of each is a waterproof sheet for the dog to lie on when guarding baggage or on sentry duty.

The messenger dogs have a waterproof envelope attached to their collars for the conveyance and protection of written messages and despatches.

It is wonderful to watch the dog seeking for the supposed wounded men in the shrubberies and rhododendron thickets of the Crystal Palace grounds, and to note their sagacity and the keen interest they take in their task.

In Germany Great Danes are employed in carrying ammunition; but Major Richardson has trained his Irish wolfhounds for this purpose. The ammunition is carried in two leather pockets strapped across the dog's back. It was strange, indeed, to eyes accustomed to see handsome and gentle Knight of Kerry in the show ring to look upon him as a dog of war. He is a wheat-colored hound and a famous stud dog.

Leno, one of the larger of the other dogs, is a cross between a St. Bernard and a collie, and probably it is some strain of the former breed which makes him so keen in seeking for the wounded and carrying despatches.

One of the Glasgow volunteer regiments is in treaty for the purchase of three dogs.

A LEANING TOWER IN ENGLAND.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has a rival in the Temple Tower of Bristol in England. It is a square tower of early Gothic architecture. All its parts still preserve their normal relative positions without cracks or fissures. The tower, which is about 115 feet high, is 5 feet out of perpendicular at the summit. There are no records to show whether the inclining was part of the architect's design, or whether it is the result of an earthquake or of slow changes in the inclination of the soil. For many years there has been no change in the slope of the tower.

RUINED BY THEIR HOBBIES.

AMUSEMENTS THAT WRECKED GREAT FORTUNES.

Passion for Golf Ruined Kenneth Price—Spent Three Fortunes in Horses.

Without counting betting as a hobby—which is not less than \$100,000 a year—there are 170 wealthy people who have been driven to bankruptcy, and in many cases to death, as well as to a violent passion for one particular amusement. This ranges from anything between deer-stalking and collecting stamps, says London Answer.

Kenneth Price, who died six months after his bankruptcy last year, owed his disaster to golf, his one master passion. His fame as a golfer was universal; but he was the son of Gordon Price, the wealthy Scotch ironmaster, who left him the business. Kenneth started

PLAYING THE ROYAL GAME

as a boy, and for twenty-five years he lived solely for golf, playing day and night—literally, for he had his well-known links at Alderley lit by electric arc-lights, at a cost of over \$35,000.

At St. Andrews and all the great golfing centres he spent thousands, staying in the most costly hotels, and practically living on the links. He did the thing well, certainly, for he held five amateur championships, and paid his private "caddie," John Macleod, \$1,500 a year. But an ironmaster's business needs looking after; and as golfing took up all his time, save about ten days a year, which he devoted to business, the Price profits dwindled. And when he found himself insolvent early last year the reason of his bankruptcy was "over-expenditure on golf." He died six months later, at Edinburgh.

It was yachting that brought about the downfall of Elliot Reid, owner of the famous "Myrtle." He owned altogether 153 boats in his career, and for ten years he claimed to have never been out of sight of one of his costly craft. His love of yachting amounted almost to mania, and though his income was given as \$30,000 a year, it could not keep pace with this expenditure on his hobby. Yet he spent hardly a penny apart from his yachts, for he lived on board his favorite craft—the "Olney"—having no dwelling ashore, and when she was "laid up" in the mud for the winter, he

STILL LIVED ON HER.

He had an example of every new style of racing-yacht built for him when it appeared, and he bought and sold big yachts almost weekly, giving any price the seller chose to ask; but never getting much for them when he sold them. He talked and dreamed of nothing but yachting, and was a splendid hand at it, commanding all his own boats; and he had every kind of yacht conceivable, except a steam-launch, which was a thing he abhorred.

However, even \$30,000 a year would not stand such a strain long, and at his bankruptcy his yachting expenses were given—truly enough—as the reason for his failure. The yachts were his only assets, every penny of his capital being spent, and they were sold by official order. Elliot Reid committed suicide at Dartmouth a few weeks later, dying absolutely penniless.

No man ever loved horses better, or knew more about them than Whyte Morley, and they were his ruin, as a hobby. Not by gambling, for he never made a solitary bet in his life; but he spent three separate fortunes.

EACH OVER \$75,000.

He raced to a moderate extent, never gambling, and was very successful, and at Three Elms, his place in Leicestershire, he kept always, giving any price the seller chose to ask, but never getting much for them when he sold them. He talked and dreamed of nothing but yachting, and was a splendid hand at it, commanding all his own boats; and he had every kind of yacht conceivable, except a steam-launch, which was a thing he abhorred.

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LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 9.—Wheat—The market is dull. The demand is not active and holders are not anxious to sell at present prices. Exporters quote 63¢ for red and white middle freights and holders are asking a cent more. Goos wheat is nominal. No. 2 is quoted at 82¢ per bushel and middle freights. Manitoba wheat is steady at 81¢ for No. 1 hard, 78¢ for No. 2 hard and 76¢ for No. 3 hard grinding in transit, and 2¢ less for local delivery west.

Flour—is steady; 90 per cent. exports are quoted at \$3.25 to \$2.60⁰ in buyers' bags middle freights. Choice brands are sold 16¢ to 20¢ higher. Manitoba flour is steady at \$1 for Hungarian patents and \$3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots, bags included, Toronto.

Millfeed—is steady. Shorts are quoted at \$12.50 and bran at \$10.50 to \$11 in car lots west.

Barley—is dull at 42¢ for No. 2 and 44¢ for No. 3 extra middle freights.

Rye—is steady at 48¢ east.

Corn—The market is steady at 40¢ per bushel Canada yellow and 39¢ for mixed west, and Canada yellow on the track here is quoted at 45¢.

Oats—are steady to firm. No. 2 white are quoted at 29¢ north and west, and at 30¢ middle freights, and No. 1 white at 31¢ east.

Oilmeal—is steady at \$3.75 for ears of barrels and \$3.65 for bags in car lots on the track here, and 20¢ more for smaller lots.

Pens—The offerings are light and the market is firm at 68¢ north and west.

There is no change in quotations and all classes of hog product are firm. There is a heavy demand for meats and dealers report an active trade.

Pork—Canada short cut, \$20 to \$20.50; heavy mess, \$19 to \$19.50. Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear, tons and cases, 10¢; and small lots at 11¢; breakfast bacon, 14¢ to 15¢; hams, for small and medium, 13¢; rolls, 11¢ to 12¢; shoulders, 11¢; backs, 14¢ to 15¢; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1¢ less than smoked.

Lard—Fives 10¢, tubs 11¢ and nails 11¢.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Offerings of dairy in tubs, pails and crocks are large and the market is active. Prices hold steady and the choicest lots are firm at 16¢ to 16½¢. Medium to low grade butter is in fair demand and is steady at 12¢ to 15¢. Creamery is in good demand and steady at the recent advance; prints are selling at 20¢ to 21¢ and solids at 17¢ to 20¢.

Eggs—Market is steady, with fairly large offerings. Selects are quoted at 11¢ to 12¢ and seconds at 9¢ to 9½¢.

Potatoes—Old are in poor demand and the market is dull and easier. Car lots on track here are offering at 30¢ per bag, and potatoes out of store are selling at 35¢ to 40¢. New potatoes are in good demand and are steady at \$1.10 per bushel for car lots on track here and \$1.25 per car lot.

Baled Hay—is slow. Prices are steady and unchanged, but the market is dull. Car lots of No. 1 timothy are quoted at \$9.50 to \$10 per ton on track Toronto.

Baled Straw—The market is steady. Car lots on track here are quoted at \$1.75 to \$5 per ton.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Wheat, white.....\$.67 .68
do red..... .67 .65
do goose..... .61½ .00
do spring..... .67 .00
Barley..... .43 .44½
Rye..... .50 .00
Oats..... .38½ .00
Hey..... 10.00 13.00
Straw..... 8.00 0.00
Butter, lb. rolls..... .14 .18
do crocks..... .14 .14
Figs..... .12 .15
Chickens, per pair..... .60 1.00
Ducks, per pair..... 1.00 1.25
Turkeys, per lb..... .11 .13
Asparagus, doz..... .60 .00
Beets, per dozen..... .20 .30
beans, butter, per basket..... 1.25 1.50
Cabbages, new doz..... .50 .75
Carrots, dozen..... .20 .00
Cauliflower, doz..... 1.00 1.50
Cucumbers, dozen..... 1.00 1.25
Lettuce, small doz..... .25 .35
Onion, green, doz..... .15 .25
Parsley, dozen..... .10 .15
Peas, green, pod..... .15 .20
Potatoes, per bag..... .35 .45
do, now, barrel..... 3.25 3.50
do, now, bushel..... 1.25 1.40
Radishes, per dozen..... .15 .20
Rhubarb, doz..... .25 .00
Tomatoes, basket..... .50 .60
Watercress, doz..... .20 .25
Beef, hindquarters..... 8.00 8.75
do, forequarters..... 4.50 5.50
do, carcasses, ch..... 6.50 7.25
do, common..... 5.50 6.00
Lamb, shoulder, lb..... 7.50 9.50
do, spring, lb..... 11.00 12.00
Mutton, cwt..... 6.00 7.00
Veal cuts, high, lb..... .95 .06
do choice..... .073 .084

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Builo, July 9.—Flour quiet and steady. Spring wheat, small lot of oil on market held at premium over now; No. 1 northern old, 79½¢ a bushel, 71½¢, carloads. Winter wheat, higher prices asked; No. 2 red, 74½¢; Corn quiet but firm; No. 2 red, 74½¢; No. 2 corn, 47½¢. Oats firm; No. 2 white, 82¢ to 32½¢; No. 2 mixed, 81¢. Barley nominally 52¢ to 55¢ in store.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

London, July 9.—Opening—Wheat, on passage quiet and steady. Corn, on passage quiet and steady. Weather in England fair but cloudy, in France cloudy. English country markets partially cheaper, French firm.

London—Close—Mark Lane—Wheat, foreign and English quiet, with a

small business; corn, American quiet an advance of 3d, Denbighshire firm. Flour, nothing doing.

Liverpool—Close—Spot wheat firm, No. 1 standard California, 7s 1d to 5s 9d; Walms, 6s 1d to 5s 1d. No. 1 northern spring, 5s 9d to 6s 7d; futures steady. September on 6d; December 5d; September on 4s 2d; futures quiet; July 4s 2d; September 4s 1d; October 4s 1d. Flour, 17s to 18s 3d.

Paris—Opening—Wheat, tone firm; September and December 22s; July 20s 85c. Flour, tone firm; September and December 27s 95c; July 28s 95c.

Paris—Close—Wheat, tone quiet and 5s lower than yesterday; July 20s 80c. September and December 22s; July 21s 90c. Flour, tone quiet and 10s lower than yesterday; July 20s 55c; September and December 27s 85c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, July 9.—The Western Cattle Market was dull to-day and trade was almost at a standstill. There was a fair demand for strictly first-class stock, but the other grades were very slow. The run was light, but drovers had difficulty in disposing of their holdings. The tendency of the market is towards lower figures and quotations for exporters and butchers' show as decline. Other cattle are about steady, but both demand and supply are so light that there is little business. Sheep are weaker, but lambs, calves and hogs are steady. The total run was 43 loads, including 590 cattle, 77 sheep and lambs, 87 calves and 1,200 hogs.

Export cattle, choice, per cwt..... 4.75 5.12½
do medium, per cwt..... 4.40 4.75
do cows..... 4.00 4.40

Butchers' cattle, picked lots..... 4.40 4.60
do choice..... 3.80 4.40
do fair..... 3.25 3.85
do cows..... 3.00 3.50
do bulls..... 3.00 3.50

Bulls, export, heavy, per cwt..... 4.00 4.40
do light, per cwt..... 3.50 4.00
Feeders, short-cut, per cwt..... 4.25 4.75
do medium..... 3.50 4.25
do light..... 3.25 3.50
Stockers, 400 to 600 lbs..... 3.00 3.25
do off-colors..... 2.50 3.00
Milch cows, each..... 30.00 50.00

Sheep, export, ewes, per cwt..... 3.25 3.50
do bucks, per cwt..... 2.50 2.75
do culs, each..... 2.00 3.00
Lambs, spring, each..... 2.00 2.45
Calves, per head..... 1.00 8.00
Hogs, choice, per cwt..... 7.25 0.00
Hogs, corn-fed, per cwt..... 7.00 0.00
Hogs, light, per cwt..... 6.75 0.00
Hogs, fat, per cwt..... 6.75 0.00
Sows, per cwt..... 4.00 4.50
Stags, per cwt..... 2.00 0.00

THEFT FROM 'FRISCO MINT.

Six Bags That Contained \$5,000 Each Are Missing.

San Francisco, July 4.—Thirty thousand dollars in bright new twenty-dollar gold pieces is missing from the cashier's vault of the United States Mint. Although the mint officials have been working on the case for four days they have no clue to the disappearance of the coin.

Director of Mint Roberts appeared here last week for the semi-annual inspection of the mint. Local officials preceded the inspection officers by a few days, and in checking up on the coin in the cashier's vault they discovered that six bags of \$5,000 each were missing. The

cashier's vault has a normal capacity of \$6,000,000, yet recently it contained \$25,600,000, which practically filled the place, so that the checking up of contents was very difficult.

This glut of coin probably suggested his opportunity to the thief. The Government can lose nothing, as the superintendent and cashier are responsible for the shortage.

BANK ROBTERS ARRESTED.

Obtained Over Half a Million Dollars From the Hong Kong Bank.

A despatch from Singapore says:—Fourteen arrests have been made in connection with the recent robbery at the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank of \$600,000 and a portion of the money has been received. The prisoners are both tumbes and money changers, including two women. All charged have been remanded for a week. It is supposed that the thief was effected by means of a duplicate key, stolen from the Chartered Bank of India. The principal thief has sailed for Madras with \$250,000, but news of his arrest is expected.

WHY THEY WERE DESPOILED.

Lord Roberts Testifies Before the Royal Commission.

A despatch from London says:—Lord Roberts testified on Wednesday before the Royal Commission which is considering the claims of foreigners deported from South Africa. The commander-in-chief dealt with the plots against his life, and the depo- tions of the ringleaders. He said the officers and employees of the Neth- erlands Railways were so hostile to the British that many of them had to be deported. Every consideration was shown them. He personally investigated the great majority of cases, and sanctioned none unless on adequate grounds. No difference was made on account of nationality.

RAT-RIDDEN CAPE TOWN.

MILLIONS of Dead Rodents Found In Government House.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—We have now had the plague with us three months, and the harvest of death has covered everything out side the Far East; the mortality up to the present has been 40 per cent. of those attacked.

The most remarkable feature is the enormous part that rats have taken in the spread of the disease. Cape Town must bear away the palm among the rat-ridden cities of the world. There are veritably millions of them there. Their runs are labyrinthine, and there is scarcely a house free from them.

Government House itself was rat-infested, and it was owing to the discovery of carcasses of rats that are said to have died of plague here that the whole of the floors were taken up and a cement floor laid down under the boards a few weeks ago. The whole of the Government offices are being treated in turn in like manner, and the same process is going on all over the town.

Rats that had died from plague were found under the floors of the Supreme Court, in the Treasury Buildings, in the plague administration department, and dozens of other public offices. It is a common experience when taking up the floors of a dwelling-house in the city to find from thirty to forty dead rats in the floor of one room.

Rats infest the hospitals too, and the late Yeomanry Hospitals at Midland, near Cape Town, built less than a year ago and recently sold to the Cape Government for a plague hospital, is horribly infested with them. A vigorous war has been waged against the vermin, but the number caught in no way affects the grand total.

A large number of cats with sufficiently sporting instincts to engage in a rat hunt have died from the plague. Hundreds of ferrets have been brought from England to rouse the rats from their lairs in the city, but many of them have contracted the disorder, so much so that the authorities have begun to despair of the utility of the ferret for this work in this country.

The worst of it is that although the cases are fewer lately no opinion can be formed as to the prospects of the stamping-out of the disease. The rats have trekked from the lower parts of the town, owing to the vigorous measures of the cleaning-stalls, but they have appeared in the best residential quarter of the city—the "Gardens"—and have also gone to reside in the suburbs.

15,000 HORSES AND MULES.

Four British Transports Are Now Loading at New Orleans.

A despatch from New Orleans says:—The South African horse and mule trade has shown a great revival in the last few days. Four British transports have reached here this week to load with animals for Cape Town, and four more are to arrive during the week. One thousand mules left on the Jamaican on Wednesday, 500 miles and 500 horses on Thursday, and 1,500 miles and 1,000 horses will leave on Friday.

The British officers think the present activity will continue until Christmas.

The British Government has 8,000 head of mules and 7,000 horses at Kansas City, which will be shipped to New Orleans as fast as the vessels here can load them. Dr. E. A. Richardson, who has just returned from South Africa, where he had charge of the shipment of mules and horses, says the more experience the British officers have with the American animals the better pleased they are.

"The American horse is the best in South Africa," he said, "with the single exception of those brought from Australia, which are, as a rule, more readily acclimated, and seem to stand the work as well as any. We have many Argentine horses, but they do not seem to sustain the reputation they bear at home. The Argentine horse is a fine animal at home, and is capable of doing a vast amount of work; but in Africa he seems to lose his heart at once, and is entirely worthless for the service required of him."

"Many horses have been imported into South Africa from Australia, but those seem to be too delicately bred and are not up to the hard work that they have to do, so they are a failure for that service. England is carrying Russian horses from Odessa to South Africa. Only a few have reached Cape Colony. From what I have seen I do not think they will compare with the American animals."

Dr. Richardson thinks the British are very hard on their horses, and that the heavy loss of animals is due to this strain. The horses have only one day's rest after a sea voyage of a month, and are then hurried forward to the seat of war and put into actual service. They get no rest from that time until they are worn out.

RISKED LIFE TO SAVE SHIP.

Russian Lieutenant's Quick Action Prevents Disaster on the Varicose.

A despatch from London says:—A Paris scientist has taken out a patent for an invention which he claims will supplant petroleum as a motive power, and motor stoppage to take a supply of electricity will henceforth be unnecessary, for the automobile itself is made an automatic generator of electricity. The invention takes up very little space. It requires the electricity as the automobile speeds on its way. A small quantity of water is required for generating the electricity. It can be supplied in a bottle. The French Government has under consideration the advisability of using this new invention in connection with their submarine boats.

Out of 1,000 children, 60 boys die under 5 years old, but only 50 girls

MURDERED BRITISH OFFICER.

Refused to Work the Guns Against His Own Men.

A despatch from London says:—The Daily Mail publishes three columns of letters from Mr. Wallace, its correspondent in South Africa, in which he relates that the Boers shot an officer and a sergeant for refusing to show them how to work the guns that were temporarily captured at Vlakfontein on May 29. He also alleges that the Boers killed before the British charged and recaptured the guns. The correspondent makes an onslaught on the censorship, declaring that messages are mutilated and falsified for political purposes.

The Mail editorially supports its correspondent, declaring that the Government is suppressing reports of Boer atrocities to prevent an outcry against such peace terms as were recently offered. Whatever the merits of the foregoing, it may be noted that both affairs were lately denied by the Government in the House of Commons on the authority of Gen. Lord Kitchener, but have since been reaffirmed by correspondents, with every appearance of sincerity. One report that was officially denied gave the details of a considerable engagement on June 5 in the Warm Baths neighborhood. Subsequent enquiry seems to show that it actually occurred as was described, with the exception of a minor detail. It was this engagement that the Associated Press correspondent at Durban reported the official denial had been made. Now the shooting of the gunners at Vlakfontein is reaffirmed in detail, and the story is indirectly supported by letters received at Penzance from Yeomanry troopers.

FELL ONE THOUSAND FEET.

Michigan Balloonist Instantly Killed at Muskegon.

A despatch from Muskegon, Mich., says:—The celebration here on Thursday concluded with a sad fatality. Frank Tezelow, a Grand Rapids balloonist, made an ascension, and when 1,000 feet in the air fell and was instantly killed.

According to the programme the ascension was to have been made by Prof. D. Meixell, of Grand Rapids. When in mid air he was to have been shot out of a cannon, making a parachute drop. Tezelow was Meixell's assistant, and had never made but one ascension, that being in Cedar Springs Tuesday.

Tezelow insisted upon making the ascension here, and after much persuasion Meixell consented. Tezelow was enclosed in the tin canister with a parachute and the balloon started on its journey about 6.30 o'clock in the evening.

The balloon rose gradually until it had ascended about 1,000 feet in the air when fire caught in the ropes which held the cannon to the inflated canvas. The fastenings at one end of the cannon broke and then those at the other became loosened, and the tin enclosure swayed to and fro, and finally became separated from the balloon. In a moment more it was on its flight to earth, landing near a dock in Muskegon Lake.

When help arrived the balloonist was found to be stone dead, it being the belief that life was extinct before he touched the water. The canister was badly battered up and nearly all the bones of its inmate were broken. Tezelow has a father living at Grand Rapids. He was about 20 years of age.

The British Government has 8,000 head of mules and 7,000 horses at Kansas City, which will be shipped to New Orleans as fast as the vessels here can load them. The man was Captain Johnson, a famous surf swimmer, who did it to gain some notoriety previously to swimming through the Whirlpool Rapids some time in the latter part of this month. Johnson has been in the English life-saving service, and demonstrated that he is a wonderful man in the water, as his feet were strapped together when he jumped from the boat. He says that he will swim the rapids sometime in the future.

The Department is satisfied from investigation made by American consuls and the British authorities, that all reports that the British are ill-treating their prisoners are without foundation. The only hardship that Americans captured in South Africa will have to undergo will be that of confinement until hostilities cease.

WILL SWIM THE WHIRLPOOL.

Englishman to Attempt Task Which Cost Capt. Webb His Life.

A despatch from Niagara Falls says:—Ten passengers of the Maid of the Mist, which plies the lower river, just below the Falls, and a crowd of spectators on Goat Island, were startled on Friday afternoon at seeing a man leap from the deck of the steamer into the eddies that boil at the foot of the Horseshoe Falls. All thought that there had been a suicide. Crowds flocked to the banks, but instead of the man being drowned, he was seen to rise from the surface and float a third of a mile down the swift current on his back, landing safely on the Canadian side. The man was Captain Johnson, a famous surf swimmer, who did it to gain some notoriety previously to swimming through the Whirlpool Rapids some time in the latter part of this month. Johnson has been in the English life-saving service, and demonstrated that he is a wonderful man in the water, as his feet were strapped together when he jumped from the boat. He says that he will swim the rapids sometime in the future.

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MUST REMAIN IN PRISON.

Request of the United States Government Has Been Refused.

A despatch from Washington says:—Americans fighting in the Boer war will have to endure their captivity until the close of the South African war.

Great Britain has declined to comply with the request of this Government to release an American now confined in the Island of Ceylon, and this refusal will probably prove a bar to further representations to the State Department in behalf of Americans captured as belligerents in South Africa.

The test case was that of a naturalized American named Morgan, who claims residence in Virginia. Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner in South Africa, disapproves of the release of foreigners who fought with the Boers. He has announced that a person who serves as a belligerent with the Boer forces loses his nationality, and must be treated as an enemy. This view is concurred in by the legal officers of the State Department.

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MAY DIE OF STARVATION.

Abyssinians Fail to Discover the Mad Mullah.

A despatch from London says:—The correspondent of the Times is with the expedition to Somaliland against the mad Mullah, in a despatch dated Berberoglu, June 22, says that the report of the Mullah's whereabouts transmitted on June 12 failed to discover the Mullah. They attacked a tribe supporting him, and killed 200 of them. The correspondent adds that commissariat arrangements are non-existent, and provisions are exhausted. The men are eating the camels and transport animals. Unless food is procured in a few days many of the expedition will die of starvation.

Reports from Mesh, in Kurdistan, say that the Kurds are plundering villages and have killed 14 Armenians.

Storms have occurred in northern France, where lightning has wrecked churches and houses. Several fatalities occurred.

In some of the gold fields of British Guiana 5,000 miners were saved from starvation just in time. There was a ten months' drought.

A black snake trying to coil itself around Marietta Swain's neck, at Bloomingburg, N.Y., was cut in two by her younger brother.

Rainstorms have done heavy damage in Italy.

The French Chamber of Deputies has adopted a scheme for now submarine cables and for the purchase of the lines of the West African

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1901.

The War Nearing Its Close.

Late despatches state that there is no longer any talk of reinforcing the British Army in South Africa. Gen. Kitchener does not ask for more troops, but is contented with the situation, and with the steady progress made in clearing the country. The Boer force ranges between 7,000 and 10,000 men.

The last incident officially reported is the burning of a railway station 50 miles from Johannesburg on the Natal Railway, with a final repulse of the raiders. It was even more insignificant than the wrecking of a train on the Pietersburg line. The largest Boer force which has been raiding or skirmishing during recent weeks does not exceed 400 men. The captures of stock and supplies are constantly reported by Gen. Kitchener, and the Boers are surrendering by scores or hundreds every week. It is evident that the Boer guerrilla warfare becomes more with month less vexatious, and that Gen. Kitchener is gradually wearing down by processes of attrition the Dutch resources for resistance, marvelously efficient as these have proved. The bands of raiders have been reduced in strength, and their capacity for inflicting injury has been impaired. The loss of horses would be an insuperable obstacle to a continuance of guerrilla warfare if the fighting Boer when reduced to hard straits were not enabled to conceal his gun and masquerade as a refugee farmer. The difficulty of ending the war has been increased by the readiness with which the Boers without uniforms have been transformed into neutrals and British sympathizers at a moment's notice, and also by the systematic arrangements for feeding and protecting the women and children.

Strike Settlement Probable.

A Montreal despatch of Tuesday says: The indications to-day point to a settlement of the trackmen's strike on the C. P. R. within a week. Both sides are evidently tired of the struggle. If a disinterested party influential enough to open negotiations comes forward, the difficulty will be speedily settled. The settlement will, it is hinted, be arranged on the basis of recognition by the company of the men as an organized body, with reasonable conditions, concessions in respect to conditions of employment and wages. This information is gleaned from good sources on both sides.

The Review of Reviews says that if Mr. Carnegie live for thirteen years more and die at the age of eighty, leaving behind him a fortune of \$25,000,000, he will still have to dispose of from \$50,000,000 to \$25,000,000 before his death. That is, he will have to dispose of \$2,000,000, say \$20,000,000, a year, till 1914. If he were to give a \$5 note a minute day and night throughout the year, he would have disposed of only \$2,500,000. He will have to distribute his money at the rate of \$5 a minute day in and day out, making no reduction in time for sleeping or Sundays. At this rate he will still have \$25,000,000 intact at the age of eighty. Yet compared with the wealth accumulated by stock gambling in Wall Street, the money made by Carnegie in making steel is honourably and honestly earned. No wonder Mr. Carnegie says he has just begun to give.

A contemporary says that at one time the valley of the River Thames, between London and Chatham, was covered with magnificent black walnut trees, which in the early days were of no commercial value, but now would be a big fortune for each owner of a farm. These trees were cut down and burned so as to clear the land for the pioneer's crops. "A man in North Carolina the other day was selling standing timber—walnut trees. The buyer offered \$50 for one fine tree. The owner sent for experts, and as the result got \$1,500 for it (curled walnut). The buyer realized \$3,000 for it on the cars. It was shipped to New York and was cut into veneers from one-sixth to half an inch, and the sales watched. The tree brought \$60,000." The judicious planting of trees is profitable not only to the individual but to the community. The pioneer destroyed trees which for him were mere obstructions to farming, and for which he could obtain no market; but there is no such excuse to-day.—Globe.

A movement is on foot in Addington County to invite Hon. George Foster to run for the House of Commons in that riding, taking the place of the late J. W. Bell.

Rev. Dr. Sanders, of Campbellford, has been appointed a delegate to the International Epworth League Convention, which meets in San Francisco. He will be absent about five weeks.

Mr. D. A. Carnegie, of Campbellford, has a peach tree four years old, which is now beginning to bear fruit, and has this season one peach upon it.

Mr. A. M. Shields, B.A., late principal of the Campbellford High School, was recently presented with a gold-headed cane and an address by a number of his friends in Campbellford.

Mr. F. E. Gamrie, of Campbellford, has offered a reward of \$10.00 to any person who will give positive information as to the person or persons who started the report that he was drowned in Crow Bay on July 1st.

Dr. Third, attacked by creeping paralysis a year ago, and whose

Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's tooth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner.

Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam was not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing, its loss is ascribed to the woman.

An Assisted Proposal.

"You know Baggley? Yes. Then you know how bashful he is. Eh, you don't know? Well, I'll give you an example. He's been courting Grace Billings for a long, long time, and Grace was getting a little desperate. The night of the Fourth he came up as usual and sat on the Billings' porch, alone with Grace, and seemed as far off as ever from the momentous question. Pretty soon Grace saw the small boy next door sneak out in the road with a cannon cracker, and light the fuse and run away. And then, just as the thing went off with a frightful roar, Grace dropped her head on Baggley's shoulder and murmured, 'Oh George, this is so sudden!' Well, Baggley isn't such a fool as he might be, and his arm went round her waist in no time. 'I—I was afraid,' he slightly stammered, 'that you didn't hear me.' Grace looked up. 'Did you hear me?' she murmured. 'Why, mercy, dear, I was afraid all the neighbors would hear you!' And George, who hadn't said a word, was wise enough to say nothing."

The Duke of Cornwall's collection of stamps is said to be worth £100,000.

More than 4,000 persons are said to have been drowned by recent floods in China.

The Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, daughter of Queen Victoria, is growing weaker.

The body of eight-year-old Arthur Hunter, missing since last Thursday, has been found in the harbor at Belleville.

It is officially stated that there are now 251,000 British troops in South Africa, of which number 4,000 are on the sick list.

The British revenue returns for the first quarter of the current year show an increase of \$15,000,000 over the corresponding quarter last year.

The manufacturers of Toronto propose to expend \$10,000 as their contribution towards the decoration of Toronto on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The success of the recent colonization excursion is shown by the fact that 40,000 acres of land have been taken up by incoming settlers in Temiscaming since the date of the excursion.

A Detroit despatch dated Saturday says:—A special from Houghton, Michigan, says:—Snow fell here and at Calumet this morning. The Quiney hills were white with it early, but it soon melted away.

Spurred by the success of the British liquor trade in founding a chair of brewing at Birmingham University, English temperance leaders are endeavoring to endow lectureships devoted to the gospel of total abstinence.

Mr. Ems, a prominent resident of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, has received word from Russia that the Molokames, or Milk people, are coming to Canada. They number 82,000, and will settle along North Branch, between Rosthern and Battleford.

Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, estimates the yield of wheat in that province at nearly thirty bushels per acre, and thinks 20,000 additional men will be required to harvest the crop. The above estimate of yield would give a crop of 60,000,000 bushels.

There was wisdom in the decision of that New York girl who broke her engagement to marry a man of the same city because she saw him cruelly abuse a horse. The lady in the case probably saved herself a few weeks after the wedding, for the man who is cruel to the dumb animal is generally not very gentle with the kind that walks.

We may love our homes ever so dearly, and count them the most precious places on earth, but now and then we want to take to the road. Home will be all the sweater by and by, and we the better able to attend to our duties, if we have an occasional outing.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

It is far better to dine after one's day's work is over, when one can rest and digest the food, than to eat and then immediately hurry to work. Those who go to bed very early should take dinner in the middle of the day and then take an hour's "nooning" as it were.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

Official preparations for the coronation procession are already being made.

The expected route is through the same thoroughfares as at Queen Victoria's coronation in June, 1838. Offers running up to several hundred pounds are already being made for seats on the route. It is evident that King Edward's coronation will eclipse in magnificence that of any previous Sovereign.

Ask your druggist for Petty's Pills. If he hasn't got them write us, enclosing the price, 50 cents, and we will supply you.

Does your head ache? Take a Petty. Does your back ache? Take a Petty. Does your side ache? Take a Petty. And do not take any other.

THE AREA OF CANADA

COMPARED WITH THE STATES OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

Great Heritage of Canadians—Their Country Is Second to None on the Face of the Globe—European Comparisons Give Us an Even Better Idea of Our Great Size—Possibilities of the Country.

Canadians have the greatest and richest country in possibilities upon this continent. How great and vast these interests are can be gathered in a manner from the following statistics selected after diligent research from various sources of information.

Ontario with an area of 220,000 square miles is larger than all the following States of the Union: New York, 49,170 square miles; Massachusetts, 8,315; Connecticut, 4,990; New Jersey, 7,815; Maine, 33,040; Pennsylvania, 45,215; Maryland, 12,210; Indiana, 36,350; Vermont, 9,565 square miles, making a total of 206,670 square miles, and is which we can comfortably include the following additional states, viz.: Delaware, 2,050 square miles; District of Columbia, 170 square miles; Rhode Island, 1,250 square miles, or a total of 210,140 square miles. After including the above, we can still afford to be generous, and leave room for another state as large as New Jersey, with 7,815 square miles, and still have some 4,000 square miles to toss off if closely cornered. Quebec is nearly 9,000 square miles larger than the Province of Ontario, measuring 228,900 square miles. The two Provinces named, with British Columbia, possessing an area of 333,300 square miles, total 834,200 square miles, and is as large as all of the following Western States, viz.: Colorado, 103,925 square miles; Idaho, 84,800 square miles; Iowa, 56,650 square miles; Kansas, 80,080 square miles; Michigan, 58,915 square miles; Minnesota, 83,365 square miles; Ohio, 41,060 square miles; Oregon, 96,030 square miles; North Dakota, 70,795 square miles; Utah, 48,970 square miles; leaving 15,000 square miles to spare. Our Northwest Territory alone comprises 96,000 square miles; this area added to the three provinces already named, gives a total of 1,740,200 square miles by the way of still further comparison, an extent of territory larger than Alaska, by 577,890 square miles. But a larger part of Canada still remains to be considered, viz.: Manitoba, 73,956 square miles; Assiniboin, 89,535 square miles; Saskatchewan, 107,092 square miles; Keewatin, 282,000 square miles; Alberta, 106,000 square miles; Athabasca, 104,500 square miles; Territory east of Keewatin and south of Hudson Bay, 196,800 square miles; territory of Hudson's Bay, 853,000 square miles; Islands north and northwest, not enumerated in above, 300,000 square miles; Great Lakes and River St. Lawrence, not included in above, 47,400 square miles; Prince Edward Island, 2,000 square miles; New Brunswick, 28,200 square miles; Nova Scotia, 26,000 square miles.

Students of the Canadian situation can best understand the magnitude of the heritage the British in the past have been so careless about, and are now at this day growing so solicitous for, by comparing the Canadian areas with those of the United Kingdom itself and the European nations. All Britain and Ireland, for example, contain 120,930 square miles; England and Wales, 58,311; Scotland, 29,785; Ireland, 32,532, and the islands, 302. This entire area, if it could be set down in Ontario, would leave not very far from half the Province still untouched—plenty of room, at any rate, for another England, Wales and Ireland. The whole of the United Kingdom and Ireland, if they could be dumped into British Columbia, would take up less than a third of that Province, leaving an unoccupied area big enough to accommodate the same twice over, with a tribe of 20,000 square miles to spare.

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Ontario and Quebec alone, 447,150 square miles, are bigger than Austria-Hungary, 236,311 square miles; Sweden and Norway, 285,771 square miles, and all the smaller States of Europe put together, added to either of the above. The biggest State in Europe is Russia, containing about 2,041,809 square miles. Our Northwest Territories, 906,000 square miles, Manitoba and Northwest districts, enumerated above, 1,617,788 square miles, total 2,523,783 square miles, are big enough to swallow all Russia in Europe, and leave 481,974 miles to square, an unused area greater than all France and Germany put together.

In summing up, one must not overlook the immense possibilities in commerce in connection with this vast territory. We must not forget the valuable wealth in our forests, in gold, silver and other minerals, our extensive fisheries, and huge areas of fertile wheat lands. One can scarcely comprehend in a newspaper article what an enormous heritage Canadians possess, much of it yet to be people and developed.

For further particulars and terms see hills.

Napanee's First Church.

The first Church of England built in Napanee was in 1836 and 1837. John Gibbard was one of the carpenters in the finishing. The first Wesleyan Church was built in 1841 and 1842. Daniel McLiver was one of the carpenters. So was Mr. Gibbard, Belyat Conger, another old resident, was one of the masons. The first Methodist Episcopal Church was commenced in 1840 and finished in 1847. It was popularly known as "the White Church." Ezra Spencer, who afterwards lived and died at Hoblin, was the contractor and build-

er.

Ask your druggist for Petty's Pills. If he hasn't got them write us, enclosing the price, 50 cents, and we will supply you.

Does your head ache? Take a Petty. Does your back ache? Take a Petty. Does your side ache? Take a Petty. And do not take any other.

RITCHIE'S
Annual Remnant Sale.

Our Summer Sale of Remnants of last season's stock is now on in every department. Hundreds of ends of PRINTS, MUSLINS, GINGHAM, SHIRTINGS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, TICKINGS, etc., are being offered at greatly reduced prices.

We specify a few of the many bargains:—

TRIMMED MILLINERY at HALF-PRICE. All of our handsome Colored Trimmed Millinery reduced HALF-PRICE.

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25 per cent. off all Mantles and Costumes. 75c. Colored Blouses for 40c.

1700 yds. Fancy Dress Muslins.

A late shipment of Muslins. We bought them at far below their actual value. This is just the season a Muslin Dress is most appreciated.

SPECIAL OFFER.—10 yd. Dress Length for \$1.25. This is one of our many Special Bargains in the Wash Goods Department.

Mail Orders receive our special attention.

This store will be closed Wednesday afternoons during July and August.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC R.Y.

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SEEKERS' 60 DAY

EXCURSIONS TO THE CANADIAN NORTH WEST

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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR
taking Affidavits, Office, over the store
formerly occupied by G. Scott, Stirling.

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I. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room,
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EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
At 8 o'clock L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

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TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO
TO School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling
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The Second Friday in April, May, June, July, Aug., and

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All calls promptly attended day and
night.

Her Funniest Experience.

Says Mary C. Williams in The Montreal Witness: I met two ladies one moonlight evening. Each of them had a basket of green corn. As they looked very much excited, I asked them what was the matter, but got no answer from them at the moment. They sat down on an old log and took off their sun hats and began to fan themselves. At last they recovered their breath and began to laugh, and told me that our neighbor gave them leave to go to his field and pick some corn. To take a short cut home they came across the fields, and they heard something following them. They ran for it, they were worth being too much frightened to look around to see what it was until they came to the next field. Then they found out it was an old mare, which wanted some of their corn. Now what these ladies imagined to be following them leave to others to judge, as I mentioned them about it but got no answer. I may say that shortly before this little event a man committed suicide in the field they had crossed.

A Dreadful Disappointment.

"My dear," said Mr. Wagge, "I came by Mrs. Gazzam's house just now. I saw Mrs. Gazzam in the parlor kissing some one who was not—was not Mrs. Gazzam."

"Oh, Henry!" gasped Mrs. Wagge. "Are you sure? Well, did you ever—Oh, my! But I've always suspected Mrs. Gazzam. She's much too—too timorous, you know. Kissing—who I must call up Mrs. Jenkins on the telephone and tell her all about it. Kissing a—I don't suppose you could see who it was, Henry?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wagge, "I could, quite distinctly."

"You could? Oh, Henry, who was it? Anybody we know?"

"Oh, yes. It was Mrs. Gazzam's mother."

"You—brute!"

Bad Company.

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GENERAL SUMMARY.

We are very slightly changed From the semiaples who ranged India's prettiest cities. Who drew the bow and bow'd him further down, you know, As we run mad down today,

"Dowd," the first of all his race, Met the fresh face to face On the lake or in the cave, Stole the steadiest canoe, Ate the quarry others slew, Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer bone, Some one made the sketch his own, Filled it from the artist; then, Even in those early days, Won a simple victory's prize Through the toll of other men.

Ere they hewed the sphinx visage Favoritism governed kissage, Eve as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid Under Cheop's pyramid Was that the contractor did Cheap out the golden rice To controller of supplies Was a fraud of monstrous size On King Pharaoh's swart civilians?

Thus the artless songs I sing Do not wait with anything Now or never said before, As it was in the beginning, Is today official sinning And shall be forevermore.

—Rudyard Kipling.

THE LOSS of THE HUAFA

By M. Quad.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

It is now 20 years since the marine

tragedy at Valdivia, port in Chile, and the mystery surrounding the affair is not much clearer than it was the day after it occurred. At midnight one dark and rainy night a Spanish man-of-war named the Huafa and carrying a crew of 400 men entered the bay at slow speed, intending to anchor within half a mile of the wharfs. Of a sudden she was almost lifted out of the waters and canted over on her beam ends, and something was felt to scrape along her whole side and keel. There was instant alarm throughout the whole ship, but before a single man of the watch below could reach the deck the Huafa turned turtle and went down in 60 feet of water. The suction carried down all who were on deck, and of that whole crew only 14 men escaped with their lives, and among them was not one single officer. They were all agreed that the bows of the ship were suddenly lifted to an angle of 45 degrees and that after a few seconds she was twisted to port, and they heard the snapping and crashing of wood and iron.

It was at first believed that the Huafa had struck and run upon a submerged wreck, but after a vain search for



ONE OF HER BOATS WAS FOUND FLOATING,

such an obstruction the idea was abandoned. Had no one been left alive it would have been set down to a boiler explosion, but the testimony of the 14 survivors was against such an accident. All were agreed that there was no explosion of any sort and that the propeller was still revolving as she settled down. As the unfortunate craft had cost about \$3,000,000 and this was the first trip, the Spanish government went in for the most thorough investigation.

The depth of water was not beyond the divers, and a buoy was set to mark the spot as near as might be until men could go down. It was two weeks later before the divers were ready, and then a second mystery was at hand. The Huafa was not to be found under or in the neighborhood of the buoy. For the first time in the history of the port it was learned that there was a stiff current running along the bottom of the bay, entering from the north and going clear around it to sweep out to sea on the south side.

The surface of the bay was only disturbed by wind and tide, and even as

far down as 40 feet no current could be felt, but the last 10 feet of water for touching bottom had the rush of a mill race.

When this fact was made

known to the searchers, they extended the field of their operations.

The current ran strongest as the tide flowed in and directly in opposition.

The Huafa had come in almost a full

tide, and the current would therefore drift her along the north side of the bay, or so it was reasoned.

As a matter of fact, however, the north shore was

searched without finding any trace of her.

Then a search of the south shore

followed, and then they hoped to find

the sunken craft in some eddy near the center.

It was two months before the

divers declared that the bottom was

clear of wreck of any sort.

Now came the question of what had

become of the man-of-war. It did not

seem possible that such a mass of

wood and iron, with the weight of her

guns and stores and unfortunate crew

added, could be drifted any distance

along the bottom, especially as the bot-

tom was plentifully sprinkled with

great rocks. There was no other way

to account for her disappearance, how-

ever. The current had bumped her

IS CANADA IN DANGER?

Money and Men. Needed and Americans
Furnish Both—What a British Writer
Holds.

along the bottom for a distance of three miles and had then taken her out to sea. Just off the entrance of the port the water deepens to 200 feet, and it was concluded that she had been carried into this basin to be buried under the ooze. The commission of inquiry closed its labors much more beforegonged at the finish than at the start, and it was not believed that anything further would ever be heard of the craft. Nothing ever has been directly, but many things have come to light to still further tangle the mystery surrounding her. A year and a half later and as far to the south as the mouth of the gulf of Conception one of her boats was found floating. Its grates had rotted from the davits and freed it. This did not prove the position of the lost Huafa, but it satisfied many minds that she must be drifting southward. Three months later some of her boxed stores drifted ashore on the islands, 400 miles to the south, and six weeks after this find and still to the south some of her cabin furniture was picked up by a whaler. This float was without barnacles, proving that it had not long been afloat. It was concluded from this that the Huafa was still creeping along the bottom, the plaything of the current, and the last find made almost settled the question. A second boat and more wreckage were washed ashore almost as far down as Cape Horn, and in the bottom of the boat were six inches of liquid mud. This must have accumulated as she floated or crept along the bottom of the sea, and the chances are that the boat did not drift above 20 miles after the surface.

"There is more in this particular matter than meets the eye. The scare of war often makes us ask, 'Will the Russian and American grain supplies be cut off?' If they were, we should be in bad case. It would be good policy if we grew our own grain on our own land. Then our supplies would be certain in peace and war, and while dealing with the Canadians, we would be giving our money to our cousins and brethren, and making this great link of empire greater and more prosperous: The Canadian Government has for many years been down on its knees begging for home emigrants, with but small success. Your Irish emigrants go to America for some reason or another, your English and Scotch seek South Africa and Australia mostly; Canada is neglected; yet one day she will call to the home people no longer.

"American farmers are pouring over the border to take up the land refused by the British, and year by year the stream of American immigrants grows greater and greater. Moreover, American capital is spilling into Canada. Uncle Sam is starting new industries, and supporting and fostering old ones, and in a few years he will have everything in his grip. If those who have money to invest at home played a more patriotic and more sensible game it would be otherwise. We would be richer too."

"Canada is slowly but surely being populated by American people, and run by American money. Will the day come, a quarter of a century hence, when there will be a serious movement to join the Dominion of Canada to the United States of America? I know how splendidly strong is the British Canadian's loyalty; but we must not close our eyes to the fact that the French form a large proportion of the population, and would lend strength to any movement for the union started by the vast mass of American farmers, miners, and others who will have assembled here about the time I name."

Cobain Tapestry.

So important are their artistic merit and historic value that no history of tapestry is complete that does not include a description of their design and execution. For more than 200 years the existence of the papal manufactory of tapestries was unknown to the modern world. Documents relating to its origin and productions were buried and forgotten in the mass of manuscript in the famous Barberini library until a very recent date, when they were unearthed by Eugene Muntz, director of the National Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris. In the popular mind all tapestries are associated with the Gobelin factories of France.

Curious to relate, not a yard of tapestry was ever woven by a member of the Gobelin family. Immortality came to them from the fact that in the middle of the fifteenth century the founder of the family established a dyehouse which became famous and brought the proprietors fortune. Descendants shrewdly transported skilled tapestry weavers from Flanders, whose trade and supporting and fostering old ones, and in a few years he will have everything in his grip. If those who have money to invest at home played a more patriotic and more sensible game it would be otherwise. We would be richer too."

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Mazzini said that he did not believe that chance existed in history. "A cause must necessarily underlie every event, although for the moment it may appear as the result of apparently accidental circumstances. An Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, are not the results of accident, but the inevitable product of the time and nation from which they sprang. It was not Caesar who destroyed the Roman republic. The republic was dead before Caesar came. Sulla, Marius, Catilina, preaced and foreshadowed Caesar, but he, gifted with keener insight and greater genius, snatched the power from them and concentrated it in his own hands."

"For there was no doubt that he was fitter to rule than all the others put together. At the same time, supposing he had appeared 150 years earlier, he would not have succeeded in destroying the republic. When he came the life had already gone out of it, and even Caesar's death could not restore that."

Cured Her Sore Throat.

A lady who was visiting at the house of a friend when attacked thus describes the unique manner in which she relieved a serious case of sore throat: "I awoke one morning with my throat so sore and swelled internally that I could scarcely swallow. I did not like to trouble any one, yet felt that I must do something for it. I had read that the fumes from burning sulphur were good for diphtheria, and a similar remedy flashed across my mind. I lit a match and inhaled the first sulphurous smoke from it. Of course it made me cough, but it relieved the smarting in my throat instantly. While dressing I tried two others and went down to breakfast house, but the soreness was gone."

Sleep and Dreams.

A German physician says: "The fact is women require a larger amount of sleep than men. The nervous excitability of the female constitution is generally greater than is the case with the stronger sex, and a woman's sleep is consequently lighter. Her dreams are more vivid and leave a more lasting impression on the memory. Women addicted to dreaming usually sleep an hour longer than those who do not dream, for dreams induce weariness. Any one who sleeps without dreaming rises on the morrow refreshed from his couch, which is otherwise not the case."

Bad Company.

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a strong appeal for clemency for his

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A CANCELLED STAMP.

Free Story of an Adventure That Interests Everybody.

Here is the tale of a cancelled stamp.

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two-center;

Don't want to brag,
But I never was.

Except once—
By a gentleman, too.

He put me on
To a good thing.

It was an envelope,
Perfumed, pink, square,

I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since.

He dropped us—
The envelope and me—

Through a slot into a dark box;

But we were rescued
By a mail-clerk—

More's the pity!

He hit me an awful

Smash with a hammer;

It left my face

Black and blue,

Then I went on a long

Journey

Of two days.

And when we arrived—
The pink envelope and me—

We were presented
To a perfect love

Of a girl

With a stunning pair

<p

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

While Lady Fielden had been talking to Dolores he had drawn the two girls into the broad bay-window and, under cover of great admiration of art, had done his utmost to persuade them that he was the proper person to show them the real beauties of Florence.

When Lord and Lady Fielden had driven away, a certain sense of isolation came over the three girls. After all there was nothing like their own country-people, they all agreed. Lord Fielden stood quite alone, for her kindness and goodness. Dolores and Kathleen had much to say in praise of Harry, but Gertrude sat in perfect silence when his name was mentioned.

As time passed on, Lord and Lady Fielden seemed almost to live at the Villa Bina. Harry had his wish, and took the young girls, with his mother as chaperon, to see all the beauties of Florence. And very happy days they were, save in one respect—Gertrude appeared so frequently to be preoccupied. She was longing to begin what she had grown to consider the work of her life.

A month passed, and letters arrived recalling the young nobleman to England; business affairs on his estate required his attention and presence.

They were all together in the vine-walk when Lord Fielden told them this. Dolores looked sad; she did not like the idea of losing the girls with whom she had been so happy. There was a short silence broken only by the murmur of the river and the songs of the birds.

"Dear, mamma," Gertrude began.

"I ought to beg your pardon for taking what Lord Fielden calls the floor of the house; but I want to say something to you, and I wish also to say it before our best friends. I want you, mamma, dearest, and I ask the favor in presence of Lady Fielden—to let me go back to England with her." Harry would have cried out, but prudence restrained him—"and begin the work to which I intend devoting my life. She will help me; and something tells me that I shall succeed. Do not say I am too young. Mamma, dearest, youth has wisdom sometimes. Lord Fielden"—and here Gertrude's eyes rested upon the young nobleman with a softened light that stirred every pulse in his strong frame—"will help me. He is the son of our best friend my dear father must have known him when he was a boy. He is strong and patient; and no man could do a more noble work than clear away the shadow that rests on the fair name of a gentleman. Mamma" she continued, even more earnestly, "will you come home to Scarsdale and help me?"

Dolores shook her head.

"Do not ask me, my dear. I could not bear it," she replied hastily.

"Will you let me go?" she pleaded.

"Yes, if you really wish it, Gertrude."

"I do indeed; and, mamma, you shall remain here, if you will, until you receive a message from me saying, 'The mystery is solved.' You will come then?"

A quick flush rose to Dolores' face a troubled light shone in her eyes.

"If ever you can send me that message, Gertrude, and it means that—that he is cleared from guilt, I will come; but, if it means simply that you have found him, do not ask me—let me stay here until I die."

It was a touching sight to see the fair young daughter knelt at the feet of her mother as she said in clear, firm tones—

"It shall be so, mamma. When you do not say 'if—when I can prove my father's innocence, I shall write to you and ask you to come.'

So it was arranged that Gertrude should go back to England with Lady Fielden.

Dolores had parted with her beloved daughter; she had blessed her and blessed her, and sent her out to do her life's work. No persuasion could move Dolores. She would keep ever to her one promise. She would return to England if all were well; if it were not, she would remain in Florence until death called her.

Kathleen declared that she would not leave her. Lady Fielden had noticed that a handsome Neapolitan Prince, a cousin of the Countess, showed a marked preference for the fair English heiress, and she wondered if that influenced Kathleen in her decision; but she kept a discreet silence on the subject. Kathleen's gentle voice had been full of tears when she said—

"I must stay with mamma."

Which daughter did Dolores leave best—the one who had gone out alone to do battle with the world and clear her father's name, or the one that remained with her because she loved her so well?

CHAPTER XXX.

English life and scenery were quite a new experience for Gertrude. The sun-washed shores, the tall white cliffs, the clover meadows and green lawns, had no matchless charm, for her. She even went so far as to declare that she loved the great misty fogs, the cold winds and keen frost. The fair scenery and colors of the little Italy were nothing to her beside these beauties of her own home. Her poetical emotional nature was awakened, and there were times when Lady Fielden was afraid that the girl's intense feeling would endanger her health. But it did not. The brave heart was roused to its work.

Gertrude took one day to rest, and on the next Lord and Lady Fielden drove to Scarsdale. It was touching to see the girl's face as she roamed over the old house. Now and again faint glimmers of memory came over her, and she would stand quite still, struggling with her tears. It was then that Harry had some difficulty to restrain himself from tak-

ing her in his arms and comforting her.

Mrs. Pickering, the old housekeeper, went for joy.

"You are welcome, indeed, Miss Allamore!" she cried. "I had never even hoped to see any of the family here again."

Gertrude's eyes opened widely at the sound of her name; but Lady Fielden made a gesture for silence. One or two of the old servants who had been there at the time of Sir Karl's disappearance were equally delighted to see their master's daughter. Gertrude would have taken up her residence at Scarsdale, for she longed to be alone; but Lady Fielden would not hear of such a thing.

Fielden Manor House was a fine mansion, the gray walls of which were covered with clustering ivy. It had large windows, wide hearths, carved mantel-pieces of priceless value, wide staircases and corridors. There was a large entrance-hall, with richly-stained windows, which was, in its way, a museum of art. The costly pictures and statues which adorned it had been the collection of many generations.

Altogether the Manor House presented a combination of comfort and luxury, and Lord Fielden was justly proud of his beautiful home. The grounds were well and tastefully laid out and famous for their fine old trees and a sheet of water called the More. The park was extensive with herds of deer; while better hunting, shooting, and fishing, were not to be found in the county. Gertrude conceived a great admiration for the Manor, and she was very happy with her host and hostess.

A faint rumor had spread through the county that Sir Karl's daughter had returned to the old home because she was not satisfied with regard to her father's fate. Everyone pitied her. People had long believed Sir Karl's fate sealed and settled; he had left the country with Miss de Ferras sixteen years before, and his name was almost forgotten. Now there came suddenly among them a beautiful, fair-haired girl, with the bloom of childhood on her face and a heart all on fire to clear her father's name, protesting his innocence, proclaiming aloud that there had been some mystery with regard to his fate, and asking bravely and boldly for help from everyone.

Gertrude spent day after day in the old home at Scarsdale, questioning the housekeeper until she knew every detail connected with Sir Karl's disappearance far better even than her mother; she spent hours in the rooms that had been her father's trying to imagine from his surroundings what he had been like. She made friends with the old groom James, who never wearied of repeating all that he knew in connection with his master's disappearance.

Of Lord Rhysworth, who was still unmarried, Gertrude had made a complete conquest. He teased her by calling her "Donna Quixote," but he owned to himself that, if it were possible for any one to succeed in throwing light on Sir Karl's fate, it would be his devoted daughter, who would accomplish that end.

One day Gertrude sat down with her three friends to hold their first deliberation together. The consultation took place in Lady Fielden's boudoir.

"It seems a puzzle to me," said Lord Rhysworth. "To put our task into plain English, we want to know the best plan for finding a lost man—one man lost in this great wide world. Now, as a matter of course, the first question is, how shall we proceed?"

"Send for one or two detectives to help us; those men always think of things that never occur to any one else," said Lord Fielden.

"I agree with you; it would be very wise thing to do," said Gertrude.

Then Lady Fielden objected—

"A detective was employed at the time, but he could make nothing out of the case."

"Perhaps we may obtain the services of one with more brains," said Lord Rhysworth, "in any case we can try. Detectives have every facility for communicating with each other and of obtaining information. Even should the man we employ do no more than make suggestions, they may lead to something."

So it was agreed that the first thing to be done was to send to Scotland Yard for one of the ablest men in the police force. Gertrude gave a sigh of relief. To her sunburned mind it was a great deal to have made a start.

"After all," she said to her friends, "the world is but a small place. When I think how soon we can go round, to look for one man lost in it cannot be so hopeless. I have been told that no matter where a person goes, he is sure to meet some one who knows. If that be true, surely to find the one being one cannot be so very difficult a task."

"We shall have difficulties enough, but we must not let them dishearten us," said Lord Fielden—"indeed my idea is that nothing in life is worth doing unless there are plenty of obstacles to be overcome. I like meeting them as if they were many enemies and conquering them one after another."

He was rewarded by a grateful look from Gertrude's blue eyes. After a few more words, the council for that day ended.

It met in more solemn conference four days afterward; and Mr. Shaw, the detective, was at the head of it. He listened attentively while Lord Rhysworth gave him the particulars of the Baronet's disappearance.

Now, read these letters," said Gertrude, "and see what you gather from them."

The letters that her mother had held so long were placed in his hands and he seemed to weigh every word as he read them. Then he was silent



THE WAR THAT NEVER ENDS: BOERS LOOTING A GENERAL STORE IN THE FREE STATE.

for some few minutes, after which the oracle spoke.

"My opinion is that it all rests with the lady," he said slowly.

"With the lady!" was re-echoed in different accents of wonder, and incredulity.

"Yes, with the lady," he repeated. "Indeed, I should not be surprised to find that the gentleman did not accompany the lady at all."

Gertrude's interest of the listeners increased.

"Take this first letter," continued the detective, "written by the lady to Sir Karl. She does not write as though he cared for her—not in the least. She wants him to do her a favor, and does not wish his wife to know about it. He evidently—from all you tell me, Miss Allamore—dislikes it yet he goes, and is never seen again. The supposition of every one is that the lady persuaded him to slope with her. There can have been no previous arrangement—that is quite clear from the tone of the writer's letters. Now consider this second letter, which every one seems to have taken as proof conclusive. I do not believe that Sir Karl was with the person who wrote it. It reads to me as though it were intended to suggest that idea, but that is all. She does not write, 'Sir Karl is with me,' perhaps she dared not—she writes, 'You will never see Sir Karl again. I have had my revenge.' Who knows what her revenge was? She may have murdered him. She may have induced others to murder him, and have hidden his body. She may have had him kidnapped and locked up in a lunatic asylum. She may have done anything and everything except the one thing which I am quite sure she did not—persuade him to run away with her. Who can tell what shape or form her vengeance took? I should say myself that the quickest and best way of learning the gentleman's fate is to search for the lady."

"One hundred pounds," cried Mr. Shaw.

"Yes," answered Lord Fielden—

"doubtless that amount, if it be needed, if the news be worth it. Why, I would almost give the last farthing I had for the purpose."

And the beautiful eyes thanked Harry with one of those glances he loved so well.

It was agreed that the advertisement should be sent to all the leading Continental journals and English newspapers. It could hardly fail to bring about a good result. If Lola de Ferras were living and any one knowing her wrote to say so, they would be able to find out her whereabouts; if she were dead, they would know that further efforts in that direction were useless.

"If she be dead," said Gertrude, slowly, "what has become of my father?"

"We must be patient," said Lord Fielden.

If ever a man worked hard it was Lord Fielden; morning, noon, and night he was engrossed in the one important business of his life. He had written to all the foreign embassies and to the heads of the foreign detective police; he went once to Paris, and communicated with the secret force there. In Germany and Belgium in Italy and Spain, the story was circulated that a rich English "million" was ready to pay any price for information concerning a beautiful Frenchwoman who years ago had, it was supposed, left England with another English "million."

To Be Continued.

I cannot—I must not. I will finish my task or die over it."

No one had any further suggestion to make. Mr. Shaw owned that he was baffled, but that he did not despair, and was by no means inclined to give up the case, though more fully convinced than ever of the difficulties with which they would have to contend.

"If we had any clew, however small," he said, "if we only knew whether Miss de Ferras was living or dead, it would be some satisfaction."

"It would be much easier to discover if she were dead than to find any trace of her living," declared Lord Fielden. "If she is dead, and has been buried, some one must know something of it. We can take action so far. Let us advertise in the French and English papers that any one who can give proof of the death of Mademoiselle Lola de Ferras shall receive one hundred pounds reward."

"One hundred pounds," cried Mr. Shaw.

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To Be Continued.

NO MORE BUTTONS.

A clergyman's wife was mending clothes for her boys when one of her lady neighbours called in to have a friendly chat.

They all agreed with the officer and Mr. Shaw entered in his note-book every detail with which they could supply him. There was no limit to expense.

It was certainly a puzzle now in what manner to commence conducting the search. There was no portrait of Lola de Ferras; but Lady Fielden remembered her so well and described her so accurately that Mr. Shaw felt hopeful of recognizing her.

They all agreed with the officer and Mr. Shaw entered in his note-book every detail with which they could supply him. There was no limit to expense.

Before she had finished speaking the visitor hastily arose and said she must be going.

The story soon got about, and since then no buttons have been found in the collection-bag.

DID WHAT HE WAS TOLD.

A witness at a recent trial who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question put to him, was interrogated by a blustering counsel as follows:

"You drive a wagon?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Why, did you not tell my learned friend so just this moment?"

"No sir."

"Now, put it to you on your oath. No provocation, mind. Do you drive a wagon?"

"No, sir."

"Then, for goodness' sake, what is your occupation?"

"I drive a horse."

Little Tim—Mamma, mayn't I go out into the street a bit? The boys say there's a comet to be seen.

"Well, yes, but don't go too

near."

Tim—Tim, if young Mr. Jackson calls this morning, tell him I'll

be in at two o'clock. Tim—Yes,

Tim—Tim, and what shall I tell him if he

don't call?

Well, Tim—Tim, make the

old horse

extending in front, make the

CHANGING HIS NAME

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK.

Its Virtues are Many; Its Faults None.

That's saying a good deal, but it is a true statement. You can verify it yourself. A trial will prove the truth or falsity of the above statement.

SALADA

Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

Deborah Hancock was busily engaged in decorating her birthday cake. She worked as she placed the last candle one more than the previous year. How fast those little waxen candles seemed to multiply!

Several years before, when the whole surface of the cake was so thickly studded that she could find no place for the new taper, Miss Hancock paused to ponder.

Was not 35 a good age at which to lose count?

The temptation was great. But all false pretenses were abhorrent to the sturdy Hancock nature. Prevarication even to one's self was not to be tolerated. And what folly could equal in silliness that of attempting to conceal one's age?

The tapers were red, white and blue.

A light tap sounded at the door. Deborah carefully locked her pantry door before admitting her visitor. Mother wants to know if you won't go over to the picnic with us tomorrow?"

"Go to the picnic? Why, Ellen Ann, I ain't been to a picnic for 20 years! Thank you, ma, but—"

"Oh, do come, Miss Deb. You know, we're going to celebrate the incorporation of Hilton."

"Come in and think it over."

With a blush and a giggle, the girl cast a backward glance over her shoulder. "I can't come in to-night. But you be ready and we will stop for you in the morning."

Miss Deborah followed the girl's glance and smiled as she caught sight of a dark figure lurking in the shadow of the lilacs by the fence.

"Oh, it's Joel," she said.

Ellen Ann giggled. Perhaps it was the remembrance of her own unfinished romance which made her heart particularly tender toward all lovers. Be that as it may, she was the village confidante. Many awkward youths and shy maidens blessed her for the kindly way in which she sped their wooing.

The next morning, when Ellen Ann's brother with a flourish brought his hay wagon to stand before Miss Deborah's door, he found her waiting, lunch basket beside her.

The exercises were opened by a long and fervent prayer by Parson Elihu Griffin. Then Squire Cooper rose, and made some remarks, but detecting signs of restlessness among the younger people, he brought his remarks down to the pith of his address.

"Fellow Townspeople: I have a

surprise in store for you. Hearing

that this day was to be of special

interest to the inhabitants of his

birthplace, one of our sons who has

made a name for himself in the po-

litical world, yet has still retained

HEART TROUBLE

BROUGHT ON BY EXPOSURE
AND WORRY.

Capt. Geo. Crandell, of Lindsay,
Tells How He Secured Re-
lief From This Dan-
gerous Malady.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont.

In the town of Lindsay and sur-
rounding country no man is better
known or more highly respected than

Capt. Geo. Crandell. Forty-seven

years ago he was owner and captain of the first steamer that navigated the Scugog. Since that time success has crowned his life both on land and water. For forty-nine years he has been a member of the Lindsay town council. He is now 73 years of age and enjoys the best of health, but it has not always been thus. Some years ago the exposure and worry incident to his calling began to tell upon his health, and his heart showed signs of weakness. His sufferings and complete restoration through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are best told by himself. To a reporter the captain gave the following story:

"Several years ago my heart began to bother me. At first I took little notice of it, but the trouble gradually grew worse until I had to submit to medical aid. I suffered much pain and at times was attacked by smothering spells which caused me great distress. Frequently these spells attacked me during the night and it was with difficulty that I managed to breathe at all. I consulted several doctors, but their medicine failed to benefit me. I then tried a much advertised remedy, but this also failed to help me. I had

always been fond of smoking, but I was in such poor health that a few puffs from a cigar would distress me so much that I had to give it up altogether. I grew worse day by day and began to think my end was near and that I would die from the trouble."

Some time ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a box I noted an improvement in my condition and so I continued the use. I kept on taking it, proving till now I am in good health and strong as I ever was in my life before and have not been bothered with the least sign of my former malady for months. I am now able to enjoy a smoke as I used to without feeling the least distress. All this I owe to the greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Right red blood and strong nerve are the keystone to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most widely known and praised of medicines because they are the best and easiest to make now. Introducing them and you are weak and shattered nerves, bringing new health and strength, a bit more dependent sufferers. Do not take any substitutes do not take anything that does not bear the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for People.' on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LONG TOM'S BREAKFAST.

Feeding a Huge Python Against His Will.

The python, huge and formidable as he is, is not of an aggressive disposition. Neither is he amiable. He is a sluggish, sullen, obstinate creature, and is often found in dangerous to manage in captivity. The trouble with him is not that he devours to kill his keepers, but that if he objects to his quarters, he makes no fuss at all for anybody but quietly commits suicide by starvation. As he is as valuable as he is repulsive his possessors have good reason for anxiety when he shows signs of homesickness.

The Boston newspapers recently reported the interesting fact in which the ingenious owners of

Long Tom," a big snake on exhibi-

tion, had him eat a live rabbit.

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THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE;
1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1901.

Vol. XXII, No. 45.

The Most Convincing Salesman We
Have Is - -

HEAR HIM TALK
SHIRTS,
TOOKE'S MAKE,

25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00. If you would know their values put them along side Shirts that cost half as much again. In grasping for excellence we caught economy as well, and bigness of the lot brings littleness of price, and the benefit is yours.

Straw Hats. - - some men. It is vastly different in a case like yours, as you want one of the latest style and up-to-date, at a price that the maker would smile at, 50c. to \$1.50.

We are here to push business. Give us a shove.

FRED. T. WARD,
YOUR TAILOR & MEN'S OUTFITTER.

= FOR GROCERIES =
GO WHERE YOU GET

25 lbs. Brown Sugar for \$1.00. 2 bottles Pickles for 25c.
20 lbs. Redpath Granulated, \$1.00. 4 boxes Laundry Starch, 25c.
9 lbs. Oatmeal 25c. Oranges and Lemons, 20c. doz.
3 lbs. Mixed Cakes, 25c. Lard, pure 12½c. lb.

Our 25c. JAPAN TEA, try it, you will always buy the same.

We are paying 20c. for Butter and 10c. doz. for Eggs.

DRY GOODS.

Flannelette Sheets, 75c. and 90c. pair. Prints, fast colors, 6c. yd.
Dress Sateens, 38 in. wide, very fine, 12½c. yard.
Mercerized Sateens; some remnants, to be cleared at 15c., regular 25c. yd.
A job lot of Dress Muslins, prices from 8c. to 15c. yard.
Ladies' Vests, 5c. to 25c. each. Children's Vests, half-sleeve, 6c. each.
Ladies, come here to buy light Tweed Skirts, from 20c. yd.
Men's Cotton Socks, 4 pairs for 25c. Men's Colored Shirts, 50c. each.
A job lot Ladies' Sailors must be cleared out at half-price.

C. F. STICKLE.

Seasonable Goods.

**Belt Buckles, Belting, Stick Pins,
Enamelled Brooches, Hair Ornaments.**

See our 25c. BELT BUCKLES, best value in town.

A few PULLEY BELTS left—yours at 25c. each.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

The Mutual Life of Canada

Formerly
THE ONTARIO
MUTUAL LIFE

A Company
OF POLICYHOLDERS
BY POLICYHOLDERS,
FOR POLICYHOLDERS.

AMOUNT OF NEW BUSINESS
Paid for (taken) in 1900.

\$4,671,712.00, being the largest volume
secured in the Dominion by any Canadian Life Company for the year ending
Dec. 31st, 1901.

Beginning the New Century by LEADING ALL ITS COMPETITORS, old and young, among native Life Companies in NEW BUSINESS for the past year, is a record of which any Company might feel honestly proud.

S. BURROWS',
General Agent THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA.

UNEQUAL EYES.

OPPOSITION

—IS THE—

Life of Trade

—IS THE—

COME AND SEE THE

NEW DRUG STORE

CRAIGE BLOCK.

Try DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP

for Children. Guaranteed to contain no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any other house in the village.

J. PARKER,

DRUGGIST.

Hundreds have testified to the good Petty's Pills have done them,

North Hastings Entrance Examinations.

The following are the names of the successful candidates. These are not arranged in order of merit. Certificates will be issued to the successful candidates in a few weeks.

Those who have succeeded should go to a High School or continue in attendance at their own schools as members of a Fifth Class. No child's education should stop at the Fourth class. A good education is the best legacy for a child, better than lands and money.

Caldwell, Wm., Queensboro, Miss Breakall, Craig, Arnold, 17 Madoc, Miss Broadbent, Dale, John, 12 Madoc, Miss C. T. Rice, Empson, Lindsey, 11 Madoc, Miss A. Sturton, Melling, Thos., 12 Hunt's, Miss Minchin, Harvey, Francis, " " "

Holland, Robert W., 10 Hunt's, W. Bristol Jones, John S., Marmora, E. T. Williams, McConnell, Howard, Model School, T. C. Tice Phelps, Arthur, Model School, T. C. Tice Shaw, Harry, Queensboro, Miss Breakall, Thomas, S. S., 4 Madoc, Miss Whytock Todd, Archie, Model School, T. C. Tice West, James, 2 Madoc, Miss McDonald

Batson, Muriel L., Bridgewater, Miss Allen Campbell, Kate B., Queenboro, Miss Breakall, Annie, 6 Madoc, Miss S. Anderson, Dafoe, Ethel, Model School, T. C. Tice Flesher, 12 Madoc, Miss McMurray

Fleming, Estelle, 10 Huntingdon, W. Bristol Gray, Roxey, Bridgewater, Miss Allen Hamlin, Atha, 6 Madoc, Miss S. Anderson Henderson, S. J., 8 Wolaston, Miss McKeown Jones, Muriel, Marmora, E. T. Williams Lummis, LaValla, 5 Tudor, Miss E. Presley MacKenzie, Georgia, Marmora, E. T. Williams

McDonald, Carrie, Model School, T. C. Tice McMechan, Jennie, 3 Madoc, Miss Bristol Mitchell, Sarah, Marmora, E. T. Williams Moore, Agnes, 7 Madoc, Miss A. Stevenson Nicolson, Mabel, Model School, T. C. Tice O'Farrell, 12 Madoc, Miss Allen Seward, Jessie, Bridgewater, Miss Allen Spock, Jessie, " " "

Stewart, Emily, Model School, T. C. Tice Sullivan, Rose, 7 Marmora, Leo Kelley West, Frankie, Model School, T. C. Tice Ashley, Harold, West Hunt's, R. Elliott Denlike, Wm., 11 Rawdon, G. E. Simmons Fitchett, Egbert, 11 Rawdon, Miss Stewart Tanner, James E., 11 Rawdon, Miss Harrison Wellman, Lorna A., 8 Rawdon, R. McMillan Bailey, Vito, 3 Rawdon, Miss E. Tonkin Bennett, Pearl, 21 Sidney, Miss Hendricks Bull, Della, " " " Stirling, B. Denike Calder, Leah, " " " H. Stirling, F. C. Bird Demill, Lillian, 11 Rawdon, Miss E. Simmons Doyle, Kitte E., 1 Marmora, Miss Gunn Farrell, Lillian V., 6 Rawdon, C. A. Bailey Good, Flossie, 1 Rawdon, G. Minchin Hawking, Lizzie, 7 Stirling, B. Denike Hubble, Ella, 3 Rawdon, Miss E. Tonkin Johnston, Leah, Stirling, F. C. Bird Lagrow, Lena, Stirling, F. C. Bird Livingston, Anna, 11 Rawdon, Miss Gutter McCutcheon, May, Stirling, F. C. Bird Morrow, Ethel, 10 Sidney, Miss Janet Smith Salsbury, Estella, Moira, G. J. M. Pitts Seelye, Aneta, 1 Rawdon, G. Minchin Shea, Mary Agnes, Stirling, F. C. Bird Bartlett, Emma, 2 Montezie, Miss Chambers Fair, Nellie, Barcroft, W. J. Watson Golden, Frances A., Maynooth, Miss Tooney Kerr, Lizzie, 3 Dungannon, Miss Potts Stables, Lizzie, 2 McClure, W. J. Bennett

Rawdon, G. E. Simmons

Rawdon, 11 Rawdon, Miss Stewart

Tanner, James E., 11 Rawdon, Miss Harrison

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LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 16.—Wheat—The market is dull and easy. Local exporters quote 60¢ for red and white middle freights, and holders are asking 62¢. No. 2 grain wheat sold at 60¢ east. No. 1 spring is dull at 60¢ east. Manitoba wheat is lower at 78¢ for No. 1 hard, 70¢ for No. 2 hard, and 71¢ to 72¢ for No. 3 hard grinding in transit.

Flour is lower. The best bid by cable to-day would not permit local exporters to offer \$2.60 for ordinary 90 per cent patents in their bags middle freights, and that was all they were bidding. Holders asked 50¢ more and some higher. Choice brands are held 15¢ to 20¢ higher. Manitoba flour is quiet at 5¢ for Hungarian patents and \$3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots on the track Toronto, bags included.

Millfeed—is in better demand, and the market is steadier at \$13 for shorts and \$11 for bran in car lots west.

Barley—Is dull and lower. No. 2 is quoted at 40¢ east and 40¢ middle freights, and No. 3 extra is quoted at 35¢ middle freights.

Corn—The market is firmer at 41¢ for Canada yellow and 40¢ to 42¢ for mixed west. Canada yellow is nominal at 40¢ on the track Toronto.

Oats—Are steady at 31¢ for No. 1 west east. No. 2 white are 30¢ north and west, and sold at 30¢ middle freights.

Oatmeal—is steady at \$3.75 for cars of barrels and \$3.65 for bags in car lots on the track here, and 20¢ more for smaller lots.

Peas—Are scarce and firm at 60¢ to 70¢ middle freights.

PROVISIONS.

The market is firm and active, with no change in quotations. All lines of hog product are moving well, and the present range of prices is inducing some buyers to make rather heavy purchases in anticipation of an advance.

Pork—Canada short cut, \$21; heavy mess, \$19 to \$19.50.

Smoked and Dry Salads Meats.—Long clear, cans and cases, 11¢, and small lots at 11¢; breakfast bacon, 14¢ to 15¢; hams, for small and medium, 13¢; rolls, 11¢ to 12¢; shoulders, 11¢; backs, 14¢ to 15¢; green meat out of pickle are quoted at 1¢ less than smoked.

Lard—Tiers, 10¢, tubs 11¢ and pails 11¢.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Hot weather butter has been very liberally mixed in with the shipments of dairy tubs, pails and crocks which are now reaching this market. A great many tubs are soft and strong, and dealers here are unable to handle it at a profit to the shipper. Choice lots of that grade is small. Poorer lots are quoted from 15¢ down to 12¢. Some choice butter which came in during the cool part of last month, and which was sent to cold storage, is now being sold and brings 16¢ to 17¢. It is in excellent condition and finds eager buyers. Creamery prints are steady at 20¢ to 21¢ and Eggs—Offerings are large and the solids are selling at 19¢ to 20¢. market is steady. Selected stock is now quoted at 11¢ to 11½¢ and scarce and sells at 12¢. Fresh gatherings are slow at 8¢ to 9¢.

Potatoes—Old are practically out of the market and there is no inquiry for them. Quotations are nominal at 25¢ per bag for car lots on track here and 30¢ to 35¢ out of store. New potatoes have come forward as freely as was expected, and it is reported that frosts have done some damage to the crop. There are no car lots offering and potatoes out of store are selling at \$1.20 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Baled Hay—The market is quiet, with small offerings, and an indifferent demand. Quotations are steady at \$0.50 to \$1.00 per ton for car lots on track here.

Baled Straw—Quiet and steady. Car lots on track here are quoted at \$4.75 to \$5 per ton.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Toronto, July 16.—The street market here to-day was very quiet, with small receipts and little or no demand. The attendance of buyers was very light, and the business was confined almost entirely to hay and grain. One hundred bushels of red wheat sold unchanged at 67¢, and 300 bushels of oats 1½¢ lower at 36¢. Hay was firmer, 10 loads selling \$1 higher at \$11 to \$13 per ton. No new hay or straw was offered. Other produce was nominally steady.

Wheat, white..... \$67.00
do red..... 67.00
do geese..... 61.00
do spring..... 67.00
Barley..... 43.44
Rye..... 50.00
Oats..... 30.00
Hay, old, per ton..... 11.00 14.00
do new..... 8.50 9.00
Straw, per ton..... 9.00 0.00
Butter, pound rolls..... 14.18
do crocks..... 14.15
Eggs..... 12.15
Chickens, old, per pr..... 60.75
do spring, per pair..... 40.100
Ducks, per pair..... 1.00 1.25
Turkeys, per lb..... 11.12
Anchovies, per doz..... 60.00
Beets, per doz..... 50.00
Beans, butter, basket..... 1.25 1.50
Cabbages, new, doz..... 20.75
Carrots, doz..... 20.00 0.00
Cauliflower, doz..... 1.00 1.50
Cucumbers, per doz..... 1.00 1.25
do small, doz..... 25.35
Lettuce, doz..... 15.25
Onions, green, doz..... 10.15
Parsley, doz..... 15.20
Peas, green, peck..... 25.30
Potatoes, per bag..... 30.40
do now, per bbl..... 8.25 8.50
do bushel..... 1.25 1.40
Radishes, doz..... 15.20
Rhubarb, per doz..... 25.00
Tomatoes, per basket..... 50.00
Watercress, per doz..... 20.00 0.00
Dressed Eggs..... 9.25 9.75

Beef, hindquarters..... 8.00 8.75
do forequarters..... 4.50 5.50
do carcasses, choice..... 6.50 7.25
do common..... 5.50 6.00
Lamb, yearling, per lb..... 68.07
do spring, per lb..... 14.12.24
Mutton, per cwt..... 60.00 7.00
Veal calves, light, lb..... 65.06
do choice, per lb..... 67.03

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, July 16.—Flour quiet and easy. Spring wheat strong but dull; No. 1 northern, 74¢; do, new, 70¢; carloads, No. 1 northern old, 70¢; No. 1, 70¢. Winter wheat easy; No. 2 red, 78¢; No. 1 white would bring 74¢. Corn higher; No. 2 yellow, 51¢; No. 3 do, 51¢; No. 2 corn, 51¢; No. 3 do, 50¢; through billied. Oats quiet; No. 2 white, 35¢; No. 2 mixed, 34¢. Barley, spot offered at 50¢ to 54¢. Rye dull No. 1 55¢ asked on track and in store.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, July 16.—Trade was lively at the Western Cattle Market to-day and all the good cattle were sold in a hurry. There was an excellent demand for all choice to picked cattle and prices for these classes were firm. The offerings were heavy but everything was sold rather early in the day, and in some lines, particularly good butchers', the supply was short. Exporters were active and steady and the best butchers' were scarce and firm. Good to common butchers' and milch cows were steady, but stockers and feeders were dull. Cows and bulls were quiet, with light offerings. Small stuff was unchanged and hogs were steady. The total run was 77 loads, including 1,254 cattle, 1,234 sheep and lambs, 47 calves and 1,000 hogs. We quote:—

Export cattle, choice, per cwt..... 4.75 5.25
do medium, per cwt..... 4.40 4.75
do cows, per cwt..... 3.75 4.40
Butchers' cattle, picked lots, 4.40 4.65
do choice, 4.00 4.40
do fair, 3.50 4.00
do cows, 3.25 3.75
do bulls, 3.00 3.50
Stockers, 400 to 600 lbs, 8.00 8.25
do off-colors, 2.50 8.00
Milch cows, each, 30.00 50.00
Sheep, export ewes, per cwt..... 3.25 3.40
do bucks, per cwt, 2.50 2.75
Feeders, short-keep, 4.25 4.75
do, medium, 3.50 4.25
do light, 3.25 3.50

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Something of Interest From All Parts of the Globe.

DOMINION.

Mr. L. Regan, President of the Agricultural Loan & Savings Society of London, is dead.

Hamilton's Park Committee will not permit any more games to take place in Dundurn Park.

Building permits to the extent of one million dollars have been issued in Winnipeg this year.

F. H. Cleague has given a contract for a 500-ton steamer to the steel works at Collingwood.

Frank W. Morse has been appointed third vice-president and assistant general manager of the Grand Trunk system.

For chastising a youth on the street in Winnipeg, J. W. Beckett, principal of the Victoria school in that city was fined \$1.

Quebec capitalists ask a Government bonus of \$5,000 to establish a cold storage depot in Argenteuil County to preserve food products for export.

The Governor-General has received a communication from General Baden-Powell highly praising the Canadian contingent of South African police.

Evidence taken at the enquiry into the week of the Anchor Line steamer Armenian near St. John, N. B., goes to show that an error of judgment on the part of the captain is to blame.

The Toronto admirers of Burns have decided to erect a statue to the memory of the poet, probably in the Horticultural Gardens. A large number of subscriptions have already been received.

After shooting at a bear cub and wounding it, a Galician named Bubka, near Edmonton, was chased into the house by the mother, and after remaining barricaded all night came out in the morning and shot the bear and two cubs.

FOREIGN.

The plague at Marseilles, it is feared, will spread.

The prisoners at St. Helena are constantly plotting to escape.

Thieves and highway robbers are terrorizing Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The late Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, left over \$25,000,000.

A French professor of agriculture has discovered a remedy to cure diseases of plants.

French workmen, in a general meeting, have agreed that it would be well for all miners to strike.

It is proposed by the Boston Chamber of Commerce to use light ships for the wireless telegraphy system.

New Zealand, with its death rate of less than 12 per 1,000 a year, is the most healthy of all the British colonies.

London—Close—Mark Lane—Wheat nothing doing. Corn firm at an advance of 3d. Flour, nothing doing. Liverpool—Close—Spot wheat steady; No. 1 standard California, 5s 8d to 5s 9d; Walla, 5s 8d to 5s 9d; No. 1 northern spring, 5s 4d to 5s 5d; futures quiet; September, 5s 4d; December, 5s 5d. Spot corn firm; new, 4s 2d; futures firm; September 4s 2d; October 4s 3d. Flour, 17s to 18s 3d.

Paris—Opening—Wheat, tone steady; July 25 85¢, September and December 26¢ 85¢.

Paris—Close—Wheat, tone quiet; July 20 35¢, yesterday 20¢ 35¢; September and December 21 15¢, yesterday 21 15¢. Flour, tone quiet; July 25 85¢, yesterday 25¢ 80¢; September and December 26¢ 95¢, yesterday 26¢ 90¢.

Cloudbursts have wiped out the villages of Corbin, Mon., and Port La Vacca, Texas, but no loss of life is reported.

Two Italians were killed and one was wounded at Erwin, Miss., while asleep, because they were objectionable to their neighbors.

On account of the proposed strike of the engineers and men of the Italian railways, Italy may put the railways under martial law.

A Brazilian aeronaut, M. Santos-Dumont, exhibited an airship at Paris on Saturday which he was able to operate against the wind.

Prof. Saunders, professor of classics and Sanscrit at McGill, has resigned to accept a similar position at Binnor's College, Pinnor, Illinois.

A commission of American physicians will likely be appointed to enquire into the feasibility of Dr. Caldas' plan of subduing yellow fever by bacillus and serum.

The Chinese Government has filed a claim for indemnity to the amount of half a million dollars on account of alleged outrages treatment of Chinese at Butte, Montana.

Mistaking for candy a torpedo made of dynamite and wrapped in pink paper, four-year-old Esther Oliver bit into it, and her head was entirely burned off at Denver Col.

Prince Chun, younger brother of Emperor Kwang Su, who has been selected formally to apologize at Berlin for the murder of Baron Von Ketteler, has started from Pekin.

Two Italians have been arrested at Marseilles on the charge of having stolen the \$12,000 worth of jewelry from the residence of Mr. John Monroe, the well-known American banker there.

A national convention of negro bankers of the United States has been called to meet at Buffalo, September 23. It is proposed to organize a National Association of colored bankers.

A despatch from Burgersdorp says—A man named Pansorgroup (7) was sentenced by the treason court to twelve months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £1,000. The court then closed.

John Adrian Dupressa has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £2,000 or in default an additional year's imprisonment for having joined the forces of the South African Republic.

Reid Latigan, a brother of the commandant of that name, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment and for joining the Republican forces in 1899, and for taking part in the fight at Dampiaats.

REBELS SENTENCED.

One Man Receives 15 Years for Joining Republican Forces.

A despatch from Burgersdorp says—A man named Pansorgroup (7) was sentenced by the treason court to twelve months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £1,000. The court then closed.

John Adrian Dupressa has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £2,000 or in default an additional year's imprisonment for having joined the forces of the South African Republic.

Reid Latigan, a brother of the commandant of that name, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment and for joining the Republican forces in 1899, and for taking part in the fight at Dampiaats.

In the belief that the crop of peas would be ruined by heavy rains, clergymen of all churches at Chelvay, Wis., endorsed the plea of a large company that the pickers work on Sunday.

Emperor William has blossomed out as a builder of electric railways, being a partner of the Siemens Halske firm in the construction of a Hamburg-Berlin fast line, from the seaport to the capital.

The latest contract for 30 locomotives for the Burmese railways has been secured by British builders, whose tenders as regards price and time of delivery were more favorable than those of the American bidders.

It is believed that there is no possibility of a general European combination against the United States, Germany's relations with the United States being too extensive to permit her to assume an attitude of hostility.

Shipments of refined petroleum from Philadelphia to Europe were never before so heavy or so frequent as they have been within the last ten days. From the first of the year up to last Sunday 175,339,883 gallons had been shipped abroad.

At New York Thomas F. Kochan and Wm. V. Bowers, president and director of the Tarrant Company, whose building was burned after an explosion on Oct. 29 last and seven persons killed, have been indicted for manslaughter in the second degree.

Fashionable milliners throughout England are alarmed over the proposed introduction in Parliament of a bill to forbid the use for decorative purposes of the feathers of the osprey, the bird of paradise, the humming bird, the kittiwake, the kingfisher and the impala pheasant.

Among the German soldiers returning from China are scores in chains or locked up and closely guarded, who on their arrival home will be sent to the penitentiary for atrocities committed at the sacking of Peiping. Many officers are under arrest owing to alleged cowardice before the enemy.

QUEER DISEASE AMONG CATTLE.

Many Deaths Reported in the Counties of Cornwall and Stormont.

A despatch from Cornwall says—A peculiar disease has broken out among the cattle in the Township of Osnabruck with fatal results. In all eighteen or twenty cattle have died within a radius of a few miles with symptoms for the most part identical. James L. Hawn has been a serious loser, having lost seven fine dairy cows. The symptoms are a shrinkage of milk, then the animals seem to be in acute pain, dying within twelve to twenty-four hours, sometimes sooner. They have also a discharge of dark-colored blood from the mouth and nostrils. On Tuesday the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa sent Dr. G. W. Higginson to investigate the trouble. He visited several herds where death had occurred and from what he saw and heard was inclined to pronounce the disease splenic fever, brought on by the extreme heat and the quantity of succulent food the cows had eaten. He held a post-mortem on one animal shortly after death and found that the spleen was enlarged to three or four times its ordinary size and was discolored. The organs were apparently healthy. An effort is being made to check the disease.

SIXTY SETTLERS HOMELESS.

GRAHAM MAKES FIFTH TRIP.

Want Through the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara.

A despatch from Niagara Falls, N. Y., says—Colonel Pilcher's operations in the West of the Orange Colony are now to stand. As the horses and mules were watering at Orange Pan, to the north west of Bloemfontein, four hundred Boers attacked; having the advantage of the higher ground, while a wide fire was ranging between the forces. The Boers advanced under cover of the smoke, and attacked the rear guard, which retired in good order, firing by sections the whole time.

Meantime the mounted infantry sallied up and relieved the rear guard. The guns were brought into action with a pom-pom on the right flank, whereupon the Boers retired. The attack lasted an hour, the Boers advancing in a semi-circle.

The Boer losses were seven killed and a considerable number wounded. Field Cornet Bruin was found by our ambulance.

The next day the Boers were again in contact with our right front, 70 of them holding a small kopje. A detachment of yeomen, covered by a strong reserve, galloped straight to the top of the kopje. Badenhorst was in command of the enemy.

The following day the Boers occupied a position near Badenhorst's farm, with a strong kopje in the rear. Col. Pilcher ordered the East Yorks Mounted Infantry to charge the kopje, which they did. The Boers mounted and fled. The enemy's losses during three days' operations were—11 killed, 4 missing, 30 wounded, and 5 prisoners.

PILCHER'S 3 DAYS' FIGHT.

Field Cornet Captured and Total Loss Over Fifty.

A despatch from Cape Town says—The following details concerning Colonel Pilcher's operations in the West of the Orange Colony are now to stand. As the horses and mules were watering at Orange Pan, to the north west of Bloemfontein, four hundred Boers attacked; having the advantage of the higher ground, while a wide fire was ranging between the forces. The Boers advanced under cover of the smoke, and attacked the rear guard, which retired in good order, firing by sections the whole time.

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THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1901.

It is not the man who makes the discovery that counts in this world; it is the man who makes use of the discovery after he has it. Lots of old women had watched the steam pour out of the spout of the tea-pot before Watt did. They discovered the power of steam, but they did not know enough to make use of the discovery. Adam probably discovered the law of gravitation when he put his foot down on the soil of the Garden of Eden, and noticed that it didn't fly up in the air again of its own volition, but Adam saw, too, many other beautiful things in the world from the hand of the Creator, and didn't reason it out any further. There is nothing new under the sun. Electricity has been in existence ever since matter was created, but it is only in this generation that men have discovered its uses. In the future, as in the past, the great discoveries will not be of new things, but of new forces in old things, and new ways in which to apply them.

Farmer's Sons.

It is somewhat noteworthy that nearly all the prominent members of the present Ontario Government are farmer's sons, born and reared on the farm, and we understand they are nearly all personal total abstainers from intoxicants. Premier Ross was born and reared on his father's farm in Middlesex county, and made his first venture in life teaching a country school. Attorney General Gibson states that he was also born on a farm. Hon. Mr. Harcourt, of the Education department, we believe was born on a farm, and spent years in school teaching. Hon. Mr. Davis, of the Crown lands, was, we believe, also born and reared on a farm, where his father also owned an extensive tannery. Hon. Mr. Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, was born and reared on a farm, and is a farmer still. The present Premier of Manitoba, Mr. Roblin, and the ex-Premier, Mr. Greenway, are both sons of the soil, and know what farm life means. Parents who want to make the most of their sons, and sons who want to make the most of themselves, need not be afraid of the farms. Among the leading lawyers of to-day many of them are farmer's sons, and so it is with the leading men in medicine, and in the pulpit. In most of our towns and many of our cities the most prominent and successful merchants and other business men are farmer's sons. Boys reared on the farm are apt to get strong bodies and good temperate habits of living, and these seem necessary in order to have strong minds and real energy, such as successful men must have.—Napanee Star.

North Hastings Mosquitoes.

(Blairfont Times.)

It is a good thing the season for mosquitoes in this district is nearing its end with the arrival of July. If they would stay in the swamps where they belong, and not come where they are not wanted, people would have a more friendly feeling for them. One goes to his bedroom at night, tired after a day's work and expects to rest. He gets into bed and is just dozing off, when the mosquito comes forth with his hiding place and begins his song in one's ears. We hit him a slap, supposing we have killed him, for all is quiet. We are just getting asleep again when he sets up his song for the second time as he flies out from somewhere, and again we are awakened. We kill him again and all is silent. We get asleep, when Mr. Mosquito hides from where he has been on the watch, settles down on our flesh, inserts the point of his hypodermic syringe, like a doctor, into our skin, but instead of injecting in, like the doctor, he works his syringe the other way to fill his own body. A selfish fellow is he, caring only to fill himself by sucking out of others. Persistent blood suckers are they all. It is good that the season for them is nearly over.

But the season for public mosquitoes, who are blood suckers upon the taxes of the country, is never over. The taxpayers of North Hastings will not so easily get rid of them. There are the railway bonus mosquitoes who draw subsidies from Parliament of several thousand dollars a mile, and are very slow in building their railroads through the country; there are the iron smelter mosquitoes, drawing \$3 a ton on pig iron and \$3 a ton on steel from the Dominion Government, besides \$1 a ton from the Ontario Government, \$7 a ton in all, one establishment preparing to turn out 100 tons a day, thus drawing \$700 a day out of the taxes to which the farmers of North Hastings are compelled to contribute, while they have to pay good stiff prices for iron goods; there are the beet sugar factory men, wanting to suck some of the public blood, and those who succeed encourage others who are greedy. All these mosquitoes sing around the ears of whatever government may be in power, flatter the members with promises of support or threaten them with withdrawal of support. Whether Tories or Grits are in power, these greedy corporations and bonus and subsidy hunters are always in power, and they will continue to be in power until there is a protest of votes at the head of power and authority, that

MINING IN CANADA.

The Annual Report Shows That This Country Is Advancing Rapidly.

The annual report on mines and mining in Canada shows that this country is advancing rapidly, although many will be surprised to see how small a place iron still holds in our mineral production. An increase in the production of iron ore may now be looked for. The growth of our mining is shown by this table:

	Production per capita.
1. Bell.	30
2. Central.	100
3. Enterprise.	50
4. Evergreen.	50
5. Harold.	65
6. Manitoba.	100
7. Ontario Leaf.	40
8. Monarch.	40
9. River Side.	90
10. Shamrock.	90
11. Spring Brook.	60
12. Stirling.	75
13. West Huntington.	100
14. Coal.	100
15. Copper.	3.50
16. Zinc.	4.09
17. Lead.	4.40
18. Silver.	5.52
19. Gold.	7.32
20. Petroleum.	1.90
21. Lime.	1.97
22. Cement.	1.28
23. Asbestos.	.98
24. Natural gas.	.78
25. Gypsum.	.52
26. Salt.	.51
27. Iron Ore.	.48
28. Sundry under 1 p.c.	4.03

In 1886 the production per capita of Canada was less than one-third of that of the United States; in 1899 it was about three-fourths. In other words, while the United States was adding 70 per cent. per head to the value of its mineral products the Dominion was adding more than 300 per cent. It might be inferred that if this continues our mining industry will soon be as important relatively as that of the United States. It must not be forgotten, however, that the increase is largely due to the placer diggings of the Yukon. The proportionate value of the different mineral products was, in 1899, as follows:

	Per cent.
1. Gold.	42.88
2. Coal and coke.	21.45
3. Copper.	5.36
4. Bricks (estimated).	4.43
5. Nickel.	4.17
6. Silver.	4.10
7. Building stone (estimated).	3.03
8. Petroleum.	2.42
9. Lead.	1.97
10. Lime (estimated).	1.61
11. Cement.	1.28
12. Asbestos.	.98
13. Natural gas.	.78
14. Gypsum.	.52
15. Salt.	.51
16. Iron Ore.	.48
17. Sundry under 1 p.c.	4.03

Canadian Iron in Britain.

The London, Eng., Speaker says: "The arrival in the Clyde of 3,500 tons of pig iron from Canada is a development of some significance. Hitherto the iron which has come into this country has been brought from the continent and the United States when production there has been in excess of demand; and so far from importing from the Dominion we have sent it an average of about 10,000 tons annually. The shipment represents the first effort of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company to cultivate a foreign trade. This concern is of a magnitude equal to some of the largest establishments of Pittsburg; it owes its inception to American brains, which were prompt to recognize the iron and steel manufacturing possibilities of the country. Its works are situated at Sydney, Cape Breton, and from the immediate neighborhood it draws inexhaustible supplies of good ore, coal and limestone, at prices which bring the cost of the materials to only about 3s. 8d. per ton, as compared with 18s. at Pittsburg. Being located in Canada, the company pays no duty on such of its products as are consumed in the country, and its position at tide-water gives it a great advantage over American rivals for the purposes of a foreign trade. Moreover it receives a bounty from the Canadian Government, and this suffices to pay freights to and landing charges in England. The whole of the Dominion Company's four furnaces are now in operation, and as likely to be found for the whole of its output of over 200,000 tons per annum, there is every prospect of regular shipments on a big scale to England. In fact, Canadian iron threatens to prove a more serious competitor than either American, German or Belgian."

Maddoc Review.—There are, at present, seventeen vacancies for teachers in North Hastings, and not more than four teachers in the inspectorate with our situations. In other parts of the province, especially in the west, there is said to be a surplus of teachers.

The kindergarten department of the Campbellford Public School is to be abolished. The Herald says: "The kindergarten has been a matter of contention for some years past, the objection to it being that it was too expensive a department for the small attendance of children which was sometimes recorded. About \$400 a year was required for its maintenance.

Oriental advices give details of a terrible destruction of human life which occurred in northern Java last month by a sudden and terrific outburst of the volcano Kloet. For fifty miles around all the coffee plantations and other estates were destroyed by showers of ashes and stones, together with great streams of lava and hot mud. Seven hundred natives and a number of Europeans perished.

Maddoc Tribune.—From a short paragraph in Wednesday's Napanee Star, one would be led to infer that the Maddoc Iron Works had gone out of business, and that no more iron would be smelted here. The fact of the matter is that the works have been closed for necessary repairs. A large gang of men are pushing the work forward so that the fires may be started with as little delay as possible. It is doubtful if any of the men so employed will be able to get off duty on Tuesday to participate in the pleasures of the Gatherin' the Clan.

Maddoc wants the county stone crusher. The county roads there are said to be badly in need of repair. The Review says: "Our little sister village, Marmora, appears to have a tenacious grasp on this county luxury, as it has been working there now since spring, and we are informed this is the third visit it has made to that hub of the rock country since the machine was purchased. We are told that Marmora is using it to crush sidewall material, and it is even asserted that private individuals have had its use to grade their lawns, while Maddoc people are walking in preference to driving on some of the county roads."

Canada is to have two mementoes of the exciting times in China, which but a short time ago riveted the attention of the entire civilized world. These mementoes are a couple of Chinese guns captured from the troops of the Empress Dowager by the British during the advance of the international troops to Peking to relieve the beleaguered Legations. The captured cannon are not Krupp guns of the latest pattern, but their antique pattern gives them far more interest than if they had just been cast. They are brass 325 smooth-bore guns, weighing four hundredweight, and being five feet in length. The weapons are engraved with quaint Chinese inscriptions, and have rings cast on them.

William Lyon Mackenzie's Press. In connection with a question as to the present location of the printing press of William Lyon Mackenzie, which was at one time deposited in Toronto Bay, Mr. Thomas Shaw of 38 McGill street, Toronto, says as a boy in Stouffville he remembers that Mr. Boyer had a printing press reputed to be the one in question. This was before 1850. Mr. Shaw says the press was sold and passed into the possession of Mr. J. M. Patterson, and later of Mr. Wheeler. Finally, says Mr. Shaw, the best he remembers, the press was purchased by Mr. Jas. Holden of Prince Albert, Ontario County. He thinks this was about 1855.

Was Eve Adam's First Wife?

Adam—Sometimes I notice an odd, almost suspicious, look in your eye, dear. Now, tell me, what's the matter?

Eve—O Addie! From the manner in which you let me have my own way in everything, without a word of remonstrance, I sometimes can't help thinking that I am not your first wife!

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Bob McCready.

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THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued)

Lord Fielden's own idea was that Lola had taken refuge in France; it was most probable for many reasons, and he spent some weeks in Paris. The Paris officials began to grow interested in the search; even the Russian detective service had been drawn into the business; and no news that the telegraphic wires could have flashed from one end of the world to the other would have given greater satisfaction than the intelligence that, living or dead, something was known of Lola de Forras.

Then Lord Fielden had another idea, he believed that it was very probable she would be found in some religious house, in one of those institutions where wearied hearts find rest. So in England and France the strong arm of the law was brought into force, but the search in this direction was equally futile. The dark beautiful face which had brought ruin and desolation to Scarsdale remained undiscovered.

It was almost pitiful to see how Gertrude and Lord Fielden watched the post—the sickness of hope deferred indeed made the young girl's heart sink.

One morning a whole bundle of letters came; none of them contained any news of particular interest, but they occupied considerable time in the reading and answering.

"I wonder, Lord Fielden," said Gertrude, when the last envelope was directed. "If ever there will be an end to this quest of mine?"

"There is an end to everything," Gertrude, he replied, thinking to himself that the one exception was his own great love for her. There could never be any end to that—it was impossible.

"I wonder," she continued, "what I shall have to fill my life and to interest me when this is over. I shall be quite lost. Now every day brings its own work, and that work occupies my whole time. I do not think I could ever live without some real employment again."

"You need not do so," said Lord Fielden, with a quick throb at his heart. "I know work that will just suit you."

"What is it?" she asked, her blue eyes fixed on the spreading beeches. "Women's rights?"

"Women's rights in one sense of the word, Gertrude," he replied—decidedly not in the other. You ought to have a husband who loves you, not with a commonplace affection, but with an unfathomable love."

"He has to be found," interrupted Gertrude, with a shy, sweet smile.

"No, indeed, he has not; he is found."

But Gertrude would not listen.

"I can think of nothing yet but finding my father," she said gently. "Gertrude," he cried, "suppose that some man—we will presume that he would be in every way eligible—should, through his own exertions and skill, bring to you certain proofs of your father's innocence, the sure solving of the mystery that surrounds his name and that of Lola de Ferras, would you, as a reward, marry him?"

His heart beat so violently as he asked the question that he was afraid she would hear it; his suspense was so great that he could hardly draw his breath. But she did not look at him. She seemed to forget all about him in the thought of answering his question.

"Yes," she replied; "I think I would."

He turned away with a deep sigh, and without seeing the furtive glance from Gertrude's blue eyes.

"I wonder," said Harry, with an impatient stride across the room, "if it would have been better for me if I had never been born?"

"I should say that it is many years too late to answer the question," observed Gertrude.

And so their conversation ended; but he did not forget it. Lord Fielden felt convinced that the only way to win the prize of Gertrude's love was by clearing up the mystery of her father's disappearance; and that was the task he set himself to perform.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Near the pretty town of St. Remy in a remote corner of France, stands a chateau quite shut in from the world by the forest that surrounds it. To an imaginative person it seemed as though an evil influence had passed over the place, a breath of tainted air, a something vague and terrible that made this forest unlike any other.

There was a path cut straight through it that led from the town of St. Remy to Hilaire-sur-Rhone; and it chanced at times that some man or woman hastening home was caught by the fast-falling night and belated in the forest. All such persons had terrible tales to tell. They spoke of strange unearthly sounds that re-echoed through the glades, and of sights that froze the blood in their veins, and their statements were most devoutly believed.

A brook which should have been a laughing sunlit rivulet ran through one part, but the waters were dark and treacherous; they gave forth a sultry murmur, rather than a musical ripple. If the surroundings were uncongenial, the interior of the chateau was much worse, and strange stories connected with it were circulated in the neighborhood—stories of blood-stains on the floor of one of the upper rooms which nothing could wash out, of mysterious noises in corridors and passages, of cries by night and queer rustlings by day.

How long the old house had stood empty no one knew; people hardly knew longer, for it had been inhabited. The blue smoke hurried upward from the chimneys of the chateau many long months before it was noticed, and then there was little or no intercourse between the occupants and the villagers.

Once every week a cart was driven from the chateau to St. Remy by a

surly-looking man—a Belgian evidently, from his accent. He made his purchases without more comments than the occasion demanded; and if any one presumed to question him as to the number of the household—if it were madame or monsieur whom they had the honor of serving—his reply was a gloomy suggestion that the inquirer should mind his own affairs.

Persons drew their own conclusions. Articles of every kind were purchased—books, papers, cigars, wine, old cognac. There must certainly be a gentleman living at the chateau, and lady too; there was no mistake about that. Gradually, however, all curiosity ceased, for the simple reason that it was never gratified, and the chateau Flleur remained as great a mystery as ever. But, after a time, one of the inhabitants of the old house issued from her seclusion.

She was a tall, dark, stately woman, with a strange beauty of her own. A story of passion was written on her face. The dark eyes burned with almost lurid light, a grand but distorted, darkened soul looked out of them with proud, pain-filled defiance.

She went frequently to St. Remy; no one knew whether she was wife or widow. She never spoke of husband or children; but she wore a wedding-ring, and called herself Madame St. Ange. She always wore black, loose, gracefully-hanging garments that fell in statuque folds about her; she walked with a proud stately grace that was peculiar to herself. Once, as she was passing down the Rue d'Espagne, a pretty little girl fell down a few yards in advance of her, and hurt herself badly. The child's cries were piteous, yet Madame St. Ange did not go up to her, as any kind-hearted woman would have done, and raise her from the ground; she had no words of sweet womanly compassion for her, but stepped aside so that even her dress should not touch the little one. With a cry on her lips, the mother came rushing out of her house, and saw madame passing by with raised head, as though she neither saw nor heard the child.

"Who are you?" she cried, "that you treat my pretty child as though she were the dust under your feet?" She had placed herself so completely before the haughty lady that she could not take another step forward.

"My child is nothing to me; let me pass," madame said haughtily; and the mother almost forgot the injured little one in her anger.

"Who are you?" she repeated, in a shrill angry voice, "who have a woman's shape and not a woman's heart?"

The dark face, lowered slightly now, flashed defiance at her.

"A woman's heart!" she replied, with bitterest scorn. "A woman's heart should always be made of stone! Mine is, thank Heaven!"

The fierce words and fierce look so completely startled the woman that she stepped aside and picked up her injured child without saying another word, but all day long she could not forget what madame had said—"A woman's heart should always be made of stone! Mine is, thank Heaven!"

"Pain!" laughed Madame St. Ange to herself. "She calls that pain—a broken limb, a wounded arm, a few bruises! Ah, Heaven, what do they know of pain? I would endure the most terrible physical suffering if it would but raise me from my living death."

After that the people hated her, for they had heard the story of how she had passed the injured child without even deigning to look at it.

So the years rolled on, and the evil reputation of the Chateau Fleur is remained. During all that time Madame St. Ange had never made one call, had never admitted one visitor, had never, so the postman said, received one letter, had never been seen inside a church, had done apparently no single thing that any benevolent Christian lady should do. No man or woman ever asked her for charity, and in the whole of St. Remy there was not a living soul who had shown the least kindness.

A large fair was held yearly at St. Remy, at which it was the custom for all the country-people to assemble. Madame St. Ange detested this fair, and denounced it in very vigorous language, forbidding any of her household to attend it. When from the pealing of all the bells of St. Remy and the distant music of the bands, she found that the country people were enjoying themselves, she would walk over to Hilaire-sur-Rhone, where no vulgar sounds of pleasure came; for Hilaire was essentially an aristocratic place, with pretty scenery. A great source of attraction was a mineral spring that had been discovered some years before, and a fine building had been erected in connection with it. There were baths, a large assembly-room, where dancing took place, and grand balls were given—and just but not least, there was a well-arranged library, which was a boon to all the inhabitants. It consisted of two large rooms, one filled with well-selected books, the other furnished with reading-tables and easy-chairs. Here newspapers of all kinds, especially English, could be found. The Times, the Graphic, the Illustrated London News, and several of the society journals were among the number, probably because many of the villas were occupied by English people.

No creature in Hilaire troubled his or her head about the Chateau Fleur. Is that such a place existed on the other side of the forest they all knew, but no one ever asked who lived there. The librarian could not tell, for he had been a friend of Madame St. Ange, for he very often supplied her with boxes of books; but beyond that he knew nothing of her. He did not know her by sight; the surly Belgian transacted all the necessary business. Madame St. Ange decided rapidly, and she lost no time carrying out her plans. It was many years since she had left England, and one would have imagined there would be but little danger of her being recognized. Yet, when she stood before a glass that was not sixteen years before had reflected the super-beauty, it seemed to her that she was but little changed. It was true that the bloom of her youth was dimmed, and that sorrow had left its traces on her face and somewhat marred its loveliness. The light, too, of the dark eyes had grown fierce, and the lines round the lips were cold and cruel; indeed the whole expression was one of bitterness, defiance, pride, and sullen gloom. But nothing could rob her of her distinguished bearing, of the proud graceful carriage of the head, the beautiful curves of the neck, shoulders, and figure; and her magnificent hair had lost none of its dusky beauty. Those who had known her in her youth would know her now.

There was nothing for it but disguise. She could see that, although her proud heart revolted against it, she hated the very thought of going back to her old home, the place over which she had reigned as queen, in an assumed character.

"I shall have to sacrifice my beauty," she thought; "but that need not alarm me. It has not done much for me."

Having come to this decision, Madame St. Ange took a deep sigh, and when after two hours' seclusion, she emerged from her room the transformation was complete. In her place stood a white-haired old woman, whose face was lined and pale. It had been no small sacrifice to madame to cut off some of her luxuriant shining locks, but in no other way could she conceal her dark tre-



COMPARATIVE AREA OF CANADA, (SHADeD LINES) AUSTRALIA, (BLACK) AND EUROPE (WHITE) MINUS RUSSIA AND SCANDINAVIA.

He Owns a Million Sheep

He had a chat the other day with the sheep king of Australia, the biggest sheep owner of this great show continent, says Frank G. Carpenter from Sydney, Australia. Australia is the wool centre of the world. It has more than 100,000,000 sheep and it cuts enough wool from their backs to bring in \$100,000,000 a year. It has some of the largest flocks of sheep ever gathered together. Job's cattle upon a thousand hills cannot compare with them. There are a hundred men in New South Wales alone who each own 50,000 head; there are hundreds more who have 20,000, four hundred who each have 10,000, and many who own flocks of a thousand and upward. There are twenty-one men in this state who each own 100,000 sheep, and McCaughey, the king of them all, has more than

ONE MILLION SHEEP.

All these sheep are owned by Samuel McCaughey, an Irishman, who came to Australia in 1856 with practically nothing. He failed at first and started again with a small flock, and from year to year he has added to his holdings until he has now more sheep than any other man in the world.

He has more acres of land than sheep, and his possessions are in the best parts of Australia. I am told that one of his farms on the Darling Downs is thirty-six miles long and forty miles wide. He has other stations in New South Wales, and altogether he owns more than a million acres and leases about a million or so more.

His estates are fenced off with wire into great paddocks, in which the sheep are kept. He has artesian wells to supply them with water, and he imports the finest of Vermont rams to improve his stock. At one shearing he sold a million and a quarter pounds of wool, and at another the product amounted to 12,000 bales. Some of his ordinary sheep have cut as much as twenty-two pounds of wool, and at a recent shearing twenty-five averaged over sixteen pounds each.

A few months later she was on board the "Queen of the Seas." An elderly lady, plainly dressed, she passed unnoticed. How vividly she remembered the time when, from the moment she had stepped on board until she had left the steamer, she had been the one great attraction. All that was ended now. She had, as it were, been dead and buried all these long years.

It was a bright, beautiful morning when Mine. St. Ange left the chateau. She would not look at the beautiful country through which she was passing—the vineyards, the hills crowned with myrtles, the laughing streams, the quaint old towns with gray church-towers. No beauty of land or sky should touch her heart. She hardened herself against it. What if the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and the golden sunlight flashed upon green meadows and silver streams? It was all less than nothing to her, a woman whose heart was hardened.

Presently a sound roused her and sent the cold in a hot flush to her face. It was the noise of the waves on the shore. She opened her eyes then, and in their depths there was a look of keen pain.

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The white cliffs rose before her at last. She alone knew why it was that she trembled and faltered when her feet touched English ground.

On landing she took a ticket to London, intending, after resting one night there, to go to Deeping on the morrow. Arrived in the metropolis, she went to an hotel that was the best stock is sold at auction, and a number of instances have occurred in which rams have been sold for a thousand guineas, or more sold for \$5,000 each. I have before me the highest prices of the sheep sales during the past ten years. In 1900 eight sheep were sold from \$1,500 to \$5,000 each. In 1901 the highest price paid was \$8,500, but in 1898 the rams "President," owned by James Gibson, sold for \$8,000, while one of Mr. McCaughey's sheep brought \$2,500. In 1897 W. H. Gibson sold the ram "Royalist" for \$5,000, and in 1898 Thomas Gibson sold "Admiral" for 1,500 guineas, or \$7,500. At these sales hundreds of sheep sold from \$100 to \$1,000, and many sold for between \$1,000 and \$5,000. In 1896 Mr. Gibson got on the average \$830 for the sheep he brought to the sale, and in 1899 his average was \$1,630, while in 1899 he received on the average \$1,200. This will show you that it pays to breed fine sheep in Australia, and will give you some idea of the enormous value of Mr. McCaughey's holdings, many of the sheep being very fine.

In my chat with Mr. McCaughey he told me that he had been importing Vermont rams for almost twenty years. Said he:

"I went to Vermont first, in 1886 and picked out 120 ewes and 40 rams. I sent them to Australia and used them for breeding. The following spring I went back and bought 102 more sheep, and since I have bought quite a lot of Vermont stock. My pure Vermont sheep now number about two thousand, and I have sold many during the last ten years."

"But is it not expensive to get the sheep here from Vermont?" I asked.

"Yes. My first importation, not including the cost of the sheep, footed up to \$14,000, but I think that the results have fully justified the expenditures. I value my Vermont stock. My pure Vermont sheep now number about two thousand, and I have sold many during the last ten years."

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A Visit to the Sheep King of Australia.

I pulled it aside and looked in, it was of a rich creamy white. The strands of wool were spiral and springy, and very fine.

The sheep owners or squatters, as they are called, were all well dressed and well educated men. There were hundreds of them at the show. They looked more like a crowd of sharp business men than anything else, and at the dinner which was given they made speeches as good as you will hear anywhere. They were all landholders and many had farms which would be considered principalities in America, but which are looked upon as quite small here.

For instance, I asked as to whether the vice-president had a large station. The reply was that he had not, and that his possessions all told comprised only about 65,000 acres of land. Another man was pointed out who owned 200,000 acres, and another who had half a million acres, all under fence.

IN THE WOOL WAREHOUSES.

Sydney is the chief wool market of Australia. It ships hundreds of millions of pounds of wool to Europe every year and it has some of the largest wool warehouses in the world. Let us take a walk through one of them. We are in a great room covering many acres. It is roofed with glass and upon its floors are thousands of bales of wool. Each bale is as high as your shoulder. It is wrapped in yellow bagging, but the top is open and the wool seems to be burst forth and to be pouring out upon the floor. It is marked from the station from where it comes. In other parts of the warehouse are mountains of wool which have been taken out of the bales, and in other places the men are repacking the wool for reshipment.

One of the curious features of Sydney is its wool sales. Everything is sold at auction. The sales take place in November, December and January, when buyers from England and the continent, and from the United States and Japan come here to bid. The buyers wear long overalls and linen coats while examining the wool. They go from bale to bale, taking notes of each man's stock, in order that they may know how much to offer for it in the auction rooms. As many as 10,000 bales are sometimes sold in a day, and single sales will foot up as much as three-quarters of a million dollars.

The prices of wool vary according to quality. The coarse wool will often bring only 13 or 14 cents, while the fine brings as much as 30 and 35 cents. There are certain brands of wool, known by the names of their owners, which always bring high prices. I have before me a list of some of the greasy wool sales of last year, showing that certain owners got as much as five cents a pound more than the ordinary market rates. There is also a difference in the price according to what part of the sheep the wool comes from. Every sheep is divided up into sections, and after the fleece is taken off the wool from the legs goes into one place, and that from the belly into another, and so on, a dozen classifications being made from the same sheep.

Sydney has its wool exchange, where all the wool auctions are held. The exchange is situated near the wharves in the heart of the city. It is a long, narrow room, much like a chapel, with an auctioneer's desk like a pulpit in one end of it. The various wholesale dealers or commission merchants are allotted different days on which they may offer off their stock, and on those days the buyers come to bid. Cabo reports are received as to the prices in the great wool markets over the world, and the excitement rises and falls with the quotations. The commission merchants are very interested in getting as much as they can for their customers, and the wool often brings more than it is worth.

After it is sold the commission man delivers it to the steamer packed ready for shipment.

COLLEGES FOR WOOL MEN.

Here in Australia the government has colleges for wool students. A branch of the technical schools is devoted to night classes for sheep breeders and wool dealers, in these schools the students are taught all about sheep. The different breeds are exhibited and their qualities pointed out. The students have to grade and classify wool and hundreds of bales from the station are supplied to the school by wool dealers for this purpose. Each student wears an apron and overalls to keep the greasy stuff from soiling his clothes while he goes through the bales picking out the good and the bad wool and sorting it according to quality.

He is taught how to shear sheep and how to scour wool. He is taken by the teachers into the wool stores and is given the best of practical instruction as to feeding, shipping and marketing.

There is a regular profession of wool sorting in Australia, and the man who knows all about wool and sheep can get a high salary as a supervisor or expert. Suppose a squatter has 100,000 sheep and can add one pound per sheep to his crop of wool, the difference is 100,000 pounds per annum, which means a fortune.

It is so with the men owning smaller flocks, and hence the wool and sheep experts are sure of good wages.

Men from the woolen mills of England are brought out here for this purpose, and every effort is made to produce the highest priced wool.

Caged by A Lion.

"I can conceive of no human quality more fondish in its action than jealousy; and of the various kinds of that poisonous power, professional jealousy is the cruellest and most."

A look of horror was on the speaker's face and a sort of shuddering spasm seemed to twist his features as he spoke. He was a comfortable merchant, John Jolly by name, and his stout, jolly, good-looking wife was with him. They were in Switzerland, enjoying a well-earned holiday after the rigors of business. Just then they were in company with other holiday-makers on the deck of the steamer that was plying between towns on the Lake of Geneva.

One of the party, a little, dried-up dark man, already notorious for trying to get information on all subjects, scented a story.

Well, perhaps I can give you a yarn. You all know I am a manufacturer and a merchant in a fair way of business. I was not always so well off as I am at present. Once I had not a spare half penny to my name, yet I had in my head the idea for the making and putting on the market of the world-famous articles I manufacture now. Only capital was needed for patenting and floating the things. Capital was as hard to get in the sixties when I was a young man as it is now. I wanted to marry Lucy here. I was working at that time—don't laugh! I'm not ashamed of the fact!—in a wild-beast show, and my duties were mainly to keep the animals clean, to feed them and to be generally useful.

One of the lions was Nero, a famous trick-beast, clever and intelligent, but of an uncertain temper. He was never taken-on tour as most of the other animals were in turn, but was always kept at our headquarters, a well-known seaside resort, where he formed one of the attractions of the permanent managerie there.

His trainer was a dashing fellow, fearless and utterly careless of danger. His name was really Smith, but as Smith did not look very imposing when billed, he was always known as Signor Arati.

Arati was married, and he had a family dependent upon him. His wife was one of the lady riders, and her ways were of the extravagant order, therefore it took all Arati's really splendid earnings to keep her supplied with all she would have.

With a woman of this kind tied to him Arati's life was not of the roistering, and it was a perpetual wonder to me how he contrived to keep such a happy-go-lucky air about him. The danger of his calling was as the zest of life to him, and when, in all the trickery of gorgeous circus gear, he entered Nero's cage and put the great beast through his paces, he was as a man intoxicated with a species of strange pleasure.

Nero's tricks took about an hour and a half to go through. He was the star lion. As a rule wild beasts only learn thoroughly one or two tricks, but Nero knew a dozen. Arati had a little play of twenty minutes' duration in his cage, and the lion himself was the principal character during this act. That was after his tricks had been duly exhibited.

One evening when the lion-room was crowded as usual, and a mass of interested spectators with breath-hold lips watched Nero perform his feats, a catastrophe occurred. Nero had been sulky. Arati had been obliged not only to use whips but the hot irons that afternoon at rehearsals, and the brute had not forgotten it. The trainer, lithe, graceful, gorgeous, full of quips and jokes, entered his cage and delighted the folk as usual, but he had an anxious face upon him before he went in, and, with another assistant, had instructions to stand ready behind the scenes with hot iron bars, in case of need.

An instinct told me, and told Arati, too, that there would be need. Nero had been so unwilling to work, so rebellious, so disagreeable to grin, that afternoon, that even carelessness had said he should be glad when his night turn was done.

A cry from the audience, horrified catch of all breaths, then shrieks and screams, gave us the signal suddenly. We sprang to the cage, and were just in time. Nero, with ominous growls, had the tamer down and his great paw was on him, just as you may have seen a cat's paw on a mouse.

A touch of two hot irons on his nose, a bung of another on his face, and, with growls of anger, succeeded by a roar of agony, the fire-stung lion darted from his victim, shaking his head with the pain that had defeated him. In a second Arati was drawn outside the cage, the door was closed shut and all was safe. The people were dismissed and the lion-tamer seen to.

Arati was hurt, but not so seriously as had been feared. When he was fully recovered in body, however, he remained seriously sick in mind. His splendid nerve was utterly gone; there would nevermore be any quelling of wild beasts by Arati. He had no idea of the mischief Nero had wrought until he tried to take up his work again, and found he was quelling in the face of the quietest lion. He was cowed, and the beasts knew it. That made an end of Arati's work at once.

This was a calamity not to him only who had lost his good livelihood, but to the proprietor who could not afford to lose the spectacle of Nero's cleverness in his twenty minute's play. The lion was quiet again. I, who fed him, could put him through some of his paces readily.

When Arati's broken reverie became evident the proprietor approached me on the subject of taking his place. I was to have the handsome salary hitherto received by Arati, and I was also to take his name, the train-

er to take his own name of Smith and to do my work.

This was rough on poor Arati, as, from force of habit, we still called him. The proprietor was a business man and could not afford to do anything else as he pointed out. He increased the salary of Arati's wife, however, and offered to give the poor fellow more than he had given me.

I dreaded the task, but though I was sorry for Arati, I assented. I coveted that salary, which would enable me to realize my heart's desire. I should be able to patent my invention, and to put it on the market for a very few months. I could dare this awful task of lion-play and mighty risk my life as Arati had done for years, in ministering to the morbid fancies of a populace desirous of enjoying the spectacle of a life in danger.

So Arati and I changed places and names, for he took mine, or tried to take it, so great was his dislike of his own; yet Jolly was no better.

Arati's manner, hitherto pleasingly patronizing, changed towards me from the first night I entered Nero's cage. His look was murderous, and very annoyed, as I came out and passed him as he stood where once had been used to stand holding the hot bars.

I pitied him exceedingly, knowing his bitter cause to feel his degradation, for his wife, now she was deprived of his salary as it had been, was known to lead him a direful life at home. At last, however, his conduct grew so bad that I was roused and spoke so plainly that blood was up with both of us, and from words we came to blows. After that, I never spoke a word to Arati nor did he to me.

Each afternoon I put Nero through his act, enticing him by gifts of meat, and using the whip less than Arati had used it, though I had to lay it upon the animal sometimes when he was ugly, just to let him feel he had his master.

One afternoon as I entered the lion-room I heard an unusual tumult and roaring going on. Then out, in a great hurry, sprang Arati, with a wild face and terror-filled eyes. I wondered what he had been up to, and eyed him keenly as he rushed past. As I was opening the door I caught sight of his face at the foot of the stone steps, and was struck by the strange look he had.

"Arati will go mad if he keeps on," I said half aloud to myself as I went into the room where the roaring still went on. "I hope he has been up to no tricks with Nero again. They hung the partition shut and got me out. I never again entered a lion's cage, nor ever shall.—London Tit-Bits.



STOPPED A BULLET.

The accompanying cut is from the photograph of a watch that was sent home a short time ago from Kimberley, South Africa, by Private Peter Flynn, Third K. O. S. B., to his relatives at 19 High Street, Maxwellton, Dumfries, Scotland. Mr. Flynn bought the watch from a comrade in Kimberley who was short of money, else he should scarcely have parted with it, for in all probability it saved his life. During one of his engagements with the Boers the watch was in the breast pocket—wherein it must have been face outwards at the time of his khaki jacket when it stopped the flight of a bullet, which firmly embedded itself in its centre, penetrating right through the works, and making a deep dent in the back.

from his lips. And I heard Maris move!

Then I knew no more. I came round to find myself in safety outside the cage, with many of the show people round me.

It seemed that Arati had been met running out of the building with wild cries of satisfied vengeance. He was secured, and discovered to be quite insane. He was babbling of what he had done. At once his horrified listeners rushed to the lion-room to find the beasts settling down to quietness, while Maris, who had been badly burned by the madman, sat subdued in a corner of her cage licking her wounded paws and rubbing her injured eyes as she whined with pain and I was lying in a senseless heap in the next cage, open to hers. They flung the partition shut and got me out. I never again entered a lion's cage, nor ever shall.—London Tit-Bits.

TRAINING THE SILKWORM.

Methods Adopted by a Tribe of South American People.

How would you like to have a silken garment spun upon your body, direct from the silk-worm to the finished product? It ought to be economical, for there would be no manufacturers' or middlemen's profits to divide, and it ought to give satisfaction as to fit.

But the chances are that you would be tickled to death, in order to accomplish this result as it is done by a tribe of South American people, you would have to allow the silk-worm to crawl over you, forth and back, until the silken fibres enveloped you.

The people who clothe themselves in silk in this remarkable manner lie far up the Amazon, and are called the Silvas. They collect the eggs of the silk-worm moth, and carry them about in their belts about their bodies. Thus the warmth of the body helps to hatch the eggs. When the caterpillars come forth, they are not allowed to leave the body, but are trained to roam over it and make it their home.

About one minute of these crawlers about a white man's body would be enough to tickle him to death, but the natives have them crawling about for two months, a whole army of them. Leaves are stuck upon the body for the worms to feed upon, and while they are feeding the natives assist each other in placing the food upon the body so that the worms will form the habit of going round and round while eating.

I seized the handle, shook the door, and screamed in my terror, calling wildly upon Arati to come and open. Never shall I forget that awful moment! I quivered at the horror of it now! For Arati had lost his reason that day, being wife-goaded to his mad deed. He had loosed the lioness and locked me in with her.

Maris was engaged with the meat. Nero's horse-flesh proved my salvation. I had but one chance of safety, which I seized even as the thought came that I was lost—the cage.

With a couple of leaps I reached the empty cage and sprang within, drawing the door towards me fearfully. All the cages shut with springs: caged like a beast, but safe. Then I considered that, should any one else enter the lion-room, that person would run a terrible risk.

Though I might shout my hardest, Maris would be upon the intruder like a flash before he would realize where the voice came from. And I was supposed to be a lion-tamer, yet safe!

I began to weep as I thought of it. Then Maris came up and stood looking at me with low growls with lip-lickings, with tail-lashings, and I was very glad to be where I was.

I wondered how long it would be before the room was entered. Then I could have howled aloud. For Maris was close to the door and the key was moved in the lock! Some one was coming to get ready for a tremendous shout, but my dry throat seemed ill able to utter it.

Then I looked on Arati's face. He saw the lioness and, with a miraculous return of his old power, he made straight for her.

And, oh! joy, he had repented of his awful deed. He had the red-hot bars.

It was again the fearless trainer. He applied the bars remorselessly to Maris. The lioness shrank, whined, retreated. She was cowed.

I forgave him on the spot for his late work as I saw him before he pulled the door of the next cage to mine open, then drove the lioness from her refuge and beat her into the cage.

But what was Arati doing? He had caged Maris and shut the door. Surely, surely he was not opening the partition between the cages?

There is a partition which can be opened between every cage in a lion-row to admit of cleaning. And Arati was now opening the barred side that divided me from Maris!

"Ah! brave tamer, look after your lioness now!" he said, with indescribable malignity; and then I saw his mad face as it glared at me in the bars.

"Arati, let me out! Let me out!" I kept crying, but he went away, with wild, mad laughter, rushing

About the House.

FROZEN DAINTIES.

To the casual observer who eats whatever is set before him, provided it is good, asking no questions—the difference between sorbets, frappes, sherbets and water ices seems as inconsequential as that between tweedledum and tweedledoe. To the initiated, however, there is a considerable differentiation.

A water ice is simply a lemonade or fruit juice and water frozen without stirring. Motion interferes with the clearness. A sorbet is a water ice to which white of egg or gelatine has been added to give it a creamy consistency. Sherbets should be frozen more rapidly than ices.

A frappe is simply a half frozen ice. Its distinguishing characteristic is mushiness. If liquor is added to a frappe it becomes punch.

Granitas are made of water ices frozen without much motion, and with equal parts of salt and ice, so as to ensure a granular texture. They are not frozen hard. Small fruits or large preserved or candied fruits cut in small pieces may be added just long enough before serving to get thoroughly chilled.

A mousse is frothy mass-like cream prepared by freezing whipped cream without stirring. It should be made a number of hours before using and packed in salt and ice, using a greater proportion of salt than for ice cream.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

Almond Paste for Cakes.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; grind and pound very finely one pound of best almonds, and add to this one pound of castor sugar. Lay the paste over the cake, and let it dry in a slow oven.

To Clean a Letherh Hat.—Stir a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush this thoroughly into the hat with a tooth brush, and when clean place it under a tap and let the water run over to free it from the sulphur. Dry in the air out of the sun. Brush over with the white of an egg.

Mixing Salad Dressing.—Many housekeepers complain of the trouble they have in mixing the French dressing. Put the ingredients (one tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of oil, a saltspoonful of salt and quarter that amount of mustard) into a bottle. Cork tightly, then shake the bottle vigorously for a few minutes, and you will have a perfect emulsion. This is by far the easiest way to mix the French dressing.

Potted Beef.—Slice thinly two pounds of thin, raw beef and beat the slices with a rolling pin, sprinkle over them about a teaspoonful of powdered allspice, pepper and salt to taste and add a pinch of cayenne. Then place in a jar and add only just enough cold water to cook it. Tie some paper over the top of the jar, cover with a saucer, and cook in a very slow oven all night. Let the meat stand in the jar till cool, then pour it to a paste, using a little of the gravy in the process and adding more seasoning if necessary. Place the meat in small jars and run a little melted butter over it. This will keep for sometime in a cool place and when served may be cut in thin, delicate slices with a very sharp knife.

Mushroom Ketchup.—Take a peck of fresh mushrooms and half a pound of salt, place them in a deep pan in water with salt sprinkled between. Let it stand six hours then break up the mushrooms with a wooden spoon and allow them to stand in the cool for three or four days, stirring daily. Ascertain as nearly as possible the quantity of liquor there will be when strained, and to each quart allow a quarter of an ounce of cayenne. Half an ounce of allspice, quarter of an ounce of ginger, half a teaspoonful of powdered mace. Place all in a jar, cover closely, place in a saucenpan of boiling water and boil for three hours. Then pour the contents of the jar into a saucenpan and boil slowly for half an hour. Pour the ketchup into a jug and strain into small bottles for use. Do not squeeze the mushrooms and be careful to leave all the sediment in the jug. Before corking the bottles and covering them with sealing wax, add a few drops of brandy to each.

Examine the ketchup from time to time to see that it is keeping well. Should it ferment, boil it up again with a few peppercorns.

WORTII KNOWING.

Paint made with turpentine is a better protection to iron work than paint mixed with linseed oil.

For a refreshing bath dissolve a tablespoonful of rock ammonia in it. The water is thus made soft and invigorating.

A little vinegar put into a frying pan heated on the stove removes the odor of onions or fish from the utensil.

Lettuce for salad is greatly improved by being put in cold water for several hours before it is to be prepared for the table.

Salted photographs may be cleaned by sponging with clear cold water. The cardbord mounts may be cleaned by rubbing with dry bread.

To cool butter in warm weather, such as we are at present experiencing, you will find the following good plan. Plunge jars containing it to the neck in an earthenware box that has a cover and fitted closely round the butter jars. Salt may be added with the sand with great advantage. Keep the sand wet with plenty of cold water; a biscuit tin is quite large enough to hold the necessary jar.

To Clean Oil Paintings.—Take some old potatoes, and peel carefully. After rubbing the potato over the painting (with very little water) a slice should be cut off and the rub-

bing continued. As you go on the latter should be wiped off with a very clean, very soft, wet sponge. When the whole surface has been thoroughly rubbed, the painting should be well washed with luke warm water, and then rubbed with cotton wool, which will remove all dirt. Finally polish by gently rubbing with a silk handkerchief.

DISINFECTION A ROOM.

Sometimes a doctor orders a room to be disinfected and if this is not done properly it might as well not be done at all. An exchange gives the following directions: Soak two teaspoonfuls of powdered gunn tragacanth in a pint of cold water for an hour, then place the bowl in a pan of boiling water and stir frequently until the gum is dissolved. Have newspaper cut into strips about two inches wide and paste six thicknesses together. Paste these over the cracks of doors and windows, leaving the door by which you leave the room to be sealed after the fumigator is lighted. If there is a fireplace in the room, it must be covered with several thicknesses of brown paper. The gum tragacanth is easily washed off and does not disolor either paint or wood.

EATING FRUITS.

Sickmeats may be produced by irregular and excessive use of fruits and vegetables but there is no danger when they are eaten in proper amount and regularly.

Children are, as a rule, exceedingly fond of fresh fruits and green vegetables, and if they are allowed the free and prudent use of wholesome fruits and vegetables they will not eat them in excess. The greatest danger lies in eating these foods when they are not in proper condition.

Select only those that are properly grown and ripened and of the freshest, otherwise they will excite disease. Never consider perishable foods cheap which are not strictly fresh and sound.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some of the World's Great People.

Sir Squire Bancroft has, perhaps, the most astonishing memory among actors. He is not only able to repeat any part he has ever acted, but he can recall exactly when and where he appeared in any of the hundreds of characters he assumed while on the stage.

Perhaps the only living explorer who is equally familiar with the dark places of Equatorial Africa and the "Land of the Midnight Sun," is M. Paul du Chaillu. The mysterious fascination of the "Dark Continent" led him from an East African counting-house when he was quite a young man, and he was away four years, returning with a live gorilla as trophy. Then he went far north, and his fascination of manner and kindness of heart won him hundreds of friends.

Mr. Henry Richards, Worthington, near Wroxham, England, a retired agriculturist, has attained his 102nd birthday. When over ninety years of age he sang in the Worthington choir, and was probably at the time the oldest chorister in the country.

In his 100th year he received a congratulatory letter from the Queen. His eldest son is about eighty years of age and his youngest descendant is but a few months old. There are 182 descendants of this grand old man—namely, 11 children, 66 grandchildren, 97 great-grandchildren, and eight great-great-grandchildren.

Earl Russell, who during the last ten years has had considerable experience in the art of bee-keeping, is the grandson of Lord John Russell, the first Victorian Premier upon whom Sir John Tenniel exercised his pencil, and great-grandson of the sixth Duke of Bedford. "The Earl," who succeeded his grandfather in 1878, is unromantic in appearance. A rather stout, ruddy face is redeemed by smiling eyes that look out merrily from the shelter of gold-rimmed glasses. John Francis Stanley possesses none of the oratorical or literary qualities of his famous grandfather, though he has spoken once or twice in a modest way in the House of Lords.

A most exciting career has been that of Sir Rudolf Slatin, better known as Slatin Pasha. He left Vienna, his birthplace, when a lad of seventeen, to become a clerk in a commercial house in Cairo. Six years later came under the notice of Gordon, who appointed him Governor of Darfur. In this position he became known as "The Hannibal of the Arabs," owing to his many victories over the turbulent tribes, but in 1888 he had to surrender to the Mahdi. Then began an imprisonment that lasted till 1895, when, by secret aid from the authorities at Cairo, Slatin managed to escape. The late Queen had Sir Rudolf at Windsor several times to hear him relate his adventures.

The Hon. Walter Campbell, who has just published a book of humorous poems, illustrated by the Princess Louise, is said to be one of the best amateur reciters and Scotch story-tellers in society. Always a great favorite of the late Queen, he would bring a smile to her lips at every moment with his quaint tales, his imitations of the Queen's ways and doings, and first-hand stories from real life, which shrewd, canny sayings and their homely mother wit.

One of his comic songs, says Lady Violet Granville, "Jean Jameson's Bonnet," would send the most stolid of audiences into fits of laughter. He has the quiet, sedate manner, the right accent, and the latent sense of humor which give the true flavor to a Scotch story.

"A woman," said Mr. Pittock, "can't keep a secret." "Go on!" said little Jemimie. "Tea-her kep a secret," and Jemimie burst into a fit of laughter. He has the quiet, sedate manner, the right accent, and the latent sense of humor which give the true flavor to a Scotch story.

"A woman," said Mr. Pittock, "can't keep a secret." "Go on!" said little Jemimie. "Tea-her kep a secret," and Jemimie burst into a fit of laughter. He has the quiet, sedate manner, the right accent, and the latent sense of humor which give the true flavor to a Scotch story.

Out of the 200 wooden vessels built in British yards last year 147 were under 600 tons. More than half these were yachts.

The largest opal in the world weighs 17 oz., worth \$300,000 and belongs to the Emperor of Austria.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

BITS OF INFORMATION WHICH YOU SHOULD READ.

Fascinating Facts About Almost Everything Under the Sun.

One sailor in 250 is lost at sea.

In the eye of the State all religions are equal in Australia.

England is a creditor to the world for over £1,500,000,000.

The car used in estimating the weight of gems is a grain of Indian wheat.

Each year about \$50,000 is expended in sand in English big towns to prevent the horses from slipping.

The diamond is laid in the sun and then carried into a dark room, shows distinct phosphorescence.

It is estimated that the electrical organ of a lively electric fish would give a discharge of about 200 volts.

A systematic count by States shows that there were 2,583 Lynchings in the United States during the past sixteen years.

It has been estimated that it will require eighty-five men working every day until 1947 to unearth the entire ruins of Pompeii.

Probably the most extraordinary journal in the world is published weekly in Athens. It is written entirely in verse, even the advertisements.

A North Sea codman carries an outfit of lines which extends eight miles in length, and has usually fixed upon it the amazing number of 4,680 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

In 1794 the secretary to the Turkish Embassy in London shot an arrow against the wind the extraordinary distance of 415 yards, and back with the wind nearly fifty yards further.

The tip of the tongue is chiefly sensitive to pungent and acid tastes,

THE WHITE ROSE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Sir Karl Allamore is about to wed Dolores, Lady Rhysworth. Lola Ferras has pressed her love upon him but it has been rejected and she vows vengeance on the object of his affections. Lola goes abroad. Two years pass happily when one night he goes out on mysterious business. He does not return. Matters seem to point to his having eloped with Lola. Dolores drops her title, and goes with her children to Italy. Sixteen years pass when her daughters meet accidentally Harry and Lady Fielden, old neighbors of Dolores. The girls learn their mother's story. Gertrude, Sir Karl's daughter, goes to England with her mother's friends to endeavor to find her father. Search is made for Lola who returns in disguise to find why she is sought.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The morning air was blowing freshly, the rooks were cawing in the great oaks, the blackbirds were singing in the hedge-rows, the whole earth lay smiling and glad, when Mme. St. Ange left the hotel to revisit the places she had once loved so dearly. They were all in the vicinity of Deeping Hurst. The old home of her rival was nearest; then came Scarsdale; Beauville lay at some distance to the west, and Fielden Manor toward the south. It was a neighborhood singularly rich in grand old historic houses. Mme. St. Ange decided to look first of all on the home of her youth—Beauville again; she attracted my attention as she went through the streets. Very soon she had left the town behind her. She was a quick, graceful girl, and the few miles of country road were nothing to her. The trees and fields, the turns of the river, the winding of the green lanes, were all familiar to her. Presently she reached Beauville. It was occupied by new people, but she determined to go up to the well-known door and ask some question or other which would enable her to see the place. There was a fierce pain at her heart yet she could not shed a tear. She recalled her bright, happy life—the time when her gentle, kindly mother had been so proud and fond of her, so sure of her success in life so hopeful for her, so caressing and indulgent to her. Ah Heaven, the bitter, terrible difference between then and now!

Once more she trod the old familiar paths winding through the grounds round to the side door. In her mind's fancy she could see her mother's face, as she had seen it hundreds of times, looking out of the great bay window, with its wreath of passion-flowers around it, waiting with loving words to welcome her.

Could it be that but a few years ago she had been a beautiful, happy, innocent child? She could remember so vividly the day when Mrs. Clefden came from White Cliffs, bringing with her Dolores, and how madame had said they were to be friends and love each other always.

A cruel, bitter smile curled her lip.

"Well," she said, "if I have suffered, she has suffered more; and that was all I asked."

Her heart grew hard and cold again. She looked into the old hall; nothing was changed. It might have been only yesterday that she placed the flowers she had gathered on the hall table, and laughed at her own fancy for calling herself a red rose.

She was glad to move away; she had seen her old home, and the sight of it had been like a searing iron to her. She felt ill and tired; she would go back to the hotel and partake of refreshment, and then she would begin to make inquiries. She would have to exercise great caution, but she must know why she had been sought, and what those advertisements meant.

She walked back to Deeping. In the High Street she saw a fruit shop where some fine grapes and peaches were for sale. She was thirsty and faint from fatigue, and she thought that nothing would be more delicious than refreshing them by bunches of purple grapes. She went in to purchase them, and sat down. There was some little delay in serving her, and, while she was thinking that this would be a good opportunity to ask a few questions without attracting attention, a smart little pony carriage stopped at the door, and a beautiful girl in a blue dress descended from it.

Mme. St. Ange, watching eagerly with eyes full of pain, fell back with a low, startled cry when she saw the girl's face, and clung to the chair, as though to prevent herself from falling. It was Sir Karl's face under another guise; there were Sir Karl's clear blue eyes. There were his clustering waves of hair, there was his mouth, at once so gracious and proud. For a few moments it was as though the sight had struck her dumb. Then the girl was by her side, and a sweet silvery voice was saying—

"I should like some of these nice grapes, Mrs. Grey, for a sick woman whom I am going to see."

The low voice was Sir Karl's. The soft blue eye glanced carelessly but kindly at the bent figure in the blue dress. If each could have known, if some good spirit could have told Gertrude that this was the woman for whom she had sought, the woman with whom rested the knowledge of her father's fate, what grief and trouble might have been spared her.

Mme. St. Ange watched every movement of the graceful girl. She listened to each word she spoke; she could have cried out: "Karl! Karl!" She was nearer losing her senses and reason just then than she had ever been. Karl's eyes, Karl's voice. Her head drooped on her breast; she could not hold it up.

"I am afraid you are ill," said a sweet, kindly voice; and the eyes like Karl's were bent upon her com-passionately,

"Thank you, I am quite well," madame answered, coldly; and the young girl drew back with a chilled and disappointed air.

Mme. St. Ange did not hear what else passed; it seemed to her that her mind was all chaos. That some one spoke of Lady Fielden she knew; then the beautiful girl was gone, and she sat there with her grapes before her.

She raised her miserable eyes to the woman who had just served her.

"Who is that young lady?" she asked.

The woman replied coldly.

The woman had been displeased by the stranger's repulse of Gertrude's well-meant kindness.

"That is a visitor of Lady Fielden's—Lady Fielden of Fielden Manor," she said.

"But who is she—what is her name?" cried Mme. St. Ange.

The voice was so earnest that the woman felt compelled to answer.

"Her name is Allamore," she replied.

"She is the only child I have heard of, of Sir Karl Allamore, who ran away from his wife and his home many years ago."

"Ho—what?" asked a voice that was hardly human.

"Run away from his wife," was the brief reply. "And his daughter is on a visit to her mother's old friend, Lady Fielden."

"And her mother—is she living or dead?" asked madame.

"Her ladyship is living abroad—I believe with her other daughter."

"And Scarsdale?"

"Scarsdale is shut up; only the servants are living there; and a great loss it is to us at Deeping. Sir Karl was the best customer that ever came into this town. The grapes are thin, stalling. Thank you. Good afternoon."

The next minute Mme. St. Ange was standing in the sunlit street, scared and bewildered, and really more at a loss than ever.

She had seen Sir Karl's daughter, the very apple of his eye, the pride of his life, the little child whom he had loved with a great, tender love. And she was staying at Lady Fielden's. Was it this girl who wanted her? Was that the solution of the mystery?

She had a strange fear of asking more questions, but she must prosecute her inquiries. She had thought of walking over to Scarsdale. As it was in charge of servants, she thought she might go over to the house and see for herself the rooms in which her hated rival had spent the happiest hours of her life, and in which her heart had been broken. But, after looking into the sweet face of Sir Karl's daughter, she had not the strength. She wanted to see the girl's face again.

She decided on going home again; and then, when the shades of evening fell, she would make her way to the Fielden Manor. She remembered the keeper's cottage; she could call there under pretext of having lost her way, and talk to the keeper's wife—she could in that manner perhaps learn something of what was going on.

She lay down to rest, but she could not sleep. Karl's daughter! She must see her again. How cruelly she had repulsed her! When the gentle hands had touched her why need she have shaken them off? Yet—strange contradiction—she hated her!

It was growing dusk when she took the road which led toward Fielden Manor. It had been one of her favorite spots; she knew the grounds quite as well as she knew those of Beauville. She would like in the dusk to steal up to the windows and get just one sight of Gertrude in her evening dress, and then she would spend an hour or two in the keeper's cottage. She felt that the key of the mystery would be found there. So, in the failing evening light, she strolled round amongst the tall trees where once she had been proud to show her face. In the dark dress and with her light footsteps she passed on, making no sound. She knew the road too well to make any mistake, and fortune favored her. The night was so densely dark that it was almost impossible to see even one's own hand. The moon was hidden behind a mass of clouds. Madeline had been behind the thick leaves and sprays of the trees which clustered around the bay-window of the dining-room. The blinds were but partially drawn, and she could see into the room. In the dark shadows, with the thick overhanging leaves, she was sure of not being discovered herself.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was a pretty home-scene that the miserable watcher gazed upon. The room was large and lofty, with a few priceless pictures, and a magnificent oak sideboard with gold and silver plate, of which Lord Fielden had been very proud.

She remembered every detail, and clinched her fingers as she looked on the silken and glistening fruit and flowers, gleaming in the full light from the chandelier. What a comfortable, luxurious room it was! She saw the footmen at the alert, his post, and then those whom she wanted to see entered and took their places. Lady Fielden, looking very stately and beautiful in her old age, was attired in a warm-looking dress of maroon velvet; a cap and such delicate lace completed a most recherche costume. Lord Fielden looked more than ever like a king in his evening-dress, and Gertrude bright and beautiful in a robe of white lace and rich ruby silk, a spray of white jasminum in her golden hair and in the bodice of her dress.

As her eyes rested on the group, the miserable watcher at the window drew back, unable to restrain the burning tears and bitter sobs that would come in spite of her. She might, however, have turned through the park. The darkness had favored her; it would also favor him in finding her. He thought that the best thing to do was to go down to the lodge and see

Gertrude, glancing toward the window, by the purest instinct caught the gloom of the dark miserable eyes and the white hair, on which the light shone. She started with a cry—a cry of fear quite unusual with her, for she was naturally brave.

"Harry," she exclaimed, "there is a face at the window—a woman's face!"

He sprang from his chair and hastened to the window. But Mme. St. Ange was gone; she had caught the look of fear of Gertrude's face, and understood it. Quick as a hare, she ran across the lawn, past the cedar trees, down by the coppice, and into the grounds; she remembered a dark nook near the waterfall where she could hide herself and no one would dream of looking for her.

Meanwhile Lord Fielden had turned to Gertrude.

"A woman's face!" he said. "Are you quite sure, Gertrude? It must have been the shadow that startled you."

She had quite recovered from her fright now, and walked at once to the window.

"It was no shadow," she said. "It was a woman's face, with wild, dark eyes and white hair; she was looking in through this pane of glass."

Lady Fielden came to her.

"I think," she said, "you must have been mistaken; no woman could get in here without the servants' knowledge, and they would not admit a stranger." She drew the lace hangings back. "I have no doubt," she said, "that it was one of the pale passion-flowers that blew against the glass."

Gertrude smiled.

"You know, Lady Fielden," she said, "that I do not suffer from nervousness. I was startled for a moment, but by no means nervous, and I am perfectly convinced that it was a woman's face I saw. I noticed the dark wild eyes and white hair; there could be no mistake. You will wonder more perhaps when I tell you that I am sure those eyes are familiar to me, that I have seen them before."

"My dear child, I am convinced it is a fancy," said Lady Fielden, smiling—"quite convinced."

Gertrude raised her hands with a pretty graceful gesture to her temples.

"Let me think," she said; where have I seen that face before?"

They looked at her in astonishment.

"Now I remember," she said, "and I can verify my words. I called in at Grey's, the fruiterer's, to purchase some grapes, and that woman was in the shop. I thought she was going to faint; but, when I spoke, she answered coldly—almost rudely, poor creature! I noticed her eyes then, how dark and wild they were, and what a weird contrast they presented to her white hair."

Lord Fielden was listening intently.

"Did she speak to you, Gertrude?" he asked.

"No—only a few words. I think

"Did you notice her voice—any peculiarity about it?" he asked.

"No; I cannot say that I did. But you see, Harry, it was no fancy. Was it, Lady Fielden?"

"No, my dear, I begin to think not. Harry, you had better take a couple of men out with you and search the grounds. I feel uneasy."

"I will go first," he said; and he did.

But he found no one.

It was as much as he could do to hold the strange woman, but he kept her hands tightly grasped in his. How long a time passed in the terrible struggle he could not tell.

He found presently that she was panting for breath, that her strength was failing her, and that in a short time she must be still—from sheer exhaustion. So it happened. After a few more efforts to free herself, she gave up struggling, and stood panting and trembling. Then came a long-drawn sigh, and a low, pitiful cry.

If any person had been noticed there, the people at the lodge had seen no one there, were quite certain that the strange woman had passed through the gates; in fact, no person could pass through them without their knowledge; nor did they believe that it was likely any person could get into the park by the other entrances.

Lord Fielden's suspicions increased. The woman had evidently gained access to the park in some secret manner; therefore her purpose could not have been legitimate or honest. It was idle to suppose that robbery had been the motive; consequently Harry was more convinced than ever that the stranger was some person who had read the advertisement about Lola Ferras, and wanted to discover the reason for it. As the woman had not passed through the gates, it seemed probable that she might still be in the park.

He stood quite still, listening. Every now and then a night-bird called from the trees; the owls hooted from the woods, a rabbit leaped in the grass; there was a rustling of wings, and a sweet soft sigh from the night-wind—but that was all he heard.

More than an hour passed, and he was not near the object of his search. He felt inclined at last to go indoors. Once more he stood so still he could almost hear his heart beating. Surely there was a sound at last—that of slow, creeping stealthy footsteps on the other side of the beeches. He could hear a rustling over the grass, the crackling of underwood. Yes, he was right! The footsteps came nearer and presently they sounded quite close to him. He put out his hands, and they grasped a woman's garments. The woman stopped with a faint low cry.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed; but there was no answer. It was too dark to see. He only knew that he clutched a tall figure that seemed frozen with fear. There was silence for a minute, and then the woman struggled violently to free herself, all without a word.

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To Be Continued.

KING EDWARD'S ROYAL CIPHER.

Design Selected by British Sovereign for Use Throughout His Army.

King Edward VII has personally selected a design for the Royal cipher which is worn on badges, buttons and other devices throughout the army wherever the Royal cipher is at present borne. This cipher, of which an illustration is given from the London Daily Graphic, consists of "E" and "R" impaled, with "VII" inserted in the lower loop of the "E" the whole surmounted by a crown. The design has been made plain, without foliation, at His

majesty's express wish. No decoration whatever will be permitted and no device or ornament will be placed above or upon it.

Special instructions are given to the crown, there being no use at present some half dozen crests of different patterns, some of them of foreign shape, the deviation differing from the British. That now adopted and to become the sealed pattern for the army is the Tudor "Henry VII" crown.

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ON THE FARM.

FLIES ON CATTLE.

The little fly is small indeed, but it requires comparatively few of these to make cattle lose flesh, and milk, and turn from quiet and sedate to wild and nervous animals.

This has probably always been the case, but the advent of the little horn fly, early in the nineties, seemed to make a bad matter worse.

Lord Fielden's suspensions increased.

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access to the park in some secret

manner; therefore her purpose

could not have been legitimate or honest.

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had been the motive; consequently

Gertrude was more convinced than ever that the stranger was some person who had read the advertisement about Lola Ferras, and wanted to discover the reason for it.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK.

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES,
Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES.—Stirling and Banff.

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HARRY L. BOLDRICK.

T. E. OLIVER, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.

HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY,
and M.R.C.D.S. of Ontario.
OFFICE—Over Parker's Drug Store.
Will visit Marmora every Thursday.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO MEDICAL COLLEGE. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:—Dr. Boulter's residence, Stirling.

G. G. THRASHER,

SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office over Brown & McCutcheon's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

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ON THE COMMON BLOOR, COR. FRONT AND
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Private Money to Loan at Lowest Rates.
Offices, East side Front St.

JOHN S. BLACK.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR
Taking Affidavits. Office, over the store
hitherto occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239.
I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room,
Conley block.

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIRLE JOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY.

C. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S.

TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY, will visit Stirling professionally, the second and last Friday in each month, until further notice.

TO THE ENTERTAINMENT OF AIR, GAS, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth.

Rooms at Scott House.

B. C. HUBBELL,
MARMORA.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES AND
Justice of the Peace for county Hastings.

A. E. TWEEDIE, V. S., Stirling.

Office.—Opposite the Grist Mill.

All calls promptly attended day and night.

THE CYNIC.

In every married couple one has the other bluffed.

What the world really needs is an elevation commandment—thou shalt not gossip.

When a man and woman begin to tell each other the truth, their love affair is coming to an end.

When a man sees a sign on a door reading, "Keep out—this means you," he thinks it refers to other people who are here.

While you are wondering why your neighbor doesn't get along better on his income, he is wondering what you do with your money.

Death is a great wit. In going around making his selections he takes care not to disturb those who are a heavy burden on the backs of others.

BRAKES AND COUPLINGS.

The city of Pittsburgh has assumed control of three of its street car lines and expects soon to take possession of the remaining lines when it is intended to advertise for proposals to convert them to the electrical system.

The Lancet pronounces the present underground steam trains in London "exceedingly dirty." All attempts at ventilation have failed, and the proposed substitution of electric tractors seems the only remedy.

The Prussian minister for railways has expressed his great surprise at the restricted employment of women in the railway service, especially as booking clerks, for the sale of tickets, etc., and has ordered that they are to be engaged more extensively.

Curious Vienna Law.

They have curious laws in Vienna and enforce them too. Recently Marie Fried and Felix Kopstein, aged 15 and 13 years respectively, were walking along a street in the Austrian capital when they came across an old woman staggering along under the weight of a heavy package. Moved by pity, they offered to carry it for the old woman, a proposition to which she readily acceded. The kind hearted children had not gone far before they were arrested by a policeman for carrying parcels without a license. The children were taken to a police station, where the officers in charge lectured them upon the enormity of their offense. They were kept under arrest for six hours and then released with a warning.

It seems that there is a corps of "messengers" in Vienna to which a municipal statute grants the exclusive right of "carrying" inside the city. The boy and girl had violated the law by carrying the old woman's burden and under such an interpretation of the statute a man who carries a package for a woman with whom he is walking may be "run in" by the first policeman who sees him.

Ask your druggist for Petty's Pills. He hasn't got them write us, enclosing the price, 50 cents, and we will supply you.

As an all-round family remedy, one that always should be in the house for an emergency, Dr. Petty's Pills discount anything in the market. They are so small a child can take them with ease; yet one's a dose.

OUR FATHER CARETH.

The sparrow falls, a brief life quickly end'd.
Some wanton hand has blotted out the sun,
The throbbing pulse of life for aye suspended,
Unloved and unmourned, except by One—
"Your Father careth" for a sparrow falling.

His eye hath marked the dying agony
Which rent the veil of life in throes appalling,
And choked for ever its sweet symphony.

Poor fluttering heart at rest, at rest for ever.
Life's little fever ended soon for these,
So quick for thee its cords must sever;

Was it to set thy timeliness at liberty?

We know not, little bird. Thy Maker knoweth;

We only understand he loves and cares;

The winds appeal against the things that be?

"Your Father careth," cease thy vain repining;

All that thou needest He will send to thee—

Mercy and love through all the interwifings

Of the mysterious working out of His decree.

—Mary E. Kendrew.

EARLY DAYS OF TELEPHONES.

Prof. A. Graham Bell Tells About Putting in His First at Brantford.

The following is from the pen of Prof. A. Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone:

It is exactly 26 years since I put in my first telephone.

At that time I was visiting at my father's house in Brantford, a small city in Ontario, Canada. We obtained the permission of the Canadian Government to use a telegraph line four miles long that extended from Brantford to a neighboring village.

We put up our apparatus in a friend's house, kindly loaned for the purpose, and as it was over half a mile from the telegraph line, we were obliged to lengthen the wire.

No additional telegraph wire was available, so what do you think we used? You would never guess. We could find nothing in the hardware stores but stovepipe wire, and we had to buy up all the stovepipe wire in Brantford to make our line long enough.

We did not trouble to put up posts, but tacked the wire to the fence. The communication that took place over this first telephone wire was not a conversation, but a monologue, as we had the transmitter at one end, and the receiver at the other.

In this way the first message was sent over the telephone, and I have been told that Brantford calls itself the "Telephone City" ever since. That was in 1875.

A short time afterwards Mr. Chas. Williams of Boston strung a telephone wire from his office in Boston to his house in Cambridgeport, a distance of two miles. This was the first telephone wire to be permanently erected.

Since these small beginnings, what amazing progress has been made!

The next step in the improvement of the telephone will be wireless telephony. This is not an inventor's dream. It has already been done across short distances.

In the immediate future it will be made practical for social and commercial purposes.

Elements of National Strength.

There are two products of the earth upon which, to an extent that is almost startling, under modern conditions, the fortunes of nations turn. These are coal and iron. Coal turns the wheels of industry and commerce, and furnishes the motive force of the great naval engines of modern warfare. Iron in its various forms enters into every material part of life. To cut off the supply of these would paralyze the world until science had found substitutes for them. The possession of them in large quantities and power to make them available constitute important elements of national strength.

Echoes From Australia.

Victoria, Australia, has 1,051,246 acres of gold-bearing land.

Western Australia's coast line in many parts abounds with turtles.

Western Australia is the only colony under the commonwealth that does not pay its members of the legislative assembly.

Western Australia's aborigines, notwithstanding many years of missionary work, are, with the exception of 51, returned as pagans.

The value of house property in London is put at £153 per inhabitant. This is a record for European capitals, but is beaten by Sydney, Australia, with £245 per head.

Lieut.-Col. Drury.

Lieut.-Col. C. W. Drury, C.B., went to South Africa in command of the Canadian Artillery under Lieut.-Col. Lessard. He was born near Clinton, Ont., July 18, 1856, in New Brunswick, entered the New Brunswick Garrison Artillery in 1874, and joined "A" Battery as a lieutenant in 1877. He gained his majority in May, 1889, after having seen service in the Northwest Rebellion, and secured his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy in 1892. He was appointed commandant of the Royal School of Artillery, at Kingston, in 1893.

Bees Swarmed on Him.

Mr. Neesam, a Thirsk hairdresser, has had a remarkable experience, which proves he has to have a wonderful presence of mind. While working the street he saw a swarm of bees. They soon settled on him, and his subjects followed suit. He stood still, and was soon covered with the creatures. An expert apiculturist was fetched, and he transferred the queen into a hive, where she was followed by the rest. The discreet Mr. Neesam went his way unharmed.

WHERE WOMEN SHIRK.

Mon. David Mills, Canadian Minister of Justice, on Modern Characteristics of Women.

Some statements regarding the livelihood of the New England people, with particular reference to an apparent wrong on the part of the women, are made in a letter to a friend by Hon. David Mills, Minister of Justice, as a result of his observations while going to Boston to take passage for England. In part he says:

"I saw some scenes covered with frost that I am sure must have been cleared land a century ago, so that I feel sure that there is far less land in New England cultivated now than there was fifty years ago. I noticed the towns we ran through had very neat-looking dwelling houses. They were all kept well painted and all looked new. The people are living mostly by some kind of handicraft of a mechanical kind. But the people don't like farming; they take no interest in it, and derive no enjoyment from it. The New England people are upon the soil, but are not of it. They obviously dislike farming as much as their women do having children, and were it not for the foreigner who has taken up residence among them, there would be neither children born nor fields cultivated. It left to themselves the existence of a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers will be as rare as a great oak, and the race is sure to share the fate of the dodo. This must be a very serious problem for the United States statesman. Stop the foreign immigration, and the United States would not increase the population, and after a time their numbers would begin to diminish. There is obviously something very wrong with a people who, under conditions so favorable, have such small families. The United States woman does not realize her duties to God and her country, and so thinks much more of her own pleasures than she does of the responsibilities which the Creator has imposed upon her."

—Mary E. Kendrew.

IN GRANADA

AT THE SIGN OF THE SKULL.

Mon. David Mills, Canadian Minister of Justice, on Modern Characteristics of Women.

The postchaise time that all must take is long with clay and dust; Two hours strain its mighty brake.

Our luggage tumbles over its roof Of Vanity and Care, As Hope, the postling, spans each hand Or heavy eyed Dismay.

And now a comrade with us rides, Love, haply, or Remorse, And that dim travel besides, Gaunt Memory on a horse.

And be we king or be we kern Who ride the roads of Sin, No matter how the roads may turn They lead us to that sin.

Unto that inn within that land Of silence and of gloom, Whose ghastly landlord takes our hand And leads us to our room.

It's "Gallop and go!" and "Slow, now, slow!" With every man in this life below. But the things of this world are a fleeting show.

—Madison Cawein in Saturday Evening Post.

very soon she died, because she had kept her secret so long it had just burned her heart out.

"After that, no one knew how it happened, but pretty soon everybody began to whisper and look queerly at Seraphita when the nurse carried her into the street, and her father seemed troubled, and he talked with the priest and wanted to pay some more money to the church, but they wouldn't have any more ceremonies for Seraphita, and the priest tried to make the people stop talking. What they said was 'nonsense.' But it was not nonsense, and so they went on talking among themselves, and they would take their children out of the way when Seraphita was old enough to play about."

"So she grew up all alone except for her father and her nurse, and the priest who went to live in the house, which showed that the church thought there was something in it, else why should a priest go and live in the house?"

"One day when Seraphita was out walking she came across some little boys who were stoning a black kitten to kill it, for everybody knows that black cats belong to the devil. And Seraphita ran right in among the flying stones, and not one of them hit her, for the devil held her hand between the stones, and she caught up the devil's kitten and hugged it tight, while the stones fell at her feet, and the boys cried out: 'Devil's cat! Devil's cat!'

"'Reptila,' said I, 'she seemed to me to have been a very nice, soft hearted little girl.'

"Oh, no, Senora Maria Madalena! You see, black cats belong to the devil, and if she had had any soul she couldn't have taken one in her arms."

"She carried it home, and she used to feed it, and she had to hide it away, because, of course, nobody wanted to have a devil's cat around, and the cat would run and jump into Seraphita's arms whenever she came near, but it would fly like mad and its hair would all stand on end when any one else came around, which shows, does it not, that something was wrong? And another thing showed that all was not right with Seraphita; the priest began to teach her and she learned faster than any child should. There was an evil spirit that whispered the words into her ear, so that she did not have to be told what to do."

"She had power over horses, too, and if she just put her lips to a horse's ear he would turn and rub his nose on her face. You see, horses have no soul, and they knew that Seraphita hadn't any."

"And, besides that, she always looked very old and grave when anybody was near, but when she was alone in the fields or in the woods she would laugh out loud, and they could hear her talk with the birds, for she knew bird language, and she would lean over the water and talk to herself or to herself or to the fishes. Oh, it was true, she had no soul!"

"Well, what became of her?" I asked as Pepita paused to emphasize her statement.

"She grew up so beautiful that strangers would stop in the street and look at her as she passed, but of course everybody soon found out all about her, and then they would not look at her—at least they would not look her in the eye—unless they had a charm on."

"Do you mean that she had the 'evil eye'?"

"Oh, yes! Why, she could make any one have bad luck just by looking at them, and she could make flowers grow and blossom and be more colors than any other flowers. She knew she had the 'evil eye,' for she never went anywhere or visited the sick or the poor, though she had plenty of money. She used to send the priest with food or clothes. You see, she knew."

"And what became of poor little Seraphita?"

"Why, you see, when she was about 20 years old she was very ill again, and she lay in a trance for three days. The doctors wouldn't go near her, and her own old nurse had died, and they couldn't get any one to take care of her till finally the priest sent to the convent for one of the sisters. She was a very good woman, and she went to the house, and, creeping on her hands and knees so that the devil could not get hold of her, she went right into the room and prayed all night. Her prayers went straight up to heaven, and she prayed that Seraphita might die and that before she died her soul should be given back to her."

"And, Senora Maria Madalena, just as the sky began to grow pink in the east and the white mist blew across the vegetation and the birds began to call what do you think happened?"

"A beautiful white dove flew into the window and alighted on Seraphita's breast, and, laying its bill close to her mouth, it breathed a soul into her, and then the dove just vanished, and Seraphita was dead."

"Then, because God had been good to him and had given Seraphita a soul again, her father built an orphan asylum and called it after her, 'The Seraphita,' and you can see it over there, with the sun shining on it. It looks like gold."

"It is a pretty story, Pepita, but do you believe she had no soul?"

"The señora knows I am English on my father's side, but my mother was Spanish."

"So you are half Spanish and half English. Is that so, Pepita?"

"Yes, señora."

—The Nightingales.

The father of Florence Nightingale was William Shore, who assumed by letters patent the surname of Nightingale in 1815. The name, together with the family property, came from old Peter Nightingale, against whom Arkwright, inventor of the spinning jenny, brought in 1776 one of his actions for infringement of patent rights. Arkwright, in 1783, was made commandant of the School of Infantry, Toronto, December, 1818; commanded the Battleford column during the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, and was chosen to command the first Canadian contingent to South Africa in October, 1893.

Longfellow's Tribute to Burns.
I see amid the hills of Ayr,
A plowman who is fond and fair,
Toil at his task.

So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear or his,
Nor care to ask.

—The biggest pumps ever used were made to pump out Lake Haarlem, in Holland. They pumped 400,000 tons daily for 11 years.

When some people cast their bread upon the waters, they expect it to return spread with butter and jam.

—Chicago News.

Agoraphobia.

Budders, with their stone and mortar, brick and lime, water and sand, have left little puddles on a stretch of upper Broadway. An irregular string of pedestrians flung itself past the place, ignoring for the most part the slight inconvenience of stepping over the miniature lakes. But one man, when he was confronted with the situation, started back with an exclamation of vexation and passed around the pools.

"That chap has agoraphobia," said one of two men who had noted the movement.

"Has what?" asked the other.

"Agoraphobia. It means simply an abhorrence of open spaces, and it has a great many victims. Specialists in this sort of nervousness say it takes various forms, some of its subjects having an insurmountable dread of crossing from one side of the street to the other, while others have a disposition to go more than a few blocks from their home.

"Some dread to step across a puddle of water like the man we just saw. Others dread descending into a well beyond a certain depth, and still others have a fear of getting too high in a building or an elevator. As a rule, these persons are acutely intellectual, so it is no mental disgrace to be a victim of agoraphobia, simply a misfortune that is commoner than most persons suppose."

A Celebrated Roman Eater.

Touching the matter of eating, the stories told by the old chroniclers and historians of the abnormal appetites of certain Roman and oriental men of note fairly stagger belief. Gibbons tells of Solliman, a caliph in the eighth century, who died of indigestion in his camp near Chalcis, in Syria, "just as he was about to lead an army against Constantinople. He had emptied two baskets of eggs and figs, which he swallowed alternately, and the repast was finished with marrow and sugar. In a pilgrimage to Mecca, the same caliph had eaten with impunity at a single meal 70 pomegranates, a kid, 6 fowls and huge quantity of the grapes of Tayet.

Such a statement would defy belief were not others of a similar character well avouched. Louis XIV could hardly boast of an appetite as ravenous as Solliman's, but he would eat at a sitting a dozen or more of eggs and figs, which he devoured with the greatest relish. And the reason he did not like them was that he was not fond of them.

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LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 23.—Wheat—There is not much inquiry and the market is dull. Local exporters quote red and white at 41c middle freights and holders are asking a cent or two more. No. 1 spring wheat sold at 36c east today. Goose wheat is dull 32c east. Goose wheat is dull 32c east today. Goose wheat is dull 32c east. No. 1 spring wheat sold at 36c east today. No. 3 mixed 34c. Boley 48c to 50c for store lots. Rye dull; No. 1 offered at 55c. Canal freights steady; wheat 34c, corn 24c, oats, 24c, rye 3c.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

London, July 23.—Opening—Wheat on passage quiet and steady. Corn on passage quiet and steady. Weather in England fine, in France fine. English country market dull.

London—Close—Mark Lane—Wheat foreign quiet but steady. English quiet; flour steady. American corn quiet at 3d decline of 3d.

Liverpool, July 23.—Close—Spot wheat, No. 1 standard California, 5s 9d to 5s 9d; Walla, 5s 9d to 5s 9d; No. 2 red winter, 5s 6d to 5s 7d; No. 1 northern spring, 5s 6d to 5s 7d; futures easy; September, 5s 6d to 5s 7d; Spot corn steady; September 4s 2d; October 4s 3d; Figure, 17s to 18s 3d.

Paris, July 23.—Wheat, tone steady; July 20 40c, September and December 21 40c. Flour, tone quiet; July 25 85c, September and December 26 95c.

Paris—Close—Wheat, tone, steady; July 20 40c, September and December 21 40c. Flour, tone steady; July 25 85c, September and December 27 95c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, July 23.—The Western cattle market was fairly active today, with heavy offerings and a fairly active demand. The principal activity was in exporters and good butchers, both of which classes sold freely. Other cattle were rather quiet, the inquiry being limited. Sheep were a trifle firmer and other small stuff was steady. Hogs were unchanged. The total run was 66 loads, including 1,027 cattle, 770 sheep and lambs, 62 calves and 800 hogs.

Export cattle, choice per cwt. \$4.75 \$5.25
do cows, per cwt. 3.75 4.40
do medium, per cwt. 4.40 4.75

Butchers' cattle, picked

lots 4.00 4.75
do choice 4.00 4.40
do fair 3.50 4.00
do cows 3.25 3.75
do bulls 3.00 3.50

Bulls, exp., heavy, cwt. 3.75 4.25
do light, per cwt. 3.50 3.75

Feeders' medium-keep 4.25 4.75
do medium 3.50 4.25
do light 3.25 3.50

Stockers, 400 to 600d. 3.00 3.25

do oil-colors 2.50 3.00

Milk cows, each 30.00 47.00

Sheep, exp. ewes, cwt. 3.40 3.55

do bucks, per cwt. 2.50 2.75

Lambs, spring, each 2.00 2.45

Calves, per head 1.00 1.00

Hogs, choice, cwt. 7.25 0.00

Hogs, corn-fed, cwt. 7.00 0.00

Hogs, light, per cwt. 6.75 0.00

Sows, per cwt. 4.00 4.50

Stags, per cwt. 2.00 0.00

MATERIALS.

BOER GENERALS WOUNDED.

Commandant Pretorius shot through the eye.

A despatch from Edenburg says:—

Some days ago a squadron of Rimington's Guides attacked Pretorius' commando, which was about 200 strong, and held an exceedingly difficult position near Kotzebospoort.

Fighting, which was carried on among the bushes and rocks at close quarters, lasted twenty minutes.

Several Boers were seen to fall, and Commandant Pretorius was wounded being shot through the eye.

The Boers were dispersed, and were chased for a considerable distance, but they eventually escaped on reaching the open country.

A few days previously Rimington's Guides engaged the Boers at Brakfontein, when Commandant Ackerman was wounded in the shoulder. Some are dull and in poor demand at 20c to 21c.

Eggs—Offerings are large and market is active. Hot weather causes heavy shrinkage in shipment, and it is not easy to make up a case of selected stock. The best eggs are quoted firm at 12c, and fresh gathered are selling at 11c to 11c. Seconds are dull and in poor demand at 8c to 9c.

Potatoes—Market for old shows a little more life, as the holdings have been almost entirely cleaned up.

On the track hand are quoted at 25c to 30c per bag, and potatoes out of store are held at 35c to 40c. New potatoes are in good demand, and the offerings are still comparatively light. Jobbers are paying \$1.10 per bushel for large lots and potatoes out of store sell at \$1.20, to \$1.25.

Baled Hay—Market is quiet with a fair demand and moderately large prices. Prices are unchanged at \$9.50 to \$10 per ton for car lots on track here.

Baled Straw—Steady and unchanged at \$4.75 to \$5 per ton for car lots on track here.

FARMERS' MARKET.

A despatch from London says:—In the course of a debate on the Finance Bill in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon Sir William Harcourt (Liberal) trenchantly criticised the Government's financial policy and said those persons believing the statement that the general expenditure would fall after the termination of the war were living in a fool's paradise.

Sir William's speech, which was throughout undoubtedly pessimistic, drew angry interruptions from Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary. The latter, in the course of his reply to Sir William, took a sanguine view of the situation in South Africa. He said nobody doubted the war would soon be over, and when the Boers recognized that they had been thoroughly beaten and had returned to peaceful occupation, interest on the Transvaal debt and sinking fund would be easily payable.

FOREIGN.

There is a plague of locusts in Spain.

Brought at Jerusalem threatens a

British troops at Tien Tsin will be increased by 1,000.

Lexington, Ky., has a record of five incendiary fires in eleven days.

Paris is excited about a British maritime survey of the Channel Islands.

The Federation of Labor promised to contribute \$500,000 weekly to the striking steel workers.

Williamsport, Mass., has two cases of smallpox, the daughters of Prof. Russell, of Williams College.

Women will in future be admitted to the University of Helsingfors, Russia, on equal terms with men.

Frank McCroy, of Hallstead, Pa., declares he has discovered the lost Egyptian art of hardening copper.

Members of the Iron Moulder's Union are on strike. They were refused a minimum scale of \$3 a day.

The parole of a convict in Indian penitentiary was postponed because he chewed tobacco before the Pardon Board.

Chicago commission merchants are charged with dosing their produce with formaldehyde to keep it from rotting.

Two children, daughters of Colvin Snellaker, were fatally burned by the explosion of a coal oil can near Yorkhaven, Pa.

Emperor Nicholas has issued an order that 308,500 men shall be recruited for the Russian army during the present year.

A swarm of bees disarranged the system of the telephone company in Belleville, N. J., by swarming in a transmitted box.

Nathan Green, aged 18, had his mother arrested in New York on a charge of theft of \$500, part of a sum he won in a lottery.

Indifference and lawlessness have greatly increased in Pekin since the policing of the city was restored to the Chinese authorities.

The Baltimore Board of Trade has sent a petition to President McKinley urging reciprocity with Canada and Newfoundland.

Three Chicago students of electricity have invented a system of wireless telegraphy, said to be a decided improvement on other methods.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, July 23.—Wheat quiet; No.

2 red, 72c; do new offered at 71c.

No. 3 mixed, 71c. Flour quiet but

NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

The Very Latest Items From All Parts of the Globe.

DOMINION.

Mr. John G. Bowes of Hamilton, stove manufacturer, is dead.

The assay office in Vancouver will be in operation by the end of the month.

Miss Murphy of St. Catharines was run down by a careless cyclist and her ankle broken.

It is believed that one chief grain inspector will cover Ontario and Quebec in the future.

It is said that the New York Central is making preparations to secure an independent entrance to Montreal.

The Montreal Harbor Board will call for tenders for the erection of an elevator with a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels.

The Department of Fisheries has under consideration a scheme for systematic cultivation of oysters in the Island of Cape Breton.

The Empress of India made the last run from Yokohama to Victoria in 11 days, the fastest time ever made across the Pacific.

Recorder Weir thinks citizens have a right to sleep in Montreal parks after hours, but Recorder Parker thinks differently.

The improvements now being carried out at the House of Commons will include the laying of a floor of mosaic in the main lobby.

The number of sea vessels arriving in Montreal port from the opening of navigation till July 1st shows 10,000 tons increase over last year. During the hot spell the Ottawa water works pumped on an average 12,000,000 gallons daily, or 30 per cent more than under ordinary circumstances.

The Board of Education of Woodstock is making arrangements for the introduction of manual training and domestic science into the schools upon a liberal scale.

The British Columbia runs of salmon are reported to be small and disappointing. The fisherman's strike has been settled by the Board of Trade acting as arbitrator.

The trans-continental service of the C. P. R. will be increased to two trains each way next summer, one of which will be very fast and the other more of a business train.

Premier Roblin, speaking at Brandon, Manitoba, announced that on and after October 1st, 1901, wheat will be carried on the Canadian Northern line at a two-cent reduction from the present tariff.

Among other things that Her Highness the Duchess of Cornwall and York will perform will be the unveiling of an elaborate drinking fountain, erected at the junction of Dufferin and Sappers' Bridges, Ottawa.

An emphatic contradiction is given to a story that General Manager Reeve of the Grand Trunk is to resign, and that he will be succeeded by Mr. F. W. Morse, who was recently appointed third vice-president and assistant general manager.

The King has approved of a new decoration for the navy, to be known as the "Conspicuous Service Cross," to be awarded for distinguished service before the enemy or the part of warrant officers or subordinate officers, who, by reason of not holding a commission in the Royal navy, are not eligible for appointment to any existing order of decoration.

WHEAT CROP IN FRANCE.

The Unexpected Failure is Due to the excessive heat.

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FIFTY DEATHS A DAY.

Terrible Spread of the Bubonic Plague at Hong Kong.

A despatch from Vancouver, B. C., says:—The Steamer Empress of India brings news of a steady increase in the appalling number of deaths by plague in Hong Kong, and the fact that the percentage of Europeans who have succumbed to the disease is much higher than on any occasion of former epidemics. Latest advices recorded the mortality in Hong Kong from plague at 45 deaths every 24 hours, and the number of new cases at 50 a day. The number of deaths since the outbreak has been about 1,600, in spite of the close watch kept by the Chinese authorities, who are unable to prevent the spread of the disease in quarantine at Nagasaki, it being discovered that plague had broken out among Chinese passengers.

The United States Government intends to occupy, control and defend the fortress of Morro Castle, at the entrance of Havana harbor.

In spite of the war the South African Breweries Company of Johannesburg has paid 17½ per cent. dividend and looks forward to increased business.

The United States Treasury Department has begun an investigation into alleged smuggling from Canadian ports by lake captains and sailors.

The two new armored cruisers to be built by the United States Government will be able to make voyages far exceeding any by the ships now in commission.

At Rushden, England, Cave & Sons' show factory, which was one of the largest in the Midland Counties, was completely destroyed by fire, at a loss of \$100,000.

Officials in Paris say "The difficulties in organizing an effective European customs league against the United States are considered insuperable."

From Aden, Arabia, a force of 500 British and Indian troops will go to destroy a fort built by the Turks in the territory of the Haushadi, who are under British protection.

Major Alex. W. Davis, a Syracuse millionaire, now residing in London, has declared himself a subject of King Edward, and had his name stricken from the personal tax roll at Syracuse.

Samuel M. Jones, the "Golden Rule" Mayor of Toledo, has been fined \$6 and costs for contempt of Court. He made uncomplimentary remarks regarding the way justice is dealt out in the Police Court.

At Edinburgh, Robert and Walter Patterson, managing directors of the Patterson whiskey firm, which failed in 1899, have been imprisoned for fraud in floating their whiskey business as a limited liability company.

After reversing the power, Samuel Waters of Syracuse, a mormon, plunged head foremost through the window in the vestibule of his car, and lighting on the fender seized a little girl, and pulled her from the track to safety.

On account of the riots at Saragossa, Spain, the majority of the clergy have fled from the city, some going to neighboring villages, while others have left the province. The convents and most of the churches are closed and barricaded.

The Sultan first believed the conspiracy was directed against himself. The fire did not occur in a room adjoining that used by the Sultan, as first reported, but in a corridor quite a long way from his Majesty's apartments.

Her relatives are influential, and have been endeavoring to obtain her release. There have been numerous arrests in consequence of the attempt at incendiarism, and some of the women have been subjected to torture in the hope of extracting confessions from them.

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Francis Schlatter, known as the "Divine Healer," is under arrest at Washington, charged by the Central Union Mission authorities with creating a disturbance, and examination will be made as to his mental condition.

Rev. E. Lacey, pastor of the Methodist Church at Cambridge City, Ind., who has been a leading spirit in the warfare against alleged violators of the liquor law, found on his doorstep a bundle of switches, with a note of warning to cease his interference.

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The King has approved of a new

ILL WITHOUT KNOWING IT.
DISEASES THAT CREEP INTO
THE SYSTEM.

When it is Time to Consult a Doctor or go to a Hospital.

We all know the man who thinks he is ill when he is in perfectly sound health. But there is also the less-known person who prides himself on being the pink of health when a doctor will detect the signs of insidious disease.

If you think you are a consumptive, the chances are that you are not, while the real sufferer from the fatal malady is usually the gayest of mortals, and, whether from ignorance of it, or out of bravado, appears unconscious of his danger. He will be cheerful even when breathing his last, and will laugh at the doctor's suggestion that he should make his will.

Another disease which creeps on without the victim being conscious of it is hydrophobia. The earliest symptom of it is a slight fixed smile which in time develops into a laugh, then settles down into a grin. He would at once be ordered to a hospital, but would probably scoff at the idea. Then the grin assumes a sardonic expression, the muscles of the neck stiffen, and the man becomes seriously ill.

Locomotor ataxy is a complaint that has a sneaky, underhand way of asserting itself. You find some difficulty in going downstairs; but on turning round and ascending, find everything is all smooth. But in going down again, the unsteadiness in your feet returns. You attribute it to stiffness from walking, or to some unnatural position of lying in bed, and think no more about it.

If you close your eyes and can stand still and straight for one minute, YOU ARE ALL RIGHT.

But if you sway, it may be locomotor ataxy, and it is time you consulted a doctor. But don't let all those who cannot stand steady for a minute think they have locomotor ataxy. Their conscience may suggest a much simpler explanation.

Typhoid creeps on in a very stealthy, unobtrusive fashion. If when you awake with a headache your palms have a saffron color, and a glance at the soles of your feet shows them to be of a corresponding tint, you are probably entering on the stages of typhoid. If your face has a dull expression, intensified by a bulging of the pupils of the eyes, there is also a possibility that this disease is imminent.

Sometimes a man will complain of a touch of rheumatism in the shoulder, but will go on with his work as if nothing was the matter. He may be in for pleurisy, as this is one of its earliest symptoms. A hardened liver, too, also shows itself first in a slight pain in the shoulder blade.

A man once went to a physician complaining that he could not walk without keeping his head bent towards the ground. The doctor saw that he was suffering from a creeping disease.

A Child's Suffering.

HER MOTHER FEARED SHE
WOULD NOT REGAIN HER
HEALTH.

She Was First Attacked With
Rheumatism and Then With St.
Vitus' Dance—She was Unable
to Help Herself and Had to be
Cared for Almost Like an
In-fant.

(From the Orangeville Sun.)

Among the much respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. Marshall, who lives in a pretty little cottage on First street. For some years her twelve-year-old daughter Mamie, has been a sufferer from rheumatism combined with that other terrible affliction—St. Vitus' dance. In conversation recently with a reporter of the Sun Mrs. Marshall told the following story of her daughter's suffering and subsequent restoration to health:—"At the age of eight," says Mrs. Marshall, "Mamie was attacked with rheumatism from which she suffered very much, and although she was treated by a clever doctor her health did not improve. To make her condition worse she was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, and it really gave up hope of ever seeing her enjoy good health again. Her hands and limbs would twitch and jerk spasmodically and she could scarcely hold a dish in her hand, and had to be looked after almost like an infant. While Mamie was in this condition a neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with beneficial results in her own family advised me to try them in Mamie's case. I had myself often heard these pills highly spoken of, but it had not occurred to me before that they might cure my little girl, but now I decided to give them to her. Before she had completed the second box I could see a decided change for the better, and by the time she had taken five boxes the trace of both the rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance had vanished, and she is now as bright, active and healthy as any child of her age. Some time has elapsed since she discontinued the use of the pills, but not the slightest trace of the trouble has since made itself manifest. I think therefore, that I am safe in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only restored my child to health, but have worked a permanent cure."

Rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and all kindred diseases, however, and now especially, yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the cures thus effected are permanent, because this medicine makes rich, red blood, strengthens the nerves, and thus reaches the root of the trouble. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CEYLON AND INDIA NATURAL LEAF GREEN TEA.

Is Free from Any Particle of Coloring Matter; is Dainty and Invigorating; is the only tea that suits fastidious palates and is wholesome for the most delicate digestions.

IT IS ALSO A BRITISH PRODUCT

SALADA

Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

SHIORT AND SWEET.

Perhaps one of the shortest courses was that of an eminent American jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town when he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek?" asked the judge.

"Up to the knee and eighteen cents," was the answer, as the girl walked on.

The judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?"

She looked him over and said "Yes."

"Then get up behind me, and we will ride to town and get married."

She did get up behind, and they rode to the court-house and were made one. It is recorded that, brief though the courtship had been, the marriage proved a pre-eminently happy one.

JOHN WANTED TO KNOW.

A good story is told of one of the dignitaries of the Scottish Church. Before he became known to fame he was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher.

At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transcript of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation. One day, after the alterations had been effected, he visited the church to see how it looked.

"What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle.

"Improvements!" exclaimed John, in disdain; "they're no improvements at all. Whaur are ye goin' to put the folk?"

"Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation."

"That's a' very weel the noo," reported the beadle, "but what will we do when we get a popular minister?"

CURIOS CUSTOMS.

Places in England Where You Can Live for Nothing a Day.

In Norwich, England, there are three days in the year when anyone may claim a very substantial meal for nothing. The only qualification for it is that the applicant shall repeat aloud, in St. Giles' Church, a prayer for the sovereign's health.

Afterwards they partake of a meal of broth, beef and bread, topped off with a liberal allowance of beer.

The little village of Godstone, in Surrey, is, however, ahead of Norwich in generosity. There, from the first Thursday in November to the last in April, free broth is given to all who wish to ask for it. And on any Sunday throughout the year you can get a cut of fresh roast beef.

There are places in which you can not only be fed but a night's lodging will be given you. At Rochester, in Kent, there is a hotel where you can get a supper, a night's lodging, and fourpence on your departure next morning. At no other place in the world do they pay you for the honor of making yourself their guest.

Bucks is a rare place for hospitality. If you happen to be cycling, or wandering in the neighborhood of Waddesdon any day in the year, you can in the morning or evening demand a drink of new milk, and it will be supplied to you free. A cow is kept specially for this purpose by the parish.

At Drayton Beauchamp on Boxing Day, if you wish to apply at the door of the vicarage, you will be supplied with all the bread and cheese you can eat and as much ale as you can drink.

Still, the sameness of diet might become trying, although during Lent you could vary it by going to Farnham Royal, where you would be given herring and bread. And at Christmas in Burnham, you would get a most elaborate meal, with plenty of good ale, tobacco, or snuff to finish with.

In anticipation of living with St. Vitus' dance, and I really gave up hope of ever seeing her enjoy good health again, I never and limbs would twitch and jerk spasmodically and she could scarcely hold a dish in her hand, and had to be looked after almost like an infant. While Mamie was in this condition a neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with beneficial results in her own family advised me to try them in Mamie's case. I had myself often heard these pills highly spoken of, but it had not occurred to me before that they might cure my little girl, but now I decided to give them to her. Before she had completed the second box I could see a decided change for the better, and by the time she had taken five boxes the trace of both the rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance had vanished, and she is now as bright, active and healthy as any child of her age. Some time has elapsed since she discontinued the use of the pills, but not the slightest trace of the trouble has since made itself manifest.

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These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE, DOESN'T IT?

He kissed devoutly the hand that passed him the autograph album, and wrote therein, "I would write my name upon this page. Would that I could inscribe it upon the purer scroll of your heart, and in that invisible ink which shall only appear as the thing upon which it is written is warmed at the fires of love which takes no note of time."

That was a year ago. There are married now, and when she asks him for his autograph, in the shape of a pretty heavy cheque to liquidate her millinery bill, he grasps that album, or a larger-sized book if handy, preferably the latter, and threatens to fling it at her head.

They smashed some of the furniture, but the cook's gone."

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

ALWAYS READY FOR WAR

Reasons Why Germany is Ever Up in Arms.

It must be very horrid, from one point of view, to be a German, says the London Spectator. We English constantly forget it, because we at once admire and slightly dread the action of the German emperor, but no people are anything like so dangerously situated as the Germans, who at three days' notice may all be fighting for their lives. We English get panics occasionally, but we have always a secret confidence in the sun. The Austrians have many troubles, but they have only one foreign enemy, and a friend whom they regard as almost irresistibly strong. The French are enemies, but they can be invaded only from one side, and besides their frequent historic success against that enemy they trust in an ally, who they think will make the invaders always dread an attack in the rear.

But the Germans are liable to invasion at once from the east, and from the west, in each case by the mightiest armies of Europe, separated from them only by frontiers which in history have always been successfully passed. *

The rock upon which the German military system rests is black necessity. No German's home can be made safe without a prodigious army, an army unprocurable by wages; and even that army, vast as it is, would not be sufficient security but for a professional perfection which makes it superior to enemies far beyond itself in the numbers who can be drawn together for battle. Taking the fighting class as 6 per cent. of the nation, Germany has only 8,000,000 warriors, against 9,500,000 who might be opposed to her, and the difference can only be made up by incessant attention, rigid drill, and a certain military tone infused into the whole life of the nation. Everybody, to take a single illustration familiar to all Germans, must not be ordered, but be ready to give up his horse if the cavalry requires the beast, or to obey with a certain willingness any other requisition.

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA has replaced many other package teas, just as the Ceylon Teas have replaced the China and Japan Teas, in account of the purity and strength. Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents.

If You Want best results ship all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

...PRINTERS...

Printing Material for Sale.

PRINTING PRESSES.

One Four Roller Campbell Press, front delivery, bed 43x56, \$1200

One Four Roller Campbell Press, bed 37x52, \$1100

FOLDING MACHINES.

Two 7-col. quarto Brown Folding Machines, each \$400

Type-Setting Machines.

Two Roger's Typographs, in first-class order, each \$550

Also Cutting Machine, Stones, Stands, Body and Display Type.

All this Machinery is in First-Class Order. Easy Terms will be Given, or Special Discount for Cash. On account of adding a more up-to-date plant the above Machinery and Type will be disposed of at a sacrifice.

The Wilson Publishing Co., of Toronto, Limited.

TORONTO, CANADA.

SPECIAL TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

CISCO.

For Canadian delegates and all others going to the Epworth League Convention, via Chicago and North Western Railway, to leave Chicago Tuesday, July 9th, 11.59 p. m. Stops will be made at Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake, passing en route the finest scenery in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. Through Pullman Palace and Tourist Sleeping Cars. Order berths early, as party will be limited in number. Fare only \$50 round trip, with choice of routes returning. Send stamp for illustrated itinerary and map of San Francisco to B. H. Bennett, Gen'l Agent, 2 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

French ironclads, built in Government dockyards, have cost on an average 80 per cent. more than those built by contractors. In the British Navy the price is almost the same.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Katrina—Hans, vy vy didn't geef me dot gold necklace mine last birthday? Hans—I was afraid dot he was make you look so poopy somebody else fall in love mit you.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell, rendering them quite useless. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they do in ten times as great as the good they do in curing the affection. H. C. Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is internally acting directly upon the blood and mucus, and the secretions of the system. In buying H. C. Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials from Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The thickest armor on battleships such as the London, is 12 inches. The Nile, built in 1888, has 20 inches.

On the day of the King's silver wedding, in 1888, all the Royalties in England, including his mother, called at Marlborough House.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

They were talking about trees. My favorite, she said, is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favorite? Yew, he replied.

Mamma—We must get a nurse for the baby. Papa—Nurse be hangout! What he wants is a nightwatchman.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers of many years. It is a safe, quiet, child sooths the gums, allay pain, cures colic, regulates the bowels and is the best remedy for infants. It is given in small doses. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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They were talking about trees. My favorite, she said, is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favorite? Yew, he replied.

When you write to an advertiser tell him that you saw his advertisement in this paper. It is better to do so, as our folks are treated honestly and served with the best.

W P C 105

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

For all skin ailments.

J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Metallic SKYLIGHTS

121 Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalogue

2000 pieces. Send for free. Write for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.

Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winipage, Man.

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Victoria to Liverpool.

Large and passenger steamships. Superior accommodations for passengers. Silicon and Brassbound are admiralities. Special attention has been given to the Second, Third and Third-Class. Particular care is taken of all passengers and all particular care is taken of all passengers.

Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston.

Montreal and Portland.

French Cleaning.

For wet and dry goods, suits in cloth, velvets, silk or fur and all valuable house hangings, nothing to equal it in the world.

BRITISH AMERICAN DRYING CO., Montreal,

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.,

J. L. JONES, Eng. Co.,

6-10 Adelaide St., Toronto.

The Greatest Boon to Cattle and Horses.

TEXAS FLY KILLER

PINT BOTTLES, 10c.
QUART " 20c.

A New Discovery—apply once or twice a week.
20c. invested in this makes \$20 difference in feed and milk.

No trouble in milking. No worry with horses.

Paris Green, Fly Paper.

SEE OUR LINE OF

Summer Soaps and Perfumes.

CHAS. E. PARKER,
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

Sailors Sail.

Sale of CHILDREN'S TRIMMED SAILOR HATS, regular prices 40c., 50c., 60c., all going out at 25c.

A few LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS left, regular \$1.35, \$1.25, \$1.00, special clearing price, 65c.

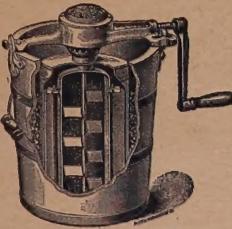
LADIES' and CHILDREN'S SUMMER VESTS, 5c., 8c., 15c., 20c., 30c., 40c.

Novelties in LADIES' COLLARS and TIES. Call on

The Fred T. Ward Co.

See this Cut?

It represents the Best
Ice Cream Freezer
on the Market, namely



The "White Mountain."

You will notice that it has a triple motion which makes it ahead of all others, as it freezes the cream in far less time. We will be pleased to show you this line in all sizes and very low prices.

HOW ABOUT
BINDER TWINE,
HARVEST TOOLS,
PARIS GREEN.

Don't forget we are Headquarters for all kinds of Hardware.

H. & J. WARREN,
HARDWARE & TINWARE MERCHANTS, MILL STREET.

The NEWS-ARGUS to Jan. 1, 1902, 40c.

Binder For Sale.

A Massey-Harris Binder, in good running order, will be sold cheap and on easy terms.

JOHN FRENCH,
Stirling.

NOTICE to the PUBLIC

I have about Three Thousand Dollars worth of goods composed of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS and CAPS, READY-MADE CLOTHING and DRY GOODS, which I will sell at about HALF-PRICE in order to clear them out, as I am going out of that line of business.

D. NERRIE,
SPRING BROOK.

Spring Brook, June 27, 1901.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN the matter of the Estate of DONALD M. HAGEMAN, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, gentlemen, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 129 Section 38, to all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the above named, that their solicitor G. G. Thrasher, as hereunder, on or before the 27th day of July, A.D. 1901, a statement in writing shall be made to him, setting out in full particulars of their claims and demands proven by affidavit, and the nature of security if any held by them.

The friends of Allan J. Meiklejohn, B.A., until lately one of the staff of the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed Principal of the Dundas High School, succeeding Joseph Reid, M.A., LL.B. Mr. Meiklejohn is a native of Rawdon, a son of one of the most highly esteemed citizens that township. Mr. William Meiklejohn, 13th concession, received his public school training in S.S. No. 14, Rawdon. From that he entered the Stirling High School, from which he passed to Queen's College, receiving his degree with honors. As a public school teacher he had charge of the Moira (Huntingdon) public school.

G. G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executors.

PARKER BROTHERS

BANKERS,
STIRLING -:- ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business
transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.
Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada,
United States and Great Britain.
Money to let on Mortgages at low Interest.
Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Register Advertising. Three lines, 10c.
Matter in one insertion, over three lines,
7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the
ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertising.—10c. per line each
insertion. No insertion less than 35c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Accom. 10:35 a.m.
Accom. 6:45 p.m. Mail & Ex. 3:45 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1901.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Band Concert in the Park on Monday night, instead of to-morrow night.

There exists a great necessity for a telegraph or telephone office at West Huntingdon.

Quarterly services will be held in the Methodist Church, Stirling, next Sunday, (July 28th) commencing at 10:30 a.m.

Next Thursday being proclaimed a Civic Holiday the News-Argus will be printed on Wednesday. Advertisers and correspondents will please make a note of this.

Clearing of Straw Hats at Wards.

A good deal of sidewalk patching has been done the past few days. When are our village fathers going to put down that piece of cement walk that has been talked about?

There was a large attendance at the band concert, at the park, last Friday evening and a good program was furnished. Stirling has reason to be proud of possessing so good a musical organization.

Remember the Social, Friday, eve., July 26th, at West Huntingdon Presbyterian Church. Stirling Brass Band is to supply music for the programme. Come along and have a good cool time. Refreshments and ice cream.

A travelling colored man, with his wife and child, dropped into the village on Tuesday evening, and gave a lecture on the street corner on American slavery as it was before the civil war, and the present condition of the colored race in the United States.

Most of the merchants on Mill St. intend putting in acetylene gas to light their premises. Mr. Jas. Ralph had a plant installed about a week ago and Mr. John Shaw is having it put in this week. There are three or four others that will put in plants shortly.

Dress up at Wards. 60 pairs of 75c. overalls for 50c.—Saturday's special.

The County rock crusher is busy crushing stone at Madoc now. The Review says it should remain there for three months to get even with Marmora. By the way, when is Stirling to have its turn? It has not crushed a stone for any of the roads in this vicinity.

Mr. John Brooks, of the town line west of Stirling, met with an accident on Monday last. While in the hay-mow he by some means missed his footing and fell through an opening into the cellar, a distance of about twelve feet, receiving several cuts and bruises, but fortunately no bones were broken.

At the recent Conservatory exams. in Music, the following passed from this place and vicinity:—Piano department, first year—Mollie Sprague, Gertrude Sexsmith, Ida A. Burkitt. Vocal department, first year, honors—Edith Conley, Hattie May Gowself (equal). Theory department, part I. only, honors—Gerald Clute.

Mr. A. W. Green, near Glen Ross, met with a serious accident on Monday last. While unloading hay with a hay fork, the rope used to loose the fork broke, causing him to fall off the load to the bottom of an embankment on which the wagon stood, a distance of about twenty feet, and breaking both arms. He is getting along as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

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Dated at Stirling, this 3rd day of July, A.D. 1901.
G. G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executors.

OUR MOTTO

Is "FAIR DEALING, No Fake Advertising."

We use what is genuine only. We sell you cheap clothing twenty per cent. below old prices, and while we can't get to ready-made prices, the small difference will be amply repaid in make up and satisfactory results. We would like a visit from all requiring good reliable purchases in Clothing or Gents' Furnishings.

J. BOLDREICK & SON.

Hot Weather Bargains

In LADIES' VESTS, HOISERY, WAISTS and SUMMER CORSETS, in straight front.

Call and see our LACES, EMBROIDERIES, and ALL-OVER LACES.

In PRINTS, COTTONADES, SHIRTINGS, TICKINGS, STEAM LOOMS, PILLOW COTTONS, TOWELLINGS and COTTONS, a full stock and Cheapest in Town.

A Full Line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

In GROCERIES we always keep a full stock and always fresh. Do not forget our 25c. Tea.

Highest price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Laundry Tuesday instead of Wednesday.

E. F. PARKER.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Optician Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling House parlor, three times yearly. Watch for all consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor.

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE GUARDIAN,

" NORWICH UNION,
" SUN,
" GORE,

FARMS FOR SALE.

HORSE " "

W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

HARRY HARRIS.

STIRLING, ONT.,
—DEALER IN—

PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES

I sell the SINGER Sewing Machine, guaranteed in every respect. Case hardened and adjustable. The Singer repairs always by hand. Easy terms of payment. Also, Auctioneer for the Co. of Hastings CHAS. BUTLER Issuer Marriage Licenses

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year

If paid in advance. If not so paid, \$1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week
with a minimum for
1 year. 6 mos. 3 mos.

Whole col. down to half col. 7c. 5c. 9c.

Half col. down to quarter col. 5c. 3c. 7c.

Quarter col. down to one-eighth col. 3c. 2c. 5c.

If inserted less than three months on above rates, add 3c. for each month.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the community, and for such as will not be held to include Auction Sales, Remodeling, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, \$10 per month; \$6 for six months; \$3 for one year. Add 3c for two months; \$2 for one month. One inch, \$8 per month. Professional cards, limited to six lines, \$4 per year. A column of twenty lines, \$10 per year.

Advertisements may be charged at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions, 1c. per line.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

Illustrated monthly—Eleventh year.

Send your business direct to Washington, D. C., and we will do the rest.

My office closes to U. S. Patent Office.

My office is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. except Saturday.

EXTRA ATTENTION GIVEN—11 Years.

Actual experience—Book "How to Secure Patents," through E. G. Biggers, with special notice, without charge.

Illustrated monthly—Eleventh year.

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